ON SAVAGE SHORES
THE AGE OF CONSOLIDATION
1620-1643

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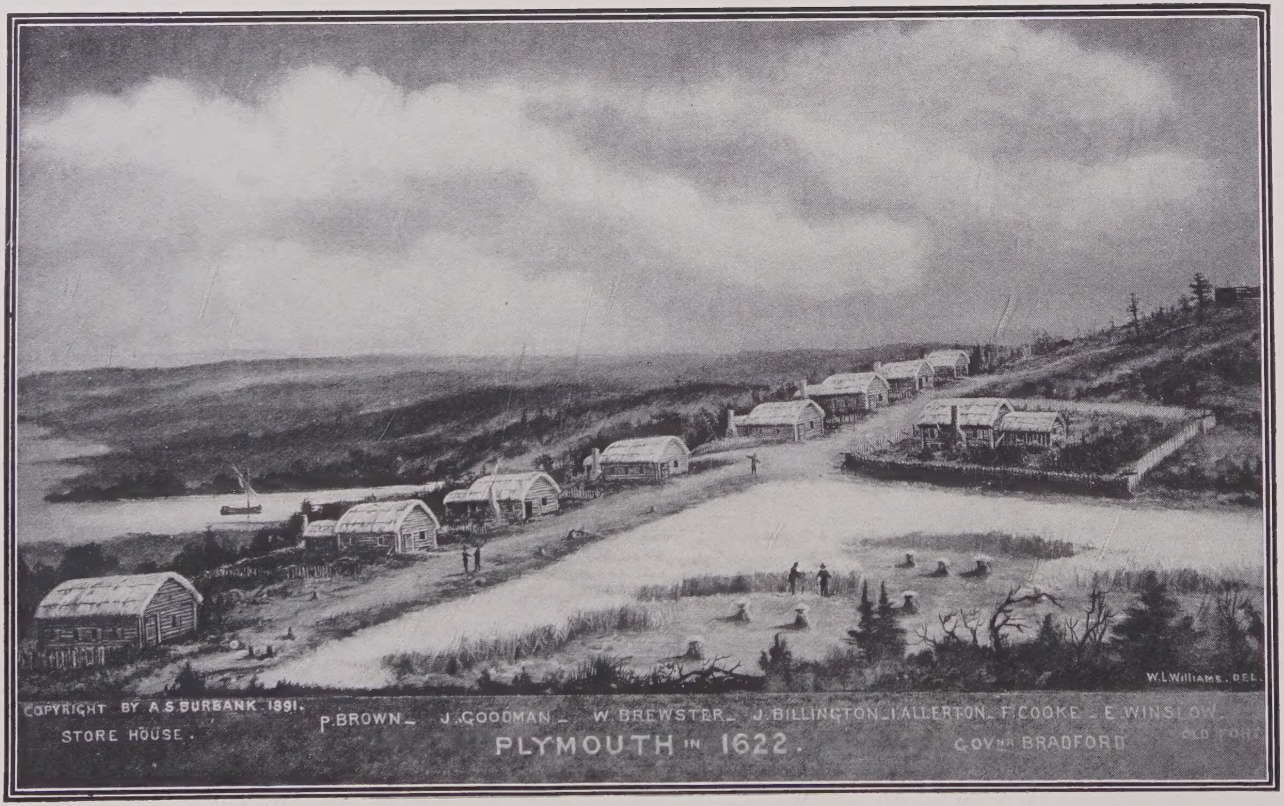

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1622 (*From the painting by W. L. Williams*)

The Real America in Romance

ON SAVAGE SHORES

THE AGE OF CONSOLIDATION

1620-1643

EDITED BY

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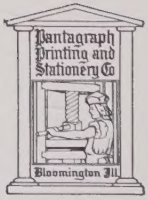

ON SAVAGE SHORES

THE AGE OF CONSOLIDATION

THE first settlers in Virginia brought with them the established Church of the mother country. The first settlers in New England were at variance with that Church, those of Plymouth openly so, those of Massachusetts Bay in conflict over fundamental doctrines within the pale. They came to the New World to escape from the intolerance of the Old, but they brought no principle of religious toleration, as is generally supposed; they sought freedom for themselves, but not for others; they were practical lovers of religious liberty, but they had no theory that extended it to all mankind.

But, however limited the tolerance in religion, these colonists of English speech and tradition brought with them a measure of civil liberty unknown in the world elsewhere. The voyagers on the *Mayflower* entered into a solemn compact for self-government which left them, except for a commercial contract with the Plymouth company, virtually independent of the world. Less than a score of years later, the new colony of Connecticut formally executed a constitution so broad in its principles that it remains to this day as a complete form of civil order, containing within itself every essential feature of the fundamental laws of the Federal Government and Sovereign States of the Union. It left Connecticut for twenty years as free from external control as any State of Europe.

At this era there arose in New England a great man, Roger Williams, who proclaimed abroad the principles of religious toleration. Driven from Massachusetts Bay by

the Puritan theocracy, his ideas might have perished had they not found in the spirit of civil liberty everywhere flourishing in New England, a fertile and productive soil. Religious tyranny and civil tyranny, twin sisters of an evil breed, may exist together; deprived of one another's society they die from lack of companionship. The proof of this great experiment was first worked out on American soil.

The theoretical views regarding religious toleration which Roger Williams put into successful practice in Rhode Island, found wider exemplification in Maryland. The very intolerance of the English Church forced charity for the views of others upon the New World. The moral law has no stronger proof than may be derived from this. By the terms of humanity as revealed in history, tyranny in any form fosters a love for liberty. And in freedom alone is to be found the cure for every political ill.

Virginia and New England from the first maintained a close and fraternal intercourse. The two brothers from whom respectively sprang the General Levi Lincoln of the Revolutionary War, and the President Abraham Lincoln of three generations later, for example, hesitated between the colony to the South and the settlements in the North, before the ancestor of the great Emancipator cast in his lot with Virginia, his brother remaining in Massachusetts. To this day the similarity of speech in the two oldest of American States betrays the closeness of the ties that bound them from the beginning.

This essential bond of union was strengthened by intimate commercial intercourse. The tobacco of the fertile southern slopes was largely marketed by New England's sailors. The unjust and wicked navigation laws, weighing upon both, bred a common hatred of European tyrants. With the passing of the Age of Consolidation the struggle is fairly on.

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ON SAVAGE SHORES

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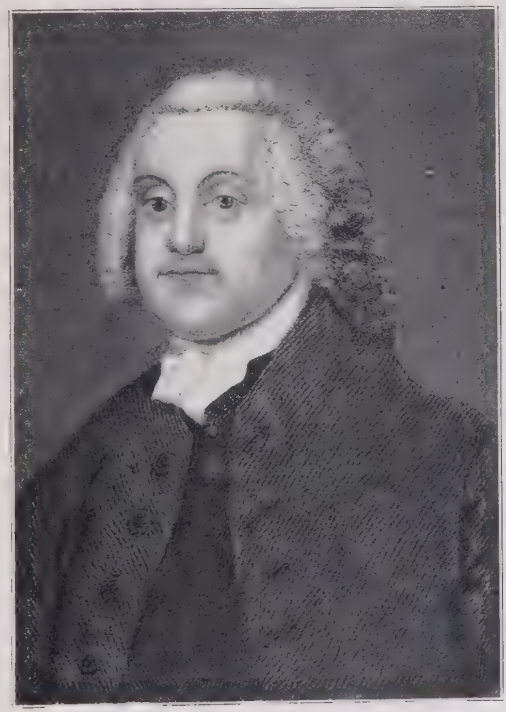
THE AGE OF CONSOLIDATION

CHAPTER I

SHADOWS IN THE MOON

RED hung the harvest moon over England. Red and pink on the chalk cliffs where the island climbs out of the sea; brown on the waste hills; purple over the heaths; running through every ruddy shade as her sheen stole over field and fell, forest and fen; turning lakes into garnets and rivers into ruby-colored ribbons. Lurid her light lay upon the low reaches of Lincolnshire; glowing and glinting on the sheer ridges of York; smoldering russet on the gathered harvests of Nottingham.



ROGER WILLIAMS (*From a very rare print*)

The little village of Scrooby, shrinking into the northernmost corner of Not-

tinghamshire, hid blushing beneath the shadows of elms that lined the streets. A simple, honest, humble little village it was. One would scarce have thought that within her darkened houses lay a seed that was to sprout in another soil into a great tree; that the simple folk who lived there bore in their hearts a germ of civic and religious freedom. Surely the moon, florid in the sky, would not have picked out

ENTRANCE TO THE MANOR GROUNDS, SCROOBY (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield, Retford, England*)

this place from the many she looked down upon as a nursery of liberty.

Not far from the village, bleak and forbidding on a hill, stood Scrooby Manor. Not at all did the manor shrink and hide; there was no blush upon its cheeks. Assured, assertive, it struggled, with wavering outline, against the mists that made the moon red, as though it would be seen in straight lines and angles, as though determined to be caught in no false light. In this respect Scrooby Manor was fittingly like its master, William Brewster, the Puritan, postmaster of the village and a man of consequence in the community.

Farther from the village, on the same side of it with

Scrooby Manor, genial and inviting in the midst of its park, stood Selby Hall, the seat of Sir Nicholas Selby. Confident, secure of itself, it merged and melted with the warm wealth that flowed over its preserves from the soft-faced moon, taking new beauties from it, knowing that in whatsoever distortions it might appear to the spectator, they would enhance its glory; knowing that a false light could do it no harm; reveling in itself and things as they were, or seemed to be; in which it was not dissimilar from its master, the indolent, life-loving churchman and henchman of the King.

The ruddy harvest moon, looking down on England, did not know that there were already springing in the island two streams of human thought that would swell into a turbulent sea on which the craft of human liberty was to be floated and brought at last into port, any more than it knew that Scrooby contained a germ of priceless value to mankind. Neither did the moon know that in beholding at once the home of William Brewster and the seat of Sir Nicholas Selby its view encompassed the habitations of two who were respectively typical of phases of the two great national drifts of the time.

The time was the beginning of the seventeenth century. Definitely, it was the autumn of 1607. The drifting thought-currents that channeled the English national mind were those springing from the religious principles of conformity and nonconformity; of independence in religious thought and allegiance to prescribed worship; of Puritanism and Episcopacy. Where and when was the fountainhead cannot be positively determined. John Wyclif had much to do with it when he translated the Bible and printed it in English. The Lollards had much to do with it. Henry VIII added to the growing streams in the campaign that ended with his becoming Head of the Church in England —

added so much, indeed, that the stream gained a greater force than he could control.

The Puritans, and those from whom they derived their beliefs, held that the authority of the Bible was paramount; higher than that of any man, even though the man were King. They believed in the sanctity and the responsibility of the individual conscience. They placed all men equal before their Creator; they withstood the right of temporal power to intrude and prescribe in matters of the soul. When Henry denied the authority of the Pope to interfere with English affairs, whether religious or temporal, men had already been thinking on these things for years. They were ready to take up his cry; but they were not ready to stop when he stopped. The rules he applied to Rome they applied in turn to him.

Puritanism in the beginning, before it got its name and for many years thereafter, was in no sense a movement to destroy the Church, or to separate from it. The Puritans were members of the established church of England; even after they came to Massachusetts they continued to be communicants, or to consider themselves such. What they desired and endeavored to do was to reform the Church from within. As is true of all projected reforms, there was a bewildering diversity of theories and panaceas; faction on faction; sect on sect; those who cried down bishops, and those who cried down surplices and censers; those who fought doctrines, and those who rebelled against forms and ceremonials. In general, they believed that the Bible was greater than any man or body of men, from which it followed that they held it wrong for the bishops of the Church to dictate in any way to the congregations of the Church. They sought to clarify the religious system from human interference; wherefore they were called Puritans, much as men to-day advocating changes in the social order are called

freethinkers, agnostics, socialists, anarchists, without any definitive classification, and often approbriously.

The view grew to great proportions within the Church. The time came when nearly every country squire and many of the nobles embraced the Puritan principles. But before that time came there had to be much pioneering. The first pioneers were those who ran ahead when Henry VIII

Manor Farm and Barn, where William Brewster Lived

stopped. They were persecuted and suppressed — always an effectual method of propagating and spreading an idea. When Queen Mary Tudor ascended the throne the pioneers retreated to Holland, and to Switzerland. Here at Geneva, Calvin was preaching and teaching; here the fugitives learned many things; thence they came back when Elizabeth became Queen, filled with Calvinistic doctrine; convinced that the individual man stood alone before his God, in whose eyes the King and the cowherd were equal, save for their sins — which is the most cogent expression of the principle of democracy yet devised.

Elizabeth did not approve of the Puritan doctrines, and all that they implied; but, being ever a wise Queen, she did

not rigorously suppress them. What she could do in a quiet way to discourage them, she did; but for all that some of her greatest and dearest lieutenants — Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, Cavendish — were Puritans; and by the end of the sixteenth century Puritanism had honeycombed the Church. Further, the new views made great headway at Oxford and Cambridge. Indeed, at Cambridge they had become dominant.

There were some extremists who were not satisfied with present progress and future prospects. They wanted to break up the Church as a wicked instrument; knowing that to be impossible, they separated from it, whence it followed they took the name of Separatists. The first meetings they held were in London, in 1567. The meetings were mobbed; thirty-one of the congregation were sent to jail and kept there for nearly a year; but the Separatists continued to meet, whether surreptitiously or openly, as the immediate humor of police and populace permitted. And within another decade they were recognized as a sect under the leader Robert Browne, a man of high social position and a kinsman of the great Lord Burleigh. Taking fright at the fury against his sect, and despairing of support from the Puritans at large, who were inclined to repudiate him and his followers as extremists, Browne fled into Holland, where William the Silent was sedulously guarding the private rights of heretics from other lands, as a matter of human principle. From this vantage ground Browne bombarded England with tracts and books, and his following continued to grow until there was a large sect, known as Brownists, to differentiate them from other lesser and more sporadic advocates of separation.

When William the Silent was murdered and the threat of Spain lowered upon the horizon of the heretics in Holland, Browne, trusting in Lord Burleigh's influence at

Scrooby Manor House (*From a recent photograph*)

court for protection, returned from the immediate danger to England, in spite of the fact that two of his followers had recently been hanged. The more remote danger lost its terror through perspective. For three years he continued to lead; at the end of that time trouble descended upon him and he recanted. Henceforth his followers were twitted by their enemies with holding doctrines too weak for making martyrs; whereupon the conservative Puritans reiterated their repudiation of Browne and the Brownists.

Scrooby, in the extremity of Nottinghamshire, is near the point where the three counties of Lincoln, York, and Nottingham meet. These three shires and the country round about were the center of the Separatist sentiment. For the most part the Separatists were simple folk, but among their number were some men of high intelligence and education. Preeminent above them all was John Robinson, their minister and spiritual leader. Robinson was then thirty years of age and had taken a master's degree at Cambridge; he was more of a prophet than a fanatic, being mild, even tempered, and inclined to tolerance. But though his well balanced sanity saved him from fanaticism, he was not lacking in convictions, or in earnestness, courage, and zeal in maintaining them. Because of his parts he naturally fell heir to the leadership made vacant by the defection of the spineless Browne.

Second only to Robinson in leadership of the abandoned Brownists was William Brewster. Indeed, there are those who give him rank over Robinson. Doubtless he is entitled to such distinction in certain points. He was a more eminent man in the vicinage of Scrooby, being postmaster of the village; a position of more consequence and significance at that time than now. He was wealthy, also, and a man of some education, having been graduated from Cambridge. He had a larger experience than Robinson in practical matters, having been secretary to Sir William

Davison on that gentleman's errand into Holland. His wealth, position, and experience made him prominent in the Brownist councils; his devotion increased his influence among the Separatists.

Brewster organized the Separatist sentiment about Scrooby into a congregation in 1606. They met for worship in Scrooby Manor every Sunday, to pray and sing hymns, and to hear the preaching of John Robinson. But evil times were upon them. James I, ten months after coming to the throne from Scotland, where he had been fighting with the Presbyterians, exclaimed to a congress of Puritans whom he had convened at Hampton Court, in speaking of their followers: "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land!" Whereupon the conference broke up hopelessly, and the harrying began.

That was in 1604. The harrying process had gone on for three years now, falling heavily upon the Scrooby Brownists because of their extreme views even before Brewster's congregation organized. But since the people had begun to meet in Scrooby Manor, the King's men had pursued them relentlessly, working every manner of petty infliction upon them. All this tended to keep the spirit of religious liberty alive within the congregation, to preserve the vigor of the priceless germ.

Scrooby from a Distance (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield, Retford, England*)

All of this was wholly unknown to the red moon that looked down with impartial and indifferent eye upon Scrooby Manor and Selby Hall on this autumn night in the year of our Lord, 1607. But what of the shadow that crept from the austere shelter of Scrooby Manor and made its way to the highway, and along the highway toward Selby Hall, when the night was in its quarter course?

We can only know that a shadow did emerge upon the highway from the manor close, when the clock was striking 8, and stole along behind the stone wall in the direction of Sir Nicholas Selby's seat; that it was the shadow of a young man, broad of shoulder, stalwart, straight; that it proceeded with a certainty significant of purpose; that there was a subtle something about the manner of the young man's going to suggest that this was not his first stealthy journey beneath the light of the moon. All this may incline us to think that the moon did not look down with uninterested eye upon something of which she knew nothing, as the shadow of the young man proceeded toward Selby Hall; for it has ever been the belief of the young, and those who have been young, that the moon concerns herself in such errands as this seemed to be on this autumn night.

The way was not long from the manor to the hall; the shadow glided swiftly, now failing behind a clump of copse, now striking strong and black across a ruddy patch where the moon and the half mists had full mastery of the night, now floating like a ghost where the shattered shadows of leafless trees traced the roadway, now standing silhouetted against the silken sky on the top of a hill — but ever nearer and nearer the lodge gate of Selby Hall — ever nearer and nearer until it stood before the door of the keeper's lodge, half obscured by the shadow of projecting eaves, and knocked lightly, thrice, with a signal-knock.

After some moments the door was opened, slowly, cau-

tiously, and a shaggy red head was thrust out into the moonlight. "Now, by my faith," exclaimed the head, "but you are a bold young man to come here to-night! I had as soon thought to see the devil or his dam a-knocking at my gate. I had better say the Lord, for it would give me no great start at any time to open to the devil or his dam."

SCROOBY CHURCH (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield, Retford, England*)

The young man who had traced the shadow from Scrooby Manor made no direct response to the other's words, even by so much as a smile. He only said, directly and tersely enough: "Am I not looked for?"

"Ay, that you are, fast enough," replied the other, dragging him in with a great fist and closing the door behind him. "Belike you are looked for by more than one," he added, when the door was shut and they were snug within.

"What mean you there?"

"Why, Mistress Mary expects you in very truth; for when did the heart of youth fail to believe that its mate would come? But an there be not others who look for you, I am no knave with a red beard!"

ENTRANCE TO SCROOBY CHURCH SHOWING ELDER BREWSTER'S PEW IN DOORWAY (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield*)

"What others?"

"Of that I have nothing to say, it being beyond my affair. I only would warn you. And my warning is, that you had best have great care what you do this night."

"What is your fear, Roger?"

"Fear, say you?" returned the other, with a show as though he were incensed by the word; "nay, I have no fear, and I look to you to have none. But, may it not be that they

Interior of Scrooby Church (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield*)

in the hall know of what goes on in these parks, with your visits to Mistress Mary? And may not much harm come of it to Mistress Mary an it be known? Egad, I have heard Sir Nicholas bellow like a bull at the very thought of your ward-father Brewster; what would he say, then, and do, as well, if he learned that Brewster's own foster-son came with words of love to visit with his daughter in Selby Park of an evening, beneath his very nose?"

"He would be like to do somewhat wrathful," returned Master Matthew naïvely. "But why these words? Have you thought that he knows of our meetings?"

"Ay, marry, that I have, and that is why these words," replied Roger, shaking his shaggy head vehemently at the other.

"But why think you that, man? Your reasons?"

"What should a rough one like me do with reasons? I am too close to the beast to reason; but by the same token I know many things, and among them this: That 't is not well when Mistress Mary comes forth of an evening to meet you with as little trouble in making her excuses as she had this evening. That has an evil smell to one who follows his nose into truth."

"Pooh!" scoffed Matthew, after the manner of youth. "Is Mary here? Where is she?"

"Where should she be, but in the arbor by the great elm at the neck of the lake?" replied Roger, shrugging his shoulders as a sign that he gave up further attempt to warn the young man coming to a tryst. Opening a door that gave upon the interior of the grounds, Matthew went through with a bound, and hastened toward a spot where a sheet of water glowed ruddy between the boles of the park trees. Roger, holding the door open for a moment, looked after him, cursing softly to himself and shaking his head.

If Roger had held the door open longer, or if he had not been so preoccupied in watching the young lover hastening to his sweetheart, or if fate had intended it so, he would have perceived a shadow creeping silently after the lover's shadow, dodging from tree trunk to tree trunk; he would have seen the shadow come to rest at last near the arbor by the neck of the lake, which Matthew presently entered. And if he had seen all this, those things about to be told never would have happened.

All of which only goes to show what a stupendous fulcrum of fate may exist in two little letters of the alphabet.

CHAPTER II

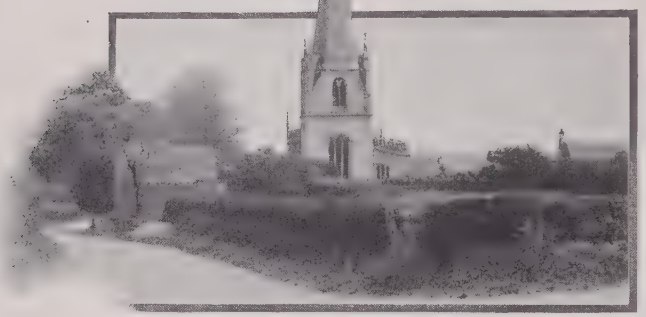
THE TRYST

MATTHEW BREWSTER, entering the bower with a lover's reckless impatience, paused beyond the threshold and looked quickly about him. Looking, his heart stopped, to start again with a wild beating; for she whom he had come to seek was not within. All the world seemed as vacant of life as the moon, that looked luridly down from the autumn sky. Long, barren branches of rose vines and ivy swung in the naked air; a cold, crisp wind rattled leaves and dry twigs against each other; the grass was hard and sear. In all his view there was no live thing.

A dread filled him; the words of Roger rang in his memory. He conjured a thousand tragedies from his imagination, each one of them leaving him at greater loss what to do for her succor than the last. In the midst of his fears a foot fell on the gravel close to the bower, and there was a rustling sound. Turning, he beheld a slight figure cautiously approaching the place where he stood. In another moment he perceived that it was Mary Selby who came.

"You are late; I had given up hope of seeing you," she said, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him full upon the lips. The ruddy moon, shining through the bare branches of the bower upon her face, upturned to his, touched her hair with old gold; her cheeks and neck were coral; from the depths of her deep blue eyes there smoldered a love light, damask in the light of the autumn moon. She was rarely, wonderfully fair; her arms about his neck were soft and clinging; the music of her voice was like the lilting of a lark.

"You should never fear for that, Mary, when I have said that I would come," he returned, pressing a kiss upon her lips as he drew her closer to him.



ROAD LEADING INTO SCROOBY (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield*)

"Ay, that I know; but I have other fears to-night, for what reason I know not," she said, clinging the more closely to him.

"You shall dismiss your fears, then," he made answer, passing his hand in tender affection over the locks of old gold. But his look lacked assurance. Her words seemed to hurt him. It was as though he knew what ground she had for fears.

"Where were you when I came?" he asked, after a moment of full silence.

"In Roger's house; I thought perchance you would not come, and had left word; but he said you were already here."

SCROOBY VILLAGE (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield, Retford, England*)

"Then how was it that I met you not in coming hither?" he asked, surprised. "Went you on the gravel path?"

"Nay, that I did not," Mary made answer; "for as I went I saw a shadow creeping toward me, and, my fears making me uncertain whether it was you or not, I went a roundabout way to come to the lodge lest I be seen by some one whom I would not have to see me abroad thus at such an hour of the night."

Her words gave him alarm. "A shadow!" he exclaimed, beneath his breath. "Whose shadow?"

"Of a truth, I thought it yours, for are not you come?" There was alarm in her tone now, as well. "You make me fearsome again," she said, with a half shudder.

"Ay, it must have been mine," replied Matthew, seeking to reassure her.

"Have you any doubt that it was you I saw?" she went on, in even voice, looking levelly into his eyes. She had passed through fear and became calm again, as a woman does in emergencies.

Matthew gazed down into her eyes with an earnest, searching look. "You are strange to-night, Mary, and full of fancies," he said, recovering his own assurance. "Who else should it be but me that you saw?"

"It could have been no one else," she returned. "It was a foolish fear we hit upon; but my fears have come alive to-night. Matthew! Matthew!" she cried, giving way to them with a rush, after an uncertain pause. "My beloved, I have a deadly fear that my father hath found us out."

"Say you so?" cried Matthew, thinking of what Roger had told him.

"Ay, I fear it much," said Mary, growing more deliberate as she proceeded. "There is a certain manner upon him that makes me certain he has hit upon the truth, or near it.

Indeed, I am not certain that we are safe meeting here this very night; when and how we can see each other another night, I know not." For the first time her voice faltered, shaking with grief. There was no fear in it now.

"Think you we are watched, then? I will beat about me with my hanger." With swift movements he unclasped her arms from about his neck, disengaged himself from her embrace, snatched his hanger from its sheath, and was out of the bower before she could detain him. With weapon gleaming in the red light of the moon, he stole about from bush to bush and tree to tree, peering into shadows and striking with the point of his weapon into thick growths. Yet ever as his shadow moved, another shadow flitted beyond his gaze; a slight, quick, elusive shadow.

"There is no one about," said he, presently, returning to Mary in the bower. The other shadow crept close to the spot where they stood and crouched within a sword's length as Matthew swung his hanger back to place. "Belike all your fears are as gossamer as this one," he added, to reassure her.

She took his words up quickly. "Am I one to weave fears from fancies, Matthew?" she asked.

He fell silent beneath the rebuke, knowing how just it was.

"Whether our meetings are known now or not, they shortly will be so; that much I know, being a woman with the divination of my sex," she went on, touching his cheek lightly with her lips to take out the sting of her last words. "Moreover, Roger gave me warning this very day when he brought me your message that you would come to-night."

"What does this Roger smell?" asked Matthew, interrupting. "He told me as much when I came through the gate. Think you the fellow wholly trustworthy?"

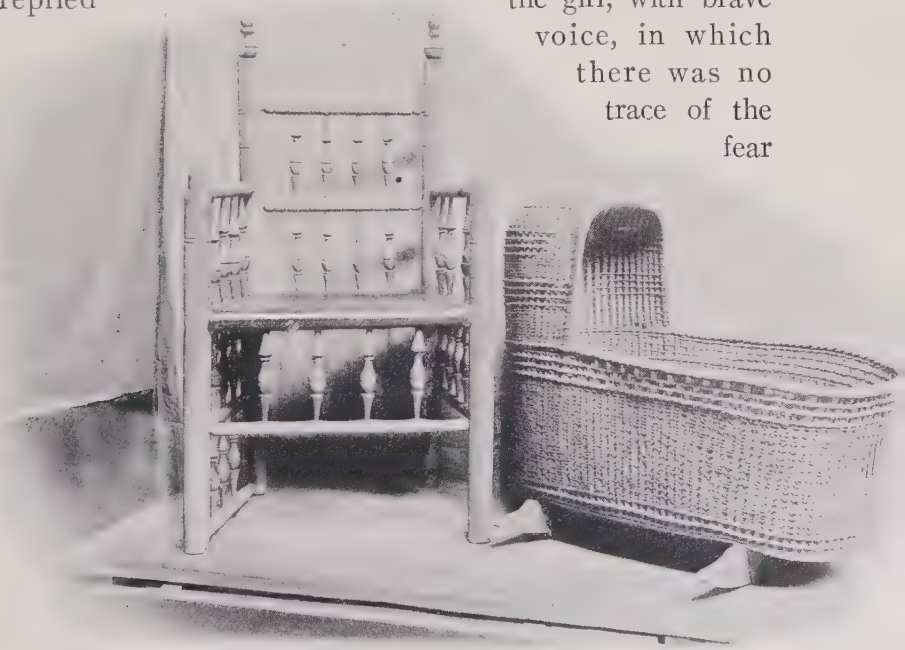
"As the sun, my Matthew," answered Mary, with finality.

"But what will Sir Nicholas do, think you, Mary?" Matthew went on, accepting as a fact that their meetings had become known to Mary's father.

"Do, Matthew? You know right well what he will do. Forbid you the park, as he has already threatened, because, forsooth, you are a Puritan. Keep watch and ward of me, so that you may not come near at any time nor reach through to me by any device; — and strike the sun from out my sky!" She was most wonderfully beautiful as she looked up at him, raising her face into the ruddy moon, so that the tears in her eyes were like rubies, and the light within was the light that lies at the heart of fire.

"But you? Will you suffer?" asked Matthew, with swift solicitude. "As for me, I shall find a way to you, though it be behind my hanger in my hand. But you, my beloved? Will you suffer? Will he seek to bring harm to you?"

"It is that which makes my other fear, my Matthew," replied the girl, with brave voice, in which there was no trace of the fear



Elder Brewster's Chair and Cradle

of which she spoke. The man, shaking with rage at the thought of injury coming to her, merely muttered. "But it is not as you think, Matthew," Mary went on. "It is worse than you believe. It is not a matter that is wholly new, though I have told you nothing of it, not wishing to distress your mind with it; for until now it has been well-nigh nothing to me."

"What? What is it?" demanded Matthew, afire with impatience and apprehension.

"Perchance you have seen or known of one Captain Kennedy who has been much about here," said Mary, collectedly, as though she spoke of something trifling in consequence.

"Ay, that I have," returned Matthew, hotly. "It is he who has had much to do with the afflictions visited upon our meeting. He dares not raise his eyes to you? Tell me that? Is that his course?"

"You have guessed it, Matthew," returned Mary, soothing him, stroking his cheek. "He has been much here, paying me such court as I could not well escape without offense to my father, whom he seems to have captured body and soul. There is small wonder in that, for such a quaffer of wine and harrier of Puritans has never before been permitted to arrive at years; two qualifications that raise him high in my poor father's esteem." Her calmness held Matthew's excitement in abeyance; he made no comment on what he heard concerning this Captain Kennedy, whom he had believed from the first be to a knave.

"Until to-day I have been well able to escape and elude him," the girl went on; "but to-day he came to stay at Selby Hall, earnestly urged thereto by its master; and to-night he has paid court to me with as much zest as though he had been set the task by my own father. Indeed, I have long known that my father would have me wed with this man;

Bawtry Church, England

now I believe he would bring it about by whatever means he can. All this is part of my cause for feeling that I am detected in my love for you, and that shortly there will be steps taken to sever us forever." Again her voice failed, because of her affliction.

Matthew, tense, trembling with emotion, was silent for a time. When he spoke there was a fire, a passion in his tone, that she had never heard before. "Mary! Mary!" he said, "The way is shown to me! The way is made clear before us! You are quite, quite sure you love me wholly, Mary? That you would be glad to forego the pleasures of your present life in Selby Hall?" It was a lover's desire, eternal through all the ages, to have the magic answer of his mate. It was, too, the eternal answer that Mary made him.

"Then the way is made clear," Matthew went on. "Mary, there need be no more meetings between us; for there need be no more partings, after to-night. I came to-night to tell you of a momentous event that comes apace upon our little band of loyal believers, and upon me, as one of them. Scarce thinking how I was to tell you of it, or what would come of my telling, not sure that it did not mean a long separation, I came with a heavy heart to make it known to you. But now I see that it is merely the way made clear for us!"

"You speak like a prophet, in parables," she interrupted, questioning him with eager gaze. "What is it that comes threatening us, only to save us at the last?"

"Nay, I am just come to that," returned Matthew. "You have known how we who worship according to our own consciences have suffered at the hands of the King's men. You have known it as well as we who have been harried, for your father and this instrument of Satan, this Captain Kennedy, have had much to do in the work. Now have our afflictions become too sore; we may no longer

bear them, and be men. We must either fight and die, or flee. For my part, I would fight; but it would be certain death to make contention by arms. We are too few; we would have the Puritans, who should be our own brethren, to contend against, as well as the hosts of the King and the Church. It is the part of wisdom to flee, and so flee we shall."

"You are going away?" asked the girl, to whom realization of what he meant came slowly. Her heart was cold at the thought; life grew black before her.

"Ay, we are going away, Mary. We are going into Holland, where the oppressed and persecuted find refuge, and where there

JAMES I OF ENGLAND (*From a contemporary print*)

are already many exiles of our own faith. But do you not see the great meaning our going may have for you and me, Mary?" he added, bending closer.

"Ay, I see it," she made answer, in hollow voice, thinking only that it meant parting.

"Nay, not that," Matthew cried, perceiving what she thought. "Not that, my beloved! It is not separation! Look you, Mary; you shall go with me into Holland and be my wife. Thither the wrath of your father may not follow; there this man of arms durst not come with his loathsome love! We shall be free from danger, my sweet; we shall be together always, and always happy! Do you not see what this shall mean?"

"But how shall it be done?" whispered Mary, tremulously, leaning upon him. It was all so abrupt; it had come so swiftly out of the blackness, this glorious hope, that she could not believe it all at once.

"To-morrow a ship will lie in the River Trent, where the road from Scrooby crosses to Humber Heath. Thither all the people of our congregation and many from Bawtry, will repair. Embarking there, we shall sail into Holland. And on the morrow, Mary, you shall mount a horse and ride forth. I will meet you at Goblin's Cove, on the road to Austerfield. Thence we can ride together to the rendezvous, where we may be made man and wife."

"That may not be," returned Mary; "for does not your foster-father, William Brewster, complain of your love for me, even as my father would find fault with my love for you?"

"That must be mine to think of, my beloved," answered Matthew.

"Still it may not be," persisted the girl, "for 't would be a grievous thing in me to leave my father thus."

"Grievous, though he would have you wed this wretched

captain else?" pleaded Matthew, pressing Mary to him. "Grievous, though his wicked cruelty to your mother brought her to an early death? Grievous, though his treatment of you from infancy has been such as to absolve you from all natural duty toward him? Grievous, though your going would keep us forever together as we are this night; and your staying would bring us both to wreck? Think you 't would be so grievous a thing for you to go?"

ENGLISH PILGRIMS (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

Her confusion passed from her. She raised her eyes, full of the light of love, and fixed them upon him. "To-morrow, say you?" she said.

"Ay, to-morrow!" His heart beat wildly. "At what time to-morrow shall I ride in the Goblin's Cove?"

"At the hour of nine."

Their lips met in a long, last kiss. In another moment, she was gone from him. Sighing, he turned with a song in his heart as she disappeared about the end of the lake, and made his way through the shadows to the lodge, and so out upon the highway.

When his footsteps died out in the park, a figure rose from beside the arbor and made stealthy haste to the chamber of Sir Nicholas Selby.

CHAPTER III

THE PLOT IS MARRED

THERE was no sleep that night for Matthew Brewster. Sometimes, throwing himself upon his bed, fully dressed as he was, he lay gazing upward into the darkness, alight for him with brilliant visions of the future, alight with the love that had glowed in the depths of Mary's eyes. Sometimes he paced the floor, impatient of the morning, eager for the hour of 9, passing now and again to look through the eastern window, to see whether day traced its promise in the sky.

Long before light, there was a stirring among the household of Scrooby Manor. The family was making ready for their journey. There was little left to be done; their hands had been busied with the task before. Indeed, there had been little enough to do in the beginning; for, though Brewster was a man of some wealth for those times, he could not well transport much of his property to Holland, moving secretly as he needs must move to elude the vigilance of the King's officers. A few treasures thrown into bags; a box of silver, and a smaller one of gold coin; changes of attire, an heirloom or two that could be taken, and that was all. It was flight they contemplated; full flight, with all its bitterness and sacrifices.

All felt the sadness of the hour; from Mistress Brewster down to the last and least of the children, they moved to and fro about their tasks in solemn silence. Here the master of the manor was a man of consequence, full of honor; the house in which they lived was spacious, full of the comforts of life, and hallowed by the associations of many

years. It was home. There they would be strangers; there William Brewster would be as any other man. What manner of home they might find, and who their neighbors might be they dared not try to guess.

William Brewster was especially heavy of heart when Matthew, hearing the stir, hastened from his room to lend a hand in the final preparations for departure. His was not only the grief of leaving the home that had been his and his father's before him; of making the heavy sacrifice that the move demanded. On him rested much of the responsibility of the flight into Holland. He, with John Robinson and William Bradford, a youth of seventeen years, but already recognized for maturity of intelligence and force of character, and others less weighty in the councils of the Separatists, had brought it about. Upon him, more than any one else, because of his seniority to the others, and because he had urged Holland as a refuge through his knowledge of the land, would rest the blame if evil came of it. And even if good came, on him would be the blame for all the heartache and repining which were to hover about the loyal band, like ghosts, for many a day to come.

Matthew, perceiving the grief and burden under which the man labored, was stricken with chagrin and shame, thinking of what he himself had in mind at the hour of 9, of the burden that he was about to add. He knew that his love for the daughter of Sir Nicholas would be reprehended if it were known to Brewster; he foresaw the blow about to fall upon the man when Mary was brought into the company, a party to an elopement; for that, in the last analysis was what their flight reduced itself to. His conscience smote him deeply as he gazed into the thoughtful, saddened face. He felt himself guilty of ingratitude, the basest of human vices, and of deceit, little less despicable.

All that he was, he owed to William Brewster. Brewster

had rescued him in infancy from the hands of an evil and designing woman, who sought gain through him by trickery. Who or what the child was, only the woman knew. She kept the secret, dying with it upon her lips, only letting slip in her last moments that his name was Matteo. Although there was the cloud of mystery upon his head, Brewster had taken him, in pity, and given him a home, making him one of the family, in full standing as a son;

AUSTERFIELD CHURCH

giving him his own honored name. And although nothing was known of the past of the lad beyond the day when he was saved from the machinations of the woman, and although it might lead anywhither, the shadow of it was never allowed to fall across the path of Matthew as he grew up, because of the sympathetic consideration of this man, whom he was now about to betray in his hour of greatest need.

For a moment the youth felt strongly impelled to make full confession of his love for the daughter of Sir Nicholas Selby. In the next moment his impulse fell before his

fatuous reasoning. It would only distress his benefactor further to learn of it at this juncture, the young man told himself. There would be time enough when they were ready to embark, and Mary was with him. When Brewster saw Mary, he would not be so greatly disturbed; for she would win him. And after all, it was not wholly his to tell of this thing, for was it not Mary's secret as well? Thus

The Birthplace of William Bradford at Austerfield, England

he dealt with his impulse to deal honestly with William Brewster and passed him with a salutation of the morning.

Long and fervently did William Brewster pray that morning in the midst of his family. Solemn were those who sat about him with bowed heads. But of all heavy hearts, Matthew's was the heaviest. It was heavy when he stole forth, at the end of prayers, to saddle his horse; heavy as he mounted and rode away to his love, when, if ever, one's heart should be light. Shame, remorse, contrition, were struggling against the headlong love that drove him on his quest.

As he rode, striving to throw off his oppression, he came

more and more to rely upon Mary to free his conscience, and to make his peace with William Brewster. He endeavored to convince himself that his love for her, and hers for him, were sufficient excuse for what he did, and for much more; he assured himself that in bringing the daughter of such a belligerent as Sir Nicholas into the Puritan fold, he was doing a deed worthy enough to balance the evil attending the doing of it. He promised himself that Mary would take away the sting of it all when Brewster came to know her. Thus deluding and beguiling himself, he rode forth to meet his love.

It was near the hour of 9 when he approached the Goblin's Cove; a deep, wooded dell through which dipped the road from Scrooby to Austerfield. His heart beat quickly as he tipped over the shoulder of the hill that hung above the Cove, and began the descent. But there was not in it the joy that should be in the heart of a youth who rides forth to meet his love.

As he was riding swiftly down the slope, he heard the noise of other horses in the road ahead of him. For a moment he quickened his pace with gladness, believing it to be Mary whom he overtook; in the next moment his spirits were dashed, for there was the noise of more horses than one. There was nothing in the circumstance that a body of horsemen rode ahead of him to cast him down desperately; many might be riding abroad without meaning to him; but he was strangely dismayed and disheartened when he discovered that there was a company ahead. He could not relieve his mind of a doubt; he could not convince himself that it did not portend tragedy.

With this feeling upon him, he urged his horse forward, feverishly impatient. Those who were ahead rode full of leisure; he overhauled them rapidly. But because of the trees, and the turnings of the road as it wound down the

hill into the Cove, he could not see them. Indeed, they were still obscured when he heard the sound of their horses' hoofs only a few rods ahead. He heard the sound of voices, too; of voices that filled him with nameless dread. Clutching his breath he spurred his horse and bounded about the elbow of the hill that hid the others.

What he saw left him witless, so much worse was the reality than any of the possibilities his apprehensions had pictured. For there, riding abreast on the highway, were Sir Nicholas and Captain Kennedy, and, between them, Mary!

Not for long did Matthew's presence of mind desert him. As the two men turned to see who it was riding so bluntly behind them, he pulled his face into a semblance of indifference and composure and saluted them coldly, as was his custom when he encountered them abroad. At the same time he glanced with swift scrutiny to see if he might read in their faces whether their being there at that time was a coincidence, or a bit of devilish ingenuity on the part of Captain Kennedy.

The captain, a small, wiry, alert man, with deeply set, restless eyes, gave no sign. Glancing at Matthew without so much as returning the salute, he turned and spoke to Mary. Matthew did not hear what it was he said; from his manner, and her manner of receiving it, he inferred that it was some trivial commonplace.

Sir Nicholas was more guileless than the captain; in his face there was a faint glimmer of triumph and exultation. It was not a smile, or a light of the eye, or a curl of the nostril; it was less than any of these, and more than all. It was subtle, but clamorously eloquent; unintentional, but full of revelation. By it Matthew perceived that it was not chance that had brought them riding there with Mary.

Although the closest observer might not have seen Mat-

THE PILGRIM EXILES (*From the painting by George Henry Boughton*)

thew's eyes linger on Mary for a fraction of a second, the young man was fully aware of the manner in which she bore herself. It was as though she was as innocent of him and thought of him as a bird in the bush. Her whole attitude and appearance was an elaborate and skillful pretense of indifference.

Taking his cue from her, and from the bearing of Captain Kennedy as well, Matthew, without a second's hesitation, spurred past them and down the road ahead, not deigning another look at any of them, and bursting forth as he went into a hymn of the followers of Robert Browne. It was a trick he had played for many months, when he met Sir Nicholas, to arouse his wrath, and by that much be revenged on him. A boyish prank, which no good Puritan would have condoned or indulged in, save that it savored of religious warfare, which made it holy.

His immediate plan was laid. For the present he must keep up the pretense of having no concern in any of the three on horseback. So much the case required. He might have fallen upon the two men with his sword, and come off with the prize, for to a certain skill in fence he added much strength and agility; but the consequences of such a course would have invited a greater disaster than had already befallen him and his beloved. It would have cast a heavy shadow about them, at best, if he should slay or wound her father, and it would bring the countryside round about the ears of the Scrooby congregation in their attempt at self-imposed exile. There was, for the present, no better way, so far as he could see, than to keep up the pretense and await the turning of an opportunity.

He had scarcely more than passed the three riders when Captain Kennedy, cutting Mary's horse across the flank with his whip and setting spurs to his own, followed close behind, Sir Nicholas coming after. Matthew heard them

closing up, and marveled at it, but made no sign, keeping an even pace through the Cove and up the gentle slope beyond, seeming to ignore the others.

But as his horse went, so went those of the three in pursuit. Until he was through the Cove and well up the other side, Matthew gave the matter little thought, being occupied with revolving in his mind tricks to bring about the separation of Mary from her unwelcome companions. But when the three followed him up the hill and away toward Austerfield, keeping an even distance behind him, dogging his tracks, he awoke to a sudden sense of the situation. To prevent him from tricking them, Captain Kennedy had it in mind to keep him in sight!

Perceiving this, many things crowded into Matthew's mind. He clearly understood now that Captain Kennedy knew all that he had planned with Mary. How much more he knew than that, or how he had come by the knowledge Matthew could not guess. It only concerned him, for the present, that the other knew so much. It meant that Mary was not to be easily obtained; that it would be more than the work of a day to get her safe off from her father.

Whence it followed that he could not go with William Brewster and the others to Holland, for he would not desert Mary in such an extremity, if the sin of staying were to send his soul to torment. Whence, in turn, it followed that he must go to the place of rendezvous and make a clean breast of the whole matter to his foster-father; he would not let the good man remain under any misgivings or distressing doubts. He would go to him, thank him as well as he might for what he had done, and then take up his own course in life, which course must lead him to Mary Selby, or to destruction!

Coming to that determination, there arose in his mind a

new meaning to the pursuit that the three behind still continued. If they followed far enough, he would either be obliged to abandon his intention of bidding farewell to Master Brewster, or he would reveal the whole intention of the congregation of Scrooby Manor to Sir Nicholas and Captain Kennedy, who were the arch-enemies, among lesser

OLD HOUSES, BAWTRY (*From photograph by G. Brocklehurst, Gainsborough, England*)

men, of the sect. He must find some device to elude them, and that straightway; for he was already close to Austerfield, and passing farther from his destination.

But his device must be subtle indeed. It must not acknowledge his necessity of resorting to a device; it must take no cognizance of the circumstance that he believed himself to be pursued; it must keep up the pretense. Else it might set them upon an alarm and give them a suspicion concerning his need to elude them that would lead them to discovering the exodus; for he had

no way of telling how much or how little they knew of that.

The way opened to him in Austerfield, which he reached in the space of a few minutes. There was in the village an inn with which he was familiar, and which came into his thoughts at the moment. It lent itself to just such a trick as he needed. Adjoining it was a spacious inn-yard, opening from the highway. At the bottom of the yard, at opposite corners, were two gates leading through high brick walls; at the side was a third. He had been used to riding through these gates at a time when he carried post for Master Brewster; he could take either of them now without attracting attention or exciting comment. Once through any of the gates, he could hide himself beyond them in three bounds of his horse; for there was a clutter of sheds and out-buildings on the other side of the wall that would prove a labyrinth to any one unfamiliar with it. What he planned he did; five minutes later he was riding post-haste along another road that led back in the direction whence he had come, and the direction in which lay the place of rendezvous.

It was well after noon when he reached a secluded dell where the Scrooby congregation, and their fellows from the surrounding country, were gathering to embark for Holland. Many had already arrived; others were coming each minute. The vessel that was to take them was not there, having been permitted to drift up the river on the tide, so that it might not arouse the suspicion of any one who might chance to see it anchored near the place of embarkation, which was not a landing-place for vessels of ordinary trade.

Matthew made haste to find Master Brewster. He was standing among a group of church leaders, engaged in earnest discussion of their plans. Matthew called him by name thrice before he heard. Hearing at last, he turned with a start and came toward the young man. "I had

missed you sorely, and was at a loss to know whither you had gone," he said, with a puzzled, anxious look. "I was not certain but that your heart failed you, and you had deserted me in my hour of greatest trial."

Matthew's heart sank beneath these words. If his task had been heavy before, how much more was it a burden now. He felt himself wholly unequal to it, as he looked into the kindly eyes of the man who had been a father to him, and saw the look of tender, affectionate anxiety that was in them. Before he could find word for speech, Brewster continued.

"Nay, I perceive that I am not far wrong," he said. "There is that in your face which tells me your heart is not with us now." There was no complaint in Brewster's voice; there was only grief. "Very well, my son," he went on, when Matthew's continued silence led him to believe that he had guessed aright. "If your heart clings to this spot so closely that the bonds between us cannot take the strain of uprooting you from here, you are free to stay. You are as my very son; I love you as I would my own flesh and blood; my pride had built high hopes upon you, and I have cherished you. But I shall not use the authority that rests in me to command you; I shall not make you go where you should go gladly, or not at all. If the time has come for us to part, let us part with love on both sides. I can only ask that you will not quite forget one to whom you have been a joy and a happiness; and that, before my last days are upon me, you will search me out and let me learn from your own lips how the world has fared with you."

Despite his manly efforts, there was deep pathos in Brewster's voice and tears in his eyes as he reached his hand toward Matthew for a final clasp. At the sight of him standing there overcome by grief, Matthew was swept by a mighty remorse, before which all else crumbled and gave way.

He could not desert this man and live in peace; his life would be a haunted mockery through all his days if he did this thing. His sense of duty, his affection toward his foster-father, were greater forces than his love for Mary. Indeed, that love took a new strength and beauty when he thought of setting it aside for this other love; of being brave for the sacrifice. There would be a time when he could return for her; there could be only this time when he could requite the kindness of this man toward him.

"Nay, father!" he cried, bending forward piously to kiss the hand that held his own, "in very truth, I was about to do the evil deed you thought, but you have saved me from it. I will go with you!"

"With a glad heart, my son?" The voice of the man was springing and joyous.

"Ay, with a glad heart!"

"God's blessing be upon you, then!"

The head of the young man bowed again to receive the blessing. His heart was glad indeed; but from his eyes there fell a tear upon the hand that still clasped his own.

A Street in Austerfield *(From photograph by G. Brocklehurst, Gainsborough, England)*

CHAPTER IV

THE FEN MAN

TO say that Matthew regretted his decision to go with his foster-father would be an injustice. Bitterly unhappy he was, and full of misgivings; but the sense that he had done right sustained him; that, and a faith that Mary would understand and approve when she learned of his course.

His first thought, after Brewster left him to return to the conference of leaders, was to get word to her by some means. She must know that he had gone, and why. She must know that he would return for her whenever and however he could, and she must know without delay. To accomplish this would be difficult; he could not trust such a word to any chance messenger. Even if he could, there would be none to send; for none but those who intended to go into Holland had come to this place of rendezvous. There was no one there who intended to return from the place.

Throughout the brief afternoon he revolved his problem, coming always to some hopeless obstacle in each device he thought of. The time was pressing. He was growing desperate. In an hour, or two, at the most, the fugitives would be embarking. Already the vessel was floating down the river with the tide.

As he was sitting apart from the others, still sifting his brain for some means of carrying out his purpose, he heard his name spoken in a low voice, and some one pulled his sleeve. He looked about with a start, for the voice was not one that he expected to hear in that place. He started

again at sight of the figure standing beside him in the gathering gloom of the autumn evening; for it was Roger, keeper of the gate of Selby Hall.

"What errand brings you here?" demanded Matthew, swiftly, with a mad hope born of the other's presence.

For answer Roger pulled him again by the sleeve, and jerked his head over his shoulder, with a backward glance of the eye, as though he would have him follow.

The Old Hall at Gainsborough, where the Pilgrim Fathers were Permitted to Worship

"What is it? Speak, man! Cannot you see that you drive me mad with your silence?"

Roger seemed willing to risk his going mad, for he uttered no word, merely repeating the pantomime. At the same time, he took several steps in retreat. Matthew, half distracted with impatience to know what his errand portended, followed him in hot haste. Roger struck into a walk when he saw that Matthew came, leading the way swiftly into a woods that grew hard by.

"Hold, fellow," quoth Matthew, before they had gone far. "If you have aught to say to me, say it at once; or

if your errand is to bring me somewhere, let me know on what business, that I may judge whether I will go. I may follow far for anything of little import; there is much business on hand here in which I am concerned."

"Think you I would risk my neck thus in coming after you on a matter of little weight?" retorted Roger, speaking for the first time. "As for the business I bring you upon, I am willing to be the judge of that, and to stand the blame for it."

Matthew needed no further words. Loath as he was to go far from the rendezvous lest they go and leave him, or some disaster befall while he was gone, he was nevertheless so consumed by curiosity and so full of fanciful hope that Mary might be at the thither end of the journey, that he followed fast.

For a long time they went through the woods. Matthew at times stopped to raise objections to going farther blindly; each time Roger persuaded him by playing upon his anxiety concerning Mary. At last the young man would go no farther. The other's mysterious manner broke his patience; he half mistrusted the great rough fellow had some evil designs.

"I care not what the errand may be; I will go no farther until I know whither I go, and why!" he cried. "We are now fully a mile from the place where my friends are ready to embark; even now they may be awaiting my return. Tell me what brings you here, or I quit you!"

"You shall shortly learn that," returned Roger, quietly.

"You have already said that to me many times; I shall not longer be put off."

He had scarcely finished when there came faintly from the distance, in the direction whence they had traveled, a low, hoarse noise of many voices raised in cries. Sprinkled sparsely through the noise was the sound of musketry and

pistol firing. Matthew's heart sunk with apprehension; he looked swiftly at Roger, seeking an explanation.

"Now you have your answer," said the fellow, when their eyes met. "Now belike you know why I brought you here."

"What treachery is this?" cried Mathew, not comprehending, beside himself with wrath.

"You may call it treachery, an you like; but I brought you off that you might escape what has befallen your friends."

"And what is that? By Heaven, if they come to harm through you, I shall pay well the score!"

"'T is little enough of harm I bring them. I am neither a King's officer nor a spy to bear tales to the King's men; so what should I have to do with their evil fortune?"

"King's officer, say you? Are they taken, then, by the King's officers?"

"Marry, that they are, an plans held true."

The meaning of it all burst upon Matthew suddenly. He turned fiercely toward Roger once more. "Dare you tell me, fellow, that you knew what was about to befall them, and held your peace?"

"Ay, marry," returned Roger, unperturbed. "I came only to save you from it and not the pack of them. 'T is enough that I risk my neck for you; let the rest go hang, an it please them to."

"How many are there of the King's men? Whence come they?" Matthew, stupefied for the moment, stood staring at the other, asking idle questions.

"More than enough to press down yon praying, prating pack," replied Roger.

Suddenly recovering himself, Matthew uttered a great cry of rage and despair, and turned in the direction where his friends and his foster-father were falling into the hands of the King's men. He was in the first stride to go, when the

heavy hand of Roger was laid upon his shoulder and held him helpless.

"Nay, marry, I shall not so lightly let you rush into the lime whence I saved you at so great risk," he said. "Bide with me, my pretty."

"Unhand me, fellow, or I shall not account for what befalls you," muttered Matthew, in rising rage.

"Tush, lad, be not a daffy fool!" retorted Roger. "'T is a small thing enough that comes to them; there will be but a fine and a beratement. As for you, 't would be a different matter, for be sure that your trysts with Mistress Mary are well known by this time, for Captain Kennedy was beside the bower last night, and the hand of Sir Nicholas would fall severely upon your neck, an you came within his grasp. And what more could you do with that little pinker there at your thigh than to rush into the shadow of his anger? Be sure, there is another that needs your aid more than they, an I go not far astray. And look you, even now the affray is over. Either they need your aid no more, or the time is past when you could give it." Roger spoke calmly, but with one hand still resting upon the young man's sword-arm.

INTERIOR OF AUSTERFIELD CHURCH WHERE WILLIAM BRADFORD WAS BAPTIZED (*From photograph by Edgar Wakefield*)

Matthew, fuming under the restraint, but loath to use his weapon against one unarmed, listened to the keeper's urgings with a black face. It was not until the other spoke

of Mary that he began to cool in his ardor to return to the succor of Master Brewster, and to see two sides to the case. The matter was decided for him out of hand, however; for it was even as Roger said when he finished. The affray was over, and the din of it had died from the sky.

For a moment the two stood speechless while Matthew recovered from his excitement. "Have you any word from Mistress Mary?" he asked, at last, half afraid to hear.

"It was she who bade me go for you," returned Roger, willing to discuss the matter freely, now that he had accomplished his purpose. "She got wind of the plan to take the fugitives from Captain Kennedy —"

"'T was he who brought about the stroke then?" cried Matthew.

"That we may guess; but this I may tell you. Mistress Mary, out of regard for you, sent me with word for you alone; and I, out of regard for her, undertook the errand; for which I have had less thanks from you than trouble. But that part of it is finished, so now for the next, which is to hide you away somewhere in convenience where you may be reached by Mistress Mary, but not by yon villainous captain from Ireland."

"Was there no message for me, Roger, from Mistress Mary?" pursued Matthew, with no thought other than to learn more concerning her.

"Ay, she bade you be of brave heart, and be certain that she only awaited the time when she might come to you. You would not have her place softer messages than that in these hard hands?" Roger added, perceiving that Matthew's hunger for news of her was not yet appeased.

"But what now; shall I soon see her?" persisted the young lover.

"Ask the stars such a question as that, lad, for I know not. I only know that there is a hole many miles from

GUILDHALL AND SOUTH STREET, BOSTON, ENGLAND (*From photograph by Hackford, Boston, England*)

here where I would hide you, and that we must hurry thither if we would have you under ground before our friend the captain learns that you have slipped between his fingers."

Without further word Roger struck off again through the grove. Coming presently to two horses, saddled and ready, he told Matthew to mount, assuring him that he

THE DEPARTURE FROM DELFTHAVEN (*From the painting by Charles Lucy*)

himself had brought the animals for that purpose. So equipped, the two set out on a journey across the country over which Matthew had recently come. They did not follow the main thoroughfare, but lanes and by-paths. Neither did they traverse entirely the same country which Matthew had seen by daylight. They bore off farther to the south, so that they left Scrooby and Selby Hall on their right as they passed through the tip of Nottingham. By midnight they were on the lowlands, approaching the wild fen country.

As he rode behind his guide, silently, beneath the red moon that had climbed into the sky again, Matthew felt a new sense of security in this rough, uncouth fellow. From the time when Matthew, carrying packets to Selby Hall, had first seen and loved the daughter of the doughty baronet, until the time when the two were lovers meeting clandes-

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS (*From the painting by John Singer Sargent*)

tinely in Selby Park, they had made Roger their mutual confidant and a bearer of messages. In the beginning he had undertaken the part out of the affection he bore Mary, and as a sort of defiance of the tyrannical Sir Nicholas; considering it but a light affair that would soon have an ending.

When the fancy that had first brought the two young people together deepened into love, Roger had abided by his first course, and continued through all the serious episode to be their staunch friend. Times had come within the last

few days when Matthew had been ready to doubt the old fellow's fidelity, being unable to explain certain occurrences on any other hypothesis. But the doubt was gone now. He had never felt more secure and certain than he did as he rode alone with him into the wild fen country of Nottinghamshire.

It was near morning before they drew up at a hut lying behind a solitary cypress. It was built of sods, thatched with dry grass; a mud chimney leaned awry at one end. It was in the midst of a waste place, alone and desolate. For an hour the riders had been traversing a low plain on which there was no track visible to Matthew's eye; the way they had come was tortuous, beset by bogs and pools.

If anything could have shaken Matthew's faith in his guide, the sight of the man who aroused and came forth in answer to Roger's call would have done it. He was unkempt and hairy; his body was short, thick, and close to the ground, being supported by abnormally small legs. His face was coarse, almost savage; he had a crouching gait that increased the wild effect of his appearance. To him Roger spoke a few words in a jargon that Matthew could not understand fully, and the other gutturaled some manner of answer that seemed to satisfy his guide.

"Here, then, is your hiding-hole, Master Matthew," he said, turning to the young man; "and here is your companion, Hairy Hugh, who loves me like a brother, and who well may be such, for all we can know of the matter. Here you may bide, trusting to me to fetch you word from your lady; and to fetch you the lady herself, mayhap. As for me, I must make haste to my gate, having been long away."

Before Matthew could adjust himself sufficiently to send messages home by Roger, the fellow was gone, leaving him with Hairy Hugh in the midst of a waste wilderness of water and weird heaths.

CHAPTER V

GOD DISPOSES

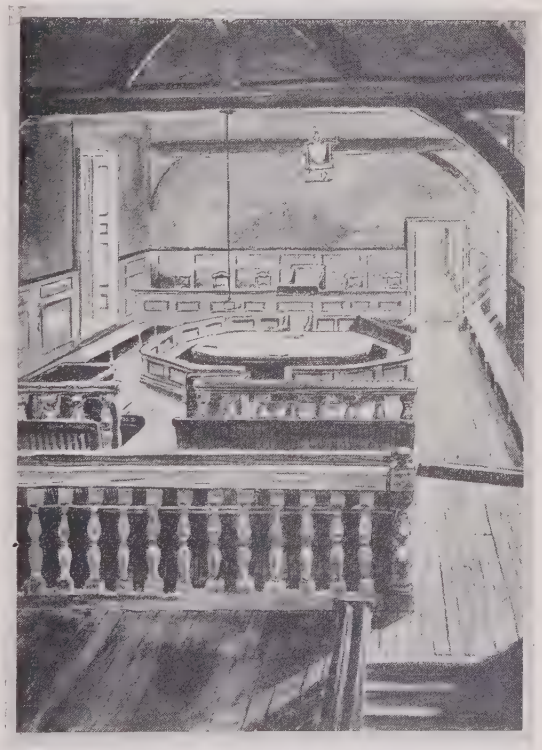
HAIRY HUGH, despite his ferocious appearance, proved to be as mildly mannered a man as one could comfortably live with. The most atrocious act in which Matthew ever detected him was the chasing of frogs over the bogs in search of food; for they lived largely on a diet of that nature. A companion less bellicose than he would become unendurable in a short time; as it was, Matthew was obliged to relieve the monotony of his life in the fen hut by deliberately picking quarrels with his host; which was most easily effected by complaining of the manner in which Hugh brewed herb tea.

For the first day or two of his stay there, Matthew was impatient to be off on some manner of adventure looking to the liberation of Brewster and the other imprisoned members of the Scrooby congregation. He was deterred from such an expedition by several practical impediments to its accomplishment; of which the circumstance that he could not escape from the place where he was without a guide through the fens, and the further circumstance that he was not certain his friends were still in prison, are worthy of mention.

It was not long, however, before he learned that they were indeed held prisoners by the King's men, at Boston, in Lincolnshire. There came a fellow through the fens on a cold night in October, bearing the news. He had it from Roger, he said. It presently developed that the man, who was of the fens, was one sent by Roger as messenger. He told by degrees how Sir Nicholas and Captain Kennedy, in

whose hands the prosecution of the Scrooby men seemed to rest, had been particularly savage in threats, but were failing in accomplishment through the intervention of officers of higher rank, who recognised that the grounds for punishment were not sound, and who did not care to hazard too much in excess the laws.

Matthew was able to gather from the messenger, who did not fully comprehend what he was telling, that Mary had contrived to baffle the attempts of her father and the little captain to marry her to the latter, and that he himself was to bide in patience until a fit time arose. He was counseled above all things not to make any attempt to befriend William Brewster, who was in Boston jail, but who was in danger of nothing further than the loss of his liberty for a space, and possibly a part of his fortune. This was not so great a tragedy, in view of the circumstance that he would lose it anyway when he went to Holland. His greatest trial was in leaving behind the women and children at the mercy of the King's men.



The Old Court Room, Guildhall, Boston, where the Pilgrim Fathers Faced the Justices (*From photograph by Hackford, Boston*)

It was a weary wait until the next word came; only the

impenetrability of the morasses surrounding him kept Matthew faithful to the part imposed upon him by Mary, through Roger. At last, after he had been there longer than six weeks, he heard better news. All of those arrested had been released except Brewster and six others, who were held for the time being, probably because they were all men of property, and the officers considered them good plucking. Some of those liberated had already made their way to Holland, and others were following. There was prospect that all should go as soon as the leaders were out of jail.

Better news than that was the word that came concerning the more intimate matter in which Matthew was interested. Captain Kennedy, for his excess of zeal in prosecuting the victims of his raid — for it was well known now that the capture was his work — had been summoned to London to make explanation, whereby Mary was given a respite. Moreover, she had adroitly succeeded in beguiling her father, Sir Nicholas, into the belief that she had forgotten her weakness for the young Brownist, and would henceforth be an obedient daughter.

It was a bitter, cruel winter on the fen. Matthew burned up the full store of Hugh's gathered turf and fagots long before it was half gone, in the effort to keep warm. When fuel failed, he reconciled himself to shivering in a corner of the hut, through which the chill winds pierced like splinters of ice. He fell low in body and mind before February came, and was contemplating a plan to coerce Hugh, at the point of a sword, to lead him out of the wilderness, when another message arrived.

This time it was to tell him that Brewster, having been squeezed to the limit of safety by all concerned in his incarceration, not omitting Sir Nicholas, had been set free, and all the others with him, and that there were plans afoot, of which Matthew would be further informed, to make

another attempt to get into Holland. As for Mary, she was in distress again, Captain Kennedy having returned; but so far she was equal to the situation, and hoped to continue so to be until the time came for the Scrooby congregation to go to Holland; when, she assured Matthew, she would join him and go with them.

Revived in spirit by this news, Matthew took new courage and fared through another month, and more. The next

The Pilgrim Cells in the Old Guildhall, Boston

message came in the middle of March, and was brought by Roger himself. Why he had come with it, instead of trusting it to another, was soon plain to Matthew; for his errand was nothing less than to arrange for the flight of Matthew and Mary with the Brewster company.

The plan of escape was more carefully concerted this time. The rendezvous was to be on the River Humber, at a greater distance from Scrooby than the previous point of embarkation. Those who intended to flee were making intricate preparations to cover their movements, so that no alarm should be given. A vessel was engaged; the captain

was a sympathizer and wholly trustworthy. The promise of success was gratifying.

Matthew, listening with glowing pleasure to the news, was minded to ask Roger how the affairs of the Scrooby Brownists came to be so fully known to Mary, the daughter of a rabid enemy of the sect. It was a problem that had puzzled him not a little. The other messengers had been unable to explain, knowing only what they had been told to repeat.

From Roger he had the whole story. All the news of Brewster and his people came from the mother of William Bradford, of Austerfield, who was high in the councils of the Brownists and close to Robinson and Brewster. This woman and the Lady Fredericka, Mary's mother, had been close friends in their youth, and Mary was permitted an occasional visit with Mistress Bradford. Between the two was a warm harmony. Mary, confiding her story to the matron, had been made her confidant in return, whence came all her information, so vital to them both.

Mary herself had planned the manner of her escape. She would leave her father's home on pretext of going to Austerfield to see Mistress Bradford, and would ride forward to the place of rendezvous with young William Bradford, who had already agreed, he being a close friend to Matthew Brewster. She would meet Matthew at the place of embarkation, and they would be married aboard ship, on the way to Holland, by the minister, John Robinson. That in outline, was the message Roger brought. Between the words of it Matthew saw much that raised his heart within him.

As for himself, when the time came, Hugh was to lead him to a certain point where would be a horse in waiting, and whence he could make his way without a guide to the Humber River. Before he left, Roger gave Matthew the exact

day, computing the interval between the present time and the time set; and a rough draft of a map, showing the location of the meeting place.

In the course of time, dragging itself on leaden heel through the heart of the young lover, the appointed day arrived, and Matthew set forth under the guidance of Hairy Hugh. The horse was found as Roger had promised, and Matthew made his way without great difficulty to the point on the Humber River, traveling by night through that part of the country about Scrooby and Selby Hall, where he was in danger of recognition.

It was afternoon of the second day of his journey when Matthew reached the rendezvous. Already most of those who were to go were assembled. The vessel was to sail in an hour; many were on board, and others were embarking, as rapidly as they could. For the most part, it was the men who were aboard, for there was much work to be done on the vessel in the bestowing of goods and chattels that the fugitives were taking with them.

Matthew, not daring to make direct inquiries for Mary, asked those whom he first met where Master William Bradford might be found. Being told that Bradford was aboard, he made haste to go off to the ship in the first skiff that had room for him, not pausing to search for Mary among the women who stood about on shore. He did not doubt that she would be with Bradford, awaiting him on the vessel.

Dusk was creeping over the water when Matthew clambered up the side of the vessel. The first to see him when his foot struck the deck was William Brewster. With a glad cry he rushed upon the young man, whom he had given up for lost. There was much rejoicing over his return; so much that Matthew for a long time found it impossible to pursue his search.

At last the attention of those who had crowded about

him to hear his oft-repeated story was distracted by other matters, and he found himself free to look for Mary. His first care was to find Bradford, which he straightway set about doing. One whom he asked, having told him that the man he sought was forward, looking to the stowing of certain goods, Matthew made haste thither.

As he was passing through the waist of the ship, intent upon his errand, he collided with a sailor who was busily engaged with a coil of rope at the gunwale.

"Now then, Puritan, if you do not wish to be caught again, mind what you are about," growled the fellow, letting go the rope to adjust his hat, which Matthew had knocked awry.

Matthew, recalled by the incident to closer matters than the dream which had floated before him as he was making his way forward, perceived with a start of alarm that there was a great commotion aboard ship, as though those who manned the vessel were preparing to make a hurried departure. At the same moment he heard a cry from the shore, where the women were gathered.

Alarm seized him. Surely they were leaving before they had intended, else he would have heard more said about going when he talked with William Brewster. As he was gazing about for some one who might enlighten him as to the cause of the change in plan, the cry he had heard ashore was repeated, and taken up by a score of voices, and a hundred. Like a breath of flame, it rose to a shrill, piercing shriek; the mingled cries of many women in dire extremity. Suddenly some one close at his elbow raised a shout. "The King's men! The King's men have come!" he cried.

Instantly the orderly confusion of the sailors who had been preparing their ship to leave was changed to an uproar. Men flocked up from the hold where they had been working, exchanging troubled glances and anxious questions, inter-

Saint Botolph's Church, Boston, Lincolnshire

fering with the sailors, and bringing the efforts of the ship's master to nought. In vain did the captain bellow and curse; the turmoil would not abate.

Matthew, confused by the suddenness with which he had been brought from his fair dreams, ran about for a space as wildly as the worst of them, shouting questions and hazarding guesses in answer to those who questioned him, after the manner of a man who is caught by the excitement of a throng. At last he encountered Master Brewster, standing beside the master of the vessel, evidently woebegone and grieved, yet sufficiently cool and collected.

"Father!" he cried, running up to him and raising his voice so that it could be heard above the din. "Father! Know you the meaning of this?"

"Ay, too well I know the meaning of it, my son," replied the other, in a shaking voice. "It is the King's men who have descended upon us again at the moment when we are all but safe."

"Nay, but are we not safe already?" urged Matthew.

"We are," with an accent upon the pronoun that sent the blood shivering through Matthew's veins.

"We?" he repeated. "Why? What mean you? Are there any who are not safe?"

"Ay, my son, there are many," made answer Master Brewster, with a moan.

"Who? Who are they?"

"For the most part, they are women whom we had not brought into the confusion of our lading, thinking to spare them, God help them."

A coldness clutched at Matthew's heart. "Surely,we will succor them!" he cried, thinking of the possibility that Mary might be still ashore. "We will not let them be taken thus, without raising a hand!"

"The attempt would only bring us into their power,"

returned Brewster, his voice dripping with grief. "'T is God's will!"

Matthew stayed to urge him no more. Turning, he fled along the waist of the ship again toward the spot where he had been told Bradford was engaged. Many wild thoughts

The Memorial Tablet on Governor Bradford's Estate

coursed through his head as he ran; but first of all, he must find Bradford.

Despite the interference of the half frantic men on board, the sailors had made shift to raise anchor, set sail, and get their ship under way; for all things are possible to those who go down to the sea in ships. The water was already purling and lapping against the sides; the screaming on shore was receding into the distance.

Twice and thrice did Matthew dash up and down the vessel ere he found Bradford. "Tell me! Tell me of her?"

he cried, running up to him, half beside himself and sick with fear.

Bradford looked blankly at him.

"Mary!" Matthew went on. "Did she come? Is she with you?"

"Ay, she came," replied the other, his face clearing as Matthew's meaning became plain to him; "she came, but she is not with me."

"Where is she?"

"That I know not."

"You left her where?"

Bradford's face was suffused with sudden pity as he made answer. "I left her ashore, to wait with the other women," he said.

With a harsh sigh, but with no other sound, Matthew peered shoreward through the gathering dusk, as though he would pierce the pall of night and seek her out. Already the vessel had gone so far that a point of land lay between it and those left behind; already their despairing cries were hushed by distance and the intervening trees of the bank.

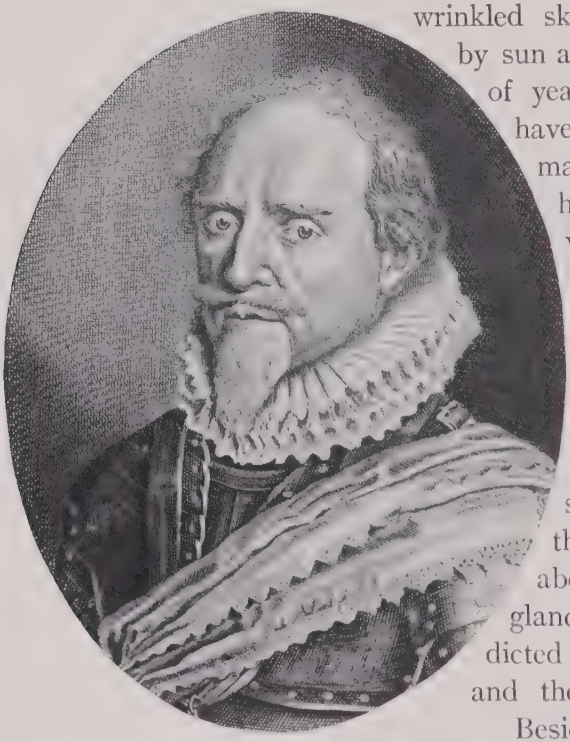
Without another sound than a second harsh sigh, Matthew turned to search the ship. From one end to the other he delved, not omitting a single face, not failing to make sure that each bundle in dark corners, that each shadow lying along the deck, was not she. He did not speak her name as he went among the passengers; he did not ask if any had seen her; for none of them knew her. And even had they known her, it would be better that the secret should be his alone.

It was night, full night, before he gave up his search; miles of blue water lay between him and England when he at last made sure, beyond peradventure, that she was not aboard.

CHAPTER VI

MARY

A MAN white-haired and wrinkled was sitting in the shade of a poplar tree in a quiet corner of the little Dutch city of Leyden. Because of his white hair, and his wrinkled skin, burned fairly black by sun and wind, and other marks of years upon him, he might have been thought an old man, but other signs about him told that it was time's weight, and not its length, that had dragged him to old age. His eyes had lost nothing of luster; they shone and sparkled beneath his snow-white brows. He sat stiff and straight, like a soldier; there was an alertness about his posture and his glance as he talked that contradicted the whiteness of his hair and the wrinkles of his skin. Beside him sat a young man, little more than a score of years in age, but care had already marked him also. His broad shoulders drooped listlessly; his head hung on his breast; in his blue eyes there was a look of inconsolable sorrow. The elder was speaking to him,



PRINCE MAURICE OF NASSAU

in soft, kind tones, as though he would revive his sinking spirits.

"Nay, friend Matthew," he said, laying his slight hand on the other's knee, "you speak but idle words. You repine and you say that you are a wanderer on the face of the earth, for whom life holds nothing but bitter memory, when you are barely on the threshold of the world. You think you have tasted the cup of sorrow to the dregs, when you have scarcely raised it to your lips. Verily, my friend, you know not grief; you know not disappointment; you know not what it is to have the body of hope die out of your soul, leaving only the ghost to haunt and drive you. You only make a boast to be slain of sorrow, when you have barely felt its surface wounds."

The young man aroused himself, angry and resentful. "Is it nothing, then," he cried, "to have your best beloved snatched away from your very arms by your enemy? Is it nothing to be borne away from her in a ship, when you know that she is in direst extremity and need of you each moment that you glide through the water, across the maddening peace and serenity of the ocean? Is it nothing to be forced to wait supinely for what fate may have in store and at the last to be compelled to bow the head submissively to the worst it could bring? You talk boastfully, indeed, if you say there is no grief there!"

It was Matthew Brewster who spoke. It was more than a year since the Brewster party had quitted England, leaving a number of their women behind in the hands of the King's men, believing it to be the will of God that they should suffer so for His sake. The vessel on which they embarked bore them without adventure to Amsterdam, where they landed, seeking out fellow Puritans from among the refugees of all nations sheltered there. Holland at that time, under Prince Maurice of Nassau, who had followed

nobly in the footsteps of his father, William the Silent, was the only civilized spot on the face of the globe where a man's opinions concerning God did not involve his bodily safety. Elsewhere he believed at his risk, here he might believe all things or nothing at all. So far as his physical and temporal welfare were concerned, it was all one. By contemporary writers in other countries religious freedom in Holland was considered eccentric behavior on the part of the Dutch Government and treated with scorn. "All strange religions flock thither," says one; "it is a common harbour of all heresies"; "a cage of unclean birds," says another.

But Amsterdam did not prove to be all that the fugitives desired. The others who had preceded them had fallen to wrangling among themselves over fine points of doctrine. John Robinson, whose vision held true to the big concerns of the belief, feared that the flock would be disrupted by a contagion of dissension; that the ideas of the individuals would become befogged by petty conceits. Through his urging, backed by Brewster and Bradford, the entire company moved to Leyden soon after the arrival in Holland.

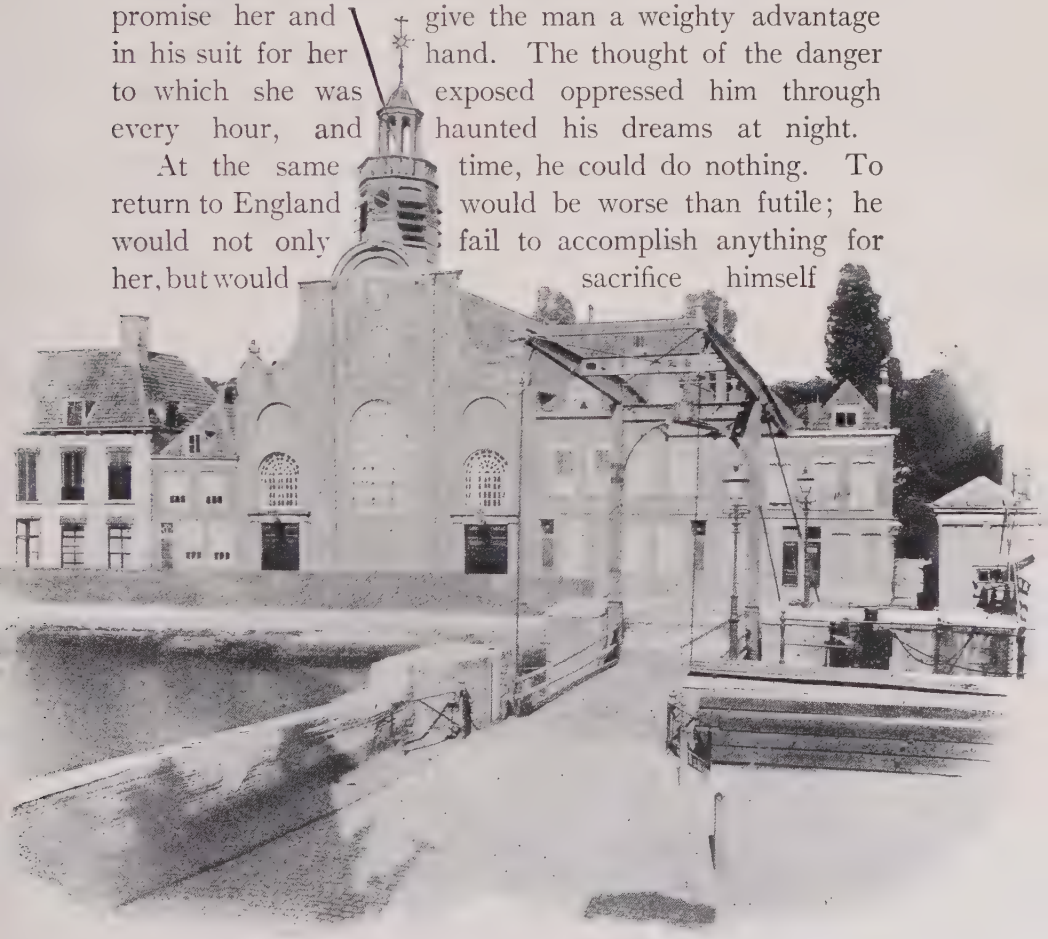
Leyden was a manufacturing and commercial center of some importance, whither fugitives had scarcely penetrated. It was retired from the great highways and altogether a fitting place for the Brewster followers, who now called themselves Pilgrims, to foster their beliefs without danger of intrusion. Here, then, they settled. John Robinson, the intellectual and spiritual leader of the Pilgrims, obtained appointment to a chair in the university. Brewster set up a printing shop and issued tracts and religious books, many of which found their way to England. William Bradford, having leisure, devoted himself to the study of languages, making himself a master of Dutch, French, Latin, Greek, and, finally, Hebrew, that he might "see with

his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in all their native beauty," as he said.

The disaster that had overtaken the women when the company embarked did not work the effect upon the Pilgrims that would be expected. In the intense religious fervor of their minds, the event took distorted shape as an act of God to try them. Therefore they submitted, not with supine and craven fear of the English, but in devotion to God, their divine leader.

As for Matthew, he was not so easily reconciled. Mary's capture by Captain Kennedy, who was known to have led the expedition against the fugitives, could not fail to compromise her and give the man a weighty advantage in his suit for her hand. The thought of the danger to which she was exposed oppressed him through every hour, and haunted his dreams at night.

At the same time, he could do nothing. To return to England would be worse than futile; he would not only fail to accomplish anything for her, but would sacrifice himself



THE CHURCH AT DELFTHAVEN, WHERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS HELD THEIR LAST SERVICE IN HOLLAND

to his enemies, so that she would have no ultimate hope of refuge if she should escape her immediate danger from Captain Kennedy and Sir Nicholas. Moreover, if there had been any hope in a journey to his old home, he could scarcely have undertaken it without disloyalty to William Brewster, to whom he felt under obligations heavier than those of a son to his father. In addition to all these considerations was the physical difficulty of making the trip; for he was without money or the means of obtaining enough for his transportation.

At the end of a year the English authorities, finding the women of the Pilgrims to be nothing but a charge and a care, and that they by no means effected anything against the fugitives by holding such hostages, not only gave them their liberty, but transported them free to Holland, that they might rejoin their own people.

When they arrived at Leyden, Mary was not among them. Matthew had scarcely hoped that she would be, fearing she would be reserved for another fate. Nevertheless, her absence cast him down still more, until he utterly lost heart and hope.

It had now been two months since the women had come. Matthew had had no word from her, directly or indirectly. The burden of grief and suspense had grown more than he could bear alone; in a moment of despair he had told his story to the man marked with many years. The man was a stranger to the Pilgrims and to the people of Leyden. He had come there between suns, whence or why no one knew. Neither did any greatly care. It was no matter for curiosity in Holland to have strangers come to dwell there. So long as they behaved with propriety, they were unquestioned and unmolested; and this old fellow was less obtrusive than most.

From the first a strange fascination had drawn him and

Matthew together; some subtle sympathy that each felt, but neither understood. They spent much of Matthew's spare time in each other's company, talking of men and gods, and the works of both. Matthew conceived the idea that the other was a Spaniard and a Catholic, whereat he felt grief and some compunctions; but his friend never attempted to assail his own faith, so that he assured himself he could be with him without great sin.

But though they were much together, and spoke of intimate things, Matthew had never until this made mention of Mary and his manner of losing her. The confidence came now only on a wave of grief that he could not master. He regretted his impulsiveness even before he was half finished. When the other made a scoff of his grief, slighting it, his anger was more against himself than the other. It was his anger that led him to rebuff the elderly man with a sharp tongue and a sharper tone.

The man listened to Matthew's rejoinder without anger, seeming to understand and accept it as natural and fitting. Indeed, there was that about his composure which suggested he had sought deliberately to arouse the other, for the good of his soul. When he made answer, it was in mollifying mood.

"Ay," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "all that is much, I grant you; but what is it to other griefs that men have known? What an if your best beloved had not been one, but three? What an if two of them had been snatched away from you by a bloodthirsty monster of a man, a deadly enemy to your race and your religion? What an if the third, and the best beloved, had died in your arms with her heart broken in twain, leaving you utterly alone, naked of all love in a waste place? What an if you were haunted through many years by a doubt whether the others lived; or, if living, what might be their fate? What if a dread and a hope

drove you abroad across the wide world in a fruitless, hopeless quest; compelling you from one point to another, giving your soul and body no rest? What if your life's course was running into the west, with the hope and the dread still astride your shoulders, with none who knew and loved you, with all your whole life vacant, save of the bitter memories and longings? Would you then look upon such a grief as yours as a mighty thing, and one not to be borne? Surely, I am not one who would say that you have not suffered. I would only say that you have not suffered all. For does not your beloved live; and is not the best part of life before you? Surely, you have much to build hope upon; and I would but point it out to you."

As the man spoke, Matthew stood transfixed; there was a depth of misery in his tone and in the light on his face that was all unsounded by the younger man; there was a patient resignation, a courage to endure, that shamed him. It was not a complaining spirit that spoke; it was not despair. It was only great grief, revealed in a moment of confidence; a grief mastered and contained, but which had worked within the heart through many years of conflict. It was the tone and the manner of the man more than the words that gave this effect to his speech, and held Matthew humbled and respectful before him.

"Nay, that is a grief indeed," whispered the young Pilgrim, after a space, in which the eyes of the other burned far into the past. "Tell me, sir, is that your tale?"

The elderly man came back to the present with a start and a shiver. He looked swiftly at Matthew, and away, nodding his head by way of answer.

"Is there more to tell?" pursued Matthew, hesitating. "Will you not tell me all, that I may school myself to bear my burden better?"

The other shook his head, with a deep sigh. "Nay,

The Jerusalem Hof at Leyden, Holland

I may not tell you more, and have already told you too much," he replied. "There was a time, when my grief was young, that I went about telling my tale, in the hope that it would help me in the quest that I made; I met with scoffs and jeers and cold indifference where I wandered among men, so that at last I took a vow that I should never tell more until my quest was done. Wherefore I may tell you nothing further." A silence fell between them, a silence which neither would break.

They were sitting thus silently, side by side, when there approached them a huge, hulking, rough fellow with a red and ragged beard and a shock of fiery hair. Pausing for a moment, and cocking his head at several successive angles to scrutinize Matthew more closely, he took one stride to the young man's side and laid a mighty hand upon his shoulder. Matthew, looking up with a start, sprang to his feet. "Roger! Roger!" he cried. "May God be praised! Whence come you?"

"Surely not from God, else I should not have been so sore afflicted by the sea on the way hither," returned Roger, for it was indeed he. "If you would have old Roger serve you further, I warn you fairly that you must seek another spot than an island when you make flight again. Marry, my inwards are still awry from the stirring they got by the way."

"This is no island, Roger," corrected Matthew, so confused by the shock of seeing the fellow that trivialities clung to his mind.

"'T is all one, then," retorted Roger, "for you needs must cross water in coming at it."

"But what is your errand?" pursued Matthew, in a turbulence of excitement. "What of Mary? Does she live? Is she free from danger?"

"Not so fast," expostulated Roger, who had a constitu-

tional delight in prolonging suspense, in harrowing the soul with mystery long drawn out. "Not so fast. An I had a flagon of wine, I might find my tongue more nimble to tell you the tale; for, of a truth, 't is one demanding much telling."

THE SITE OF THE JOHN ROBINSON HOUSE AT LEYDEN, HOLLAND

"How about thine insides, thou fellow?" inquired the elderly man, keenly, with a twinkle of mirth that was lost on Matthew.

"Nay," retorted Roger, "as for that, I have already proved that wine has a wholesome effect upon the contention within me."

"Come, then," said Matthew, consumed by impatience; "we will go get wine."

With rapid strides Matthew was leading toward an inn,

followed by Roger alone, his companion having made his excuses, when the yokel reached forth a hand and stopped him in full course. "Nay, not there," he said, "for I have the very picture of an inn picked out, where the wine is of the best. Come you thither."

Whereupon Roger, changing places with his host, led the way through many back lanes to a quiet, quaint old place, nestled among hollyhocks and roses by the side of a limpid canal. Here, within a bower of honeysuckle, the two took seats at a table, Matthew ordering wine under the direction of Roger.

"Now, then, for the tale," said Roger, when he had drunk deeply, and administered a wink upon the Dutch girl who brought the beverage. "As for my errand, that is to tell you the tale. As for Mary, that is what the tale is to be about. Wherefore, let us to the tale. In the beginning of things, when a maiden is crazy enough to fix her fancies upon a youth who is mad about his religion, there is a beginning of trouble. What is it your good book says? I have heard plowboys repeat it; I have learned it by word of mouth. 'Thou shalt have no other God before me?' So should it be with a man who would love a maiden. There should be no other god before her. If there had been no other god before young Mistress Mary, young Master Matthew, there would have been no tale to tell, and old Roger would never have turned his insides outward by crossing of a sea. Wherefore let me have more wine; for I have a tale to tell."

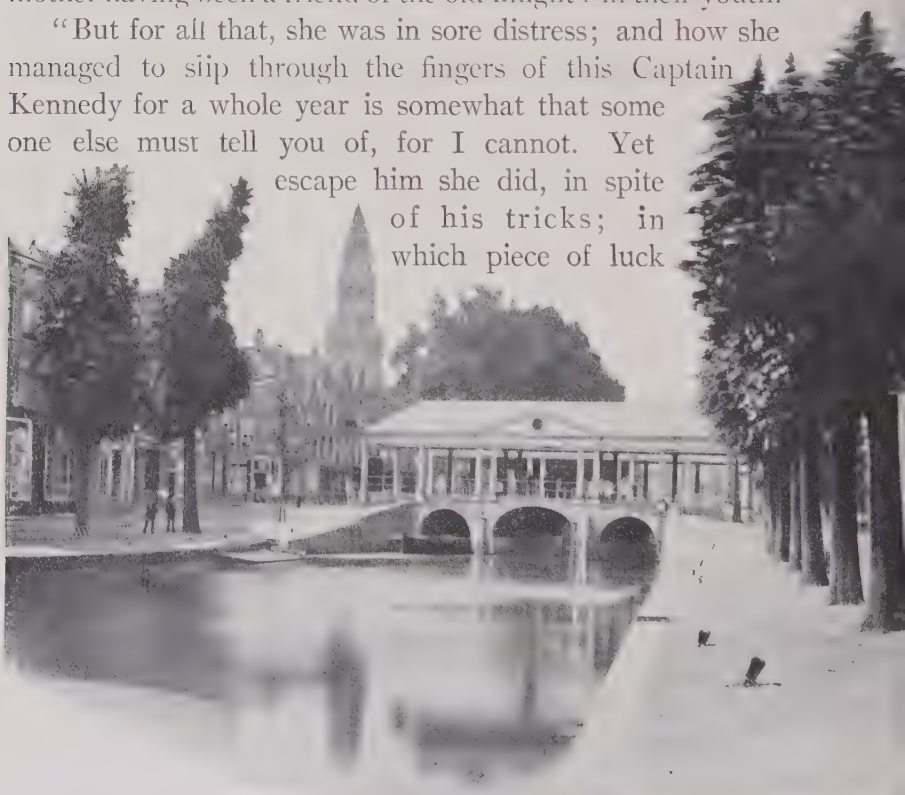
Matthew thought that Roger had already had overmuch, but he had learned through experience that the shortest way with Roger was his own way, so he humored him with more wine, and with his own devices in the telling of the tale.

"Now, then, for the tale," repeated Roger, setting his

beaker down empty. "As you may well guess, Mary was one of those left behind by these God-fearing men, your brethren; though for my part I should think they feared man rather than God, when they went not back for what they had left behind. But I am too near the beasts of the field to judge well of that. Leastwise, Mary being one of them that was taken, and this Captain Kennedy being one of them that took her, she straightway fell into sore distress.

"She was not locked up with the rest, but was carted off to her own home, where was much to-do for that she had turned Puritan and sought to run off with a band of Separatists; for by a rare good turn of fate they were of the belief that she had forgotten you, and that it was young Master Bradford turned her fancy Godwards. Which was not such an evil thing in the sight of Sir Nicholas, Master Bradford's mother having been a friend of the old knight's in their youth.

"But for all that, she was in sore distress; and how she managed to slip through the fingers of this Captain Kennedy for a whole year is somewhat that some one else must tell you of, for I cannot. Yet escape him she did, in spite of his tricks; in which piece of luck



The Market and Canal at Leyden, Holland

she was mightily assisted at the last by a turn of fate that took this Captain Kennedy to London, and thence to another point of action. For it seems that by his taking the women, he brought upon his head a wrath from the upper parts of the Church; for they were nothing but a charge and a pest to those who held them until they were turned at last over to their menfolk. Whence it fell out that he was haled off by the ears to London, and set down in another place, having twice done a mischief at Scrooby.

"But I shall no more of the tale, my throat running dry; save only to say that the old flint, Sir Nicholas Selby, has passed to his rewards, where may he fritter well. And as for Mary, she is alive, so far as I know; leastwise, she was when I left her. And as for her being safe, why, God grant she may ever be as safe!"

As Roger finished, he arose from his seat with a mighty guffaw, and strode from the bower. Matthew arose and would have followed him, to press him for further knowledge, but the sound of a step without gave him pause. He stopped and listened; the step came again, closer; there was the rustling of a skirt, a glad cry, and Mary rushed into his embrace.

CHAPTER VII

THE STRANGE MAN'S GRIEF

WHAT caresses, what words of endearment, what tears of joy there were between the two lovers, brought together in this manner after their long trial, need not be told. It is enough to say that they were wed straightway, and that William Brewster, next to the bridegroom, was better pleased than any man with the marriage, excepting, perhaps, Roger, who roared mightily about it.

Matthew had but one disappointment: his old friend, the man whose grief was so much greater than his own, was not there to see his joy. One of the first thoughts that came to the young man, after he had seen Mary — it was some time after, be it said — was to seek out the man to tell him the good news. But though he looked diligently, and called others to his assistance, the stranger was not to be found. He had disappeared.

From the day of his marriage to Mary, Matthew began a different life. His old mood of melancholy vanished completely. From the most lugubrious of the band, a sadly visaged, serious company at best, he passed into the most blithesome. Indeed, whereas he had before been reproved for his sorrowful demeanor, he was now in danger of being rebuked for an excess of spirits. It was Mary who had saved him.

They lived in a cot on the edge of the little colony of English Pilgrims. Mary laid her hand willingly to the duties of a housewife, strange enough to her at first. Matthew, who had learned the trade of carpenter on coming into Holland, sawed and pounded with such a right good will that

he was able to keep his beloved in more than the necessaries of life.

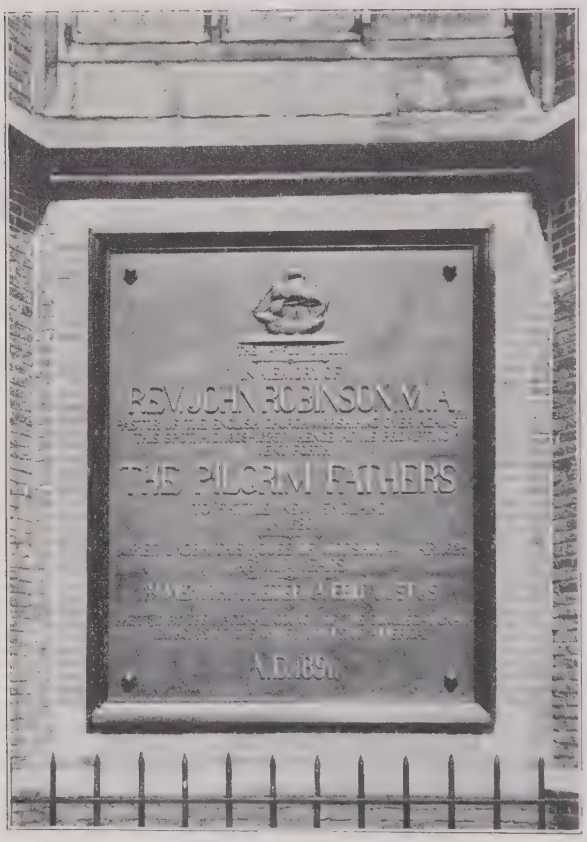
Children came to them. The first was a son, whom they called Richard. He was born in 1610, a little more than a year after they were married. The second was also a son, Peter, who came three years later. At the end of four years there was born a daughter, whom they named Elizabeth. They were such children as they should have been, with such parents.

As the years swung by, the English Pilgrims at Leyden became better and better adjusted to life in Holland, and more and more contented. Indeed, in the opinion of the Reverend John Robinson, they were growing too well contented. He feared they would lose their vigor. He feared they would gradually be absorbed into the life of the country; that they would cease to be Englishmen, and become Dutchmen. Which, while not a bad thing in itself, perhaps, was not propitious to Robinson's plan of forming a religious commonwealth out of his flock. Moreover, there was some danger that Philip III of Spain would descend upon the Netherlands when the truce expired in 1621, and destroy the religious freedom that was the Pilgrims' only reason for being there. Nor did the death of Barneveldt and the imprisonment of the great Grotius

The Church in Leyden where John Robinson is Buried

reassure them, both being in trouble for conscience' sake.

For some time there was talk among the leaders of an emigration to some spot where the Pilgrims could worship God as they listed, without the risk of present or prospective interference. There was no chance for such a colonization in Europe. Even if there has been geographical opportunity, any community they might set up would not last a twelvemonth in the midst of that religious cauldron.



THE MEMORIAL TABLET TO JOHN ROBINSON IN THE CHURCH AT LEYDEN

America offered the only opportunity, and toward America the attention of the Pilgrims was turned. Jamestown colony was already established, and its permanancy practically assured. There was much talk of the new continent, and many schemes in the air. The Pilgrims heard of Guinea, much cried up by Sir Walter Raleigh; but the tropical climate

and the danger from Spaniards decided them against that location. Virginia, suggested by others, was rejected because Episcopacy was already strongly entrenched there. For the rest, there remained the choice of all the vast coast, from the Chesapeake to Maine.

There was much talk, at the time they were looking about for a place, of the northern coast, called by some New England, and by others North Virginia; Virginia being a general name applied without any distinction of boundary to all English America. Captain John Smith, who had made the Jamestown colony a success, explored the coast thoroughly in 1614, making a map of it on his return to England, and giving it the name New England, by which it is still known. His map also bore other names that have come down through the centuries, suggested to him by Prince Charles. The present Cape Ann, Cape Elizabeth, Charles River, and Plymouth, were located and named on his map.

Others had been there before Captain Smith. In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold landed at Cape Cod, giving it the name it bears to-day, because of the number of codfish his sailors caught in its waters. It was the first English name applied in the northern part of the coast. He also named Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands. At Cuttyhung his crew built huts, intending to make a permanent station there; but after a month they were glad to set sail for England.

Three years later George Weymouth made a more extended voyage, coasting from Cape Cod to the Kennebec, and ascending that river for a number of miles. Returning with five kidnaped Indians and a store of tales, he aroused excitement that had much to do with the forming of the London and Plymouth companies.

George Popham, a kinsman of Sir John Popham, set forth in the following year to found a colony at the mouth of

the Kennebec. The attempt failed disastrously. From that time until Captain Smith's voyages the coast was not visited by the English, unless by stray fishermen.

All the country was given into the hands of a joint stock company; or, better, two branches of one joint stock company. One branch, called the London company, because its headquarters and the seat of government were in London, had jurisdiction of the territory lying between 34° and 38° north latitude. The other branch, called the Plymouth company, because its headquarters were at Plymouth, controlled the land between 41° and 45° north latitude. The three degrees that lay between the two companies' boundaries were offered as a bonus to the one that should first settle them.

When Captain Smith's voyage brought the talk of Englishmen to North America again, the Pilgrims, who had decided, in 1617, upon an emigration, considered the advisability of going to New England with their project. They were deterred from it by reports of the cold, bleak climate of that coast. At last they hit upon the shores of the Delaware River as the most favorable spot, the climate being more salubrious, the harbors good, and the auspices of the London company, in whose territory it was, propitious.

Having come to this decision, the Pilgrims appointed agents to wait upon Sir Edwin Sandys, head of the London company, and obtain the terms upon which the Pilgrims might colonize. Above all things, they were to be assured religious freedom.

Matthew was one of those chosen for the mission. He was selected because he was affable, tactful, discreet, and had the gift of mingling with men. He was not the most devout of the Leyden colony; neither was he the most intelligent, nor accomplished. But his way with men was considered a valuable asset to the commission, and he was

accordingly made one of the number. Wherefore, one day in the year 1617, he bade his family farewell, — Elizabeth being then a babe in arms, — and set sail for London.

The first journey of the commission was not the last. Sir Edwin Sandys was friendly to the project, and the proposals he made were satisfactory, but there was much haggling necessary, requiring many trips to and fro, and occupying upward of two years. The plan they were working out, suggested and fostered by Sir Edwin Sandys, was this: Seventy merchant adventurers of England would furnish £7000 for the venture, the earnings of the settlers to be thrown into a common stock until the subscribers should be paid out. The London company would give them a grant of land on the Delaware under certain easy conditions. In these respects the plan moved smoothly enough; it was upon the matter of a charter that negotiations hung. James I would not accord one to the Puritans, though willing to have them go to America.

PHILIP IV OF SPAIN

In the course of his rather frequent visits to England during this period, Matthew formed a considerable acquaintance among the inhabitants of the capital, largely with men of consequence. Among other friends, he numbered several voyagers, famous in their time, with whom he spent many an evening in the Mermaid Tavern.

He was going in to meet one of his old friends one night in the tavern, when he found him talking with a short, stout

man, with a ferocious beard and an eye that shot fire. Soon after there came in a company of old sea-captains who, when they set eyes on the man, cried joyfully, "Captain Smith!"

The man crossed the room toward the group in answer to their calls, and joined them. Although Matthew perceived that he was much observed, and that the others treated him with a deference unusual with bluff old salts such as they were, he did not guess at once that the man was the founder of Jamestown and the explorer of New England.

Being introduced, Captain Smith glanced at Matthew and away in perfunctory fashion, but immediately returned his eyes to Matthew's face and inspected his features keenly. "'S blood!" he ejaculated, after a long, deep scrutiny, under which Matthew's composure was in danger of melting, "but for your fair skin and hair, sir, I could have sworn you were one whom I left in Jamestown, you are so marvelous like him! Tell me, know you such an one as Philip Stevens, of Virginia, sometime of Admiral Drake's household?"

"Nay, that I do not," Matthew assured him, realizing when the other spoke of Jamestown that it was Captain John Smith of fame. "An he is a good friend of yours, I shall deem it a distinction to have made you think of him."

"By Heaven!" quoth the captain, with emphasis, unaffected by the flattery, "by Heaven, in all the world there is not another I carry so close to my heart; and for his sake, and the likeness you bear him, let me clasp your hand!"

Upon such an introduction the communion of the evening was built. It was not strange that, when the talk ran to the sea and the sailing of it, as it shortly did, Captain Smith should open up the floodgates of his memory and narrate many marvelous adventures. Matthew was already acquainted by report with the tale of the three Turks and many

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE: THE BOYHOOD OF CHARLES II
(*From the portrait by Van Dyke*)

of his escapes with the Indians, including his rescue by Pocahontas; he was therefore more interested when the great traveler came to tell of New England.

"It was ever the old love for adventure that led me to the bleak north coast of Virginia, which is now called New England, to my pride and glory, I having so named it," said the captain, telling the tale. "I had long laid idle in London, but the lure of the wild land over-seas tore at my heart until I had no peace of body or soul. Wherefore, having obtained two ships with much trouble and contention, I set sail in the year 1614.

"Our voyage was uneventful. It is the fruits of it that make it of interest, rather than the exciting adventures through which we might have passed. But for some little discontent among the sailors, caused by our loitering too long in certain harbors to take observations, when they would have gone on, which commotion I was constrained to repress with some show of force, our journey was one of peace and ease.

"I traveled minutely up and down the coast, from the great cape, called Cape Cod, which extends into the ocean like a mighty hook, to a river called by the naturals Penobscot. I lay along the shore as close as I might, omitting the inspection of no harbor, or aught that promised to be a harbor; adding to my coasting some trips further inland, both afloat and on foot. I found it a bluff, bleak coast, for the most part, though rich in havens and bearing a great growth of beautiful trees. But the soil is rocky, I fear me, and the climate is cold and to be dreaded.

"Natheless, I was fain to go back after I had been in England and drawn my map, to which I wrote down names put in my mind by Prince Charles himself. Not only would I go back of my own accord, but I would take a colony with me, to plant them in a place called Plymouth, where

are a likely harbor and promise of some soil, and beaver streams. But as luck would have it, I fell in with a French fleet on the way thither, by whom, France being then at outs with England, I was carried on a long cruise. They set me ashore at Rochelle for an end to it, from which place I made my way home, with no money in my purse, at great cost of time and labor. Now I am resolved to adventure no more."

Captain Smith's life of hardship had made him prematurely old. After all his wild and varied adventures he was now only in his thirty-seventh year, but we do not hear of his making any more voyages. The remaining sixteen years of his life were spent quietly in England, but he never for a moment lost interest in the colonization of America.

Through his narration Captain Smith kept his eyes fixed on Matthew's face with a strange fascination. As he finished, he fell into an abstraction, still staring at Matthew, from which the words of the others failed to arouse him. At last he burst forth from it suddenly, with a light in his eyes as though he had solved a riddle. "Ha!" he cried, smiting the table excitedly, "I am upon the nub of it, or I greatly o'ershoot myself. Tell me, Master Brewster, know you aught of your father?"

The question and the manner in which it was propounded thrust a wondering silence upon the group. Those who had brought Matthew and the captain to an acquaintance were bewildered, able to make nothing of the rover's strange behavior. But to Matthew there was a shade of meaning that they, knowing as little as they did of his own history, could not guess.

"Nay!" he cried, strangely excited, "I neither know ought of him now, nor have I heard word said of him!"

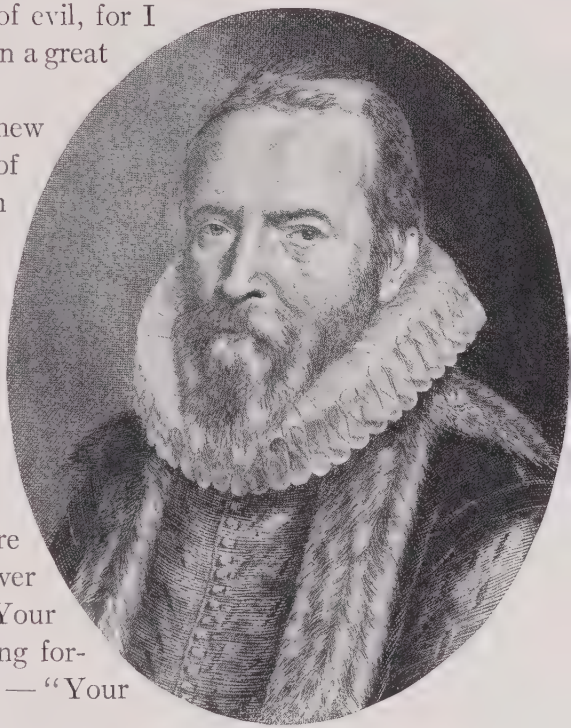
"Nor of your brother, then?" pursued Captain Smith, made more agitated by Matthew's answer.

"If I have a brother, I know it not: I have never heard word of him, either."

"Then I am like to tell you of him, sir!" pursued the captain, aroused to such a pitch that his beard bristled anew. "Tell me, know you ought of your source? Let me speak plain; I mean no manner of evil, for I think I am about to hit upon a great truth!"

With bated breath Matthew related all that he knew of his own beginning, which was meager enough, being only about a woman of whom nothing was known.

"And your name?" cried Captain Smith, when Matthew was done. "Let me have your name! Nay, hold! Perchance I can tell you it, though I swear before my Maker that I have never heard it, or seen it writ. Your name —" he paused, leaning forward, tense with excitement — "Your name is Matteo?"



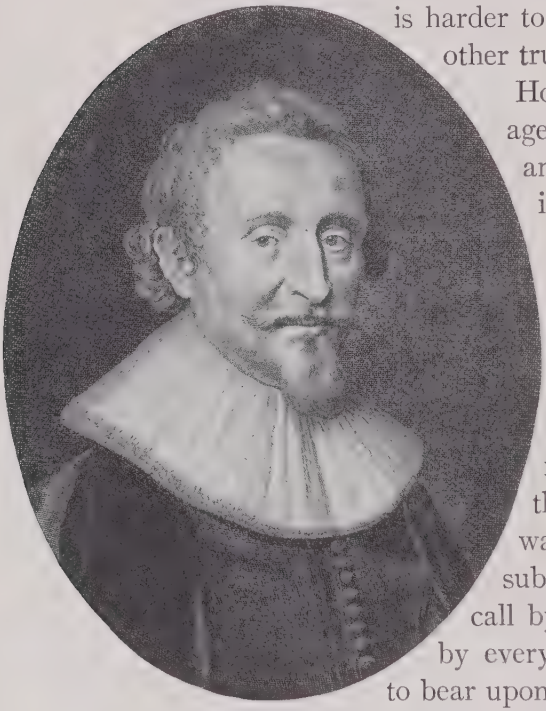
JOHN VAN BARNEVELDT

"It is Matthew!" quoth that one, half frightened by a sense that something momentous impended.

"Ay; it is all one, Matteo and Matthew! Then let me tell you of your brother! Your brother is this same Philip Stevens, of whom I spoke not long since, in whom you well see your double when you meet with him, save for your hair and the fairness of your skin!"

Whereupon Captain Smith told the story of Philip, to

show what reason he had for believing the two were brothers. In the end Matthew was convinced of the truth of what he desired above all things to believe; which, as is well known, is harder to prove to a man than any other truth.



Hugo Grotius

How Matthew made the voyage to Jamestown to see Philip, and found him his brother indeed, and all matters appertaining to their reunion, is a story that has been told. But this has not been told. It has never been related what great truth dawned tardily upon his consciousness as he was mid-sea on the return from Virginia. This was the truth, drawn from that subtle thing within us that we call by many names, and sustained by every test of logic he could bring to bear upon it.

If Philip was his brother, as he surely was, and if he were the brother of Philip, the strange man who had all but disclosed the story of his grief on that day in Leyden was their father; the grief he hinted at was the loss of his two sons, one of whom had stood at his side in the very moment of the telling!

CHAPTER VIII

THE EMIGRATION

THE thing was done; the Pilgrims were on their way to a new land, seeking God. Charter from the King had they none; warrant of protection from enemies at home was wanting; help beyond themselves they could scarcely reckon on, and the land whither they went had already baffled many an enterprising colonist. Yet the religious enthusiasts went their way across the sea full of brave hope and high determination, sustained by a vision of perfect liberty of conscience and freedom of worship.

Only once had they swerved from their plan. Before the company left Holland, but after the grant from the London company was obtained, John Robinson made overtures to the New Netherland company, organized by the Dutch to further the colonization of Dutch America, about the Hudson River. He promised tentatively that he could furnish colonists of Pilgrims, perhaps to the number of 400 families; but they must be guaranteed religious freedom for all time. His proposals were eagerly taken up by the company; but the project was overthrown by Prince Maurice the Stadtholder, when the company made petition to him for permission to enter upon an agreement with the Englishmen.

The little band that was on its way across the sea was led by William Brewster. The Reverend John Robinson remained at Leyden, to further organize the work of settlement and send forward reinforcements. There were threatened dissensions in the English company of Puritans interested in the scheme which he desired to watch and

control. Another leader being required for the exodus, the choice fell upon Brewster, whose rugged strength of character and holy zeal gave warrant of success.

Already the company had met with discouragement and reverses. Their original number had fallen from 120 to 100, and the *Speedwell*, one of the two ships that were to carry them across the Atlantic, had been abandoned as unseaworthy. It was the *Speedwell* that had borne the contingent of Pilgrims that came from Leyden. This company sailed from Delft Haven on July 22, 1620, for Southampton, where they were met by a band of Brownists from England. The small ship *Mayflower*, of 180 tons burden, and frail had been engaged to carry this part of the colonists.

It was after the departure from Southampton that misfortune first came upon them. The two vessels had not gone far when the *Speedwell*, a crazy, broken craft, sprang a leak, and the two vessels were forced to put into Dartmouth for repairs. Already the season was so far advanced that there was little time for the voyage overseas and the foundation of a settlement before winter would set in, and the delay was trying to the impatient Pilgrims.

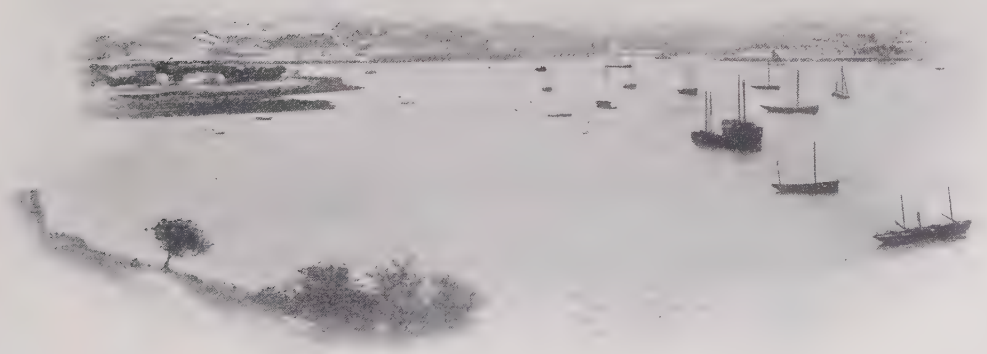
But when they set sail once more a worse reverse met them; one that might easily have disheartened a company inspired by a lesser motive than that which drove the Pilgrims on. The *Speedwell* proved utterly unseaworthy; to have come so far in safety was a piece of luck. With sad hearts the company turned back once more, this time making port at Plymouth. Here all who could — 100 in number — crowded aboard the *Mayflower*; the others, more than a score, were left behind to make their way back to their homes as best they could. It was September 6 before the journey was resumed, with the tiny craft crowded and staggering beneath the burden she bore.

Matthew Stevens with his little family was of the number.

He had now taken the Anglicized name of his own father, as Philip had done. He had one regret in leaving Leyden: he felt that if he should remain there, the strange man whom he believed to be his father might return, or at least he would have some hope of hearing word of him. But the chance was so slight, and his fervor was so high, that he did not for a moment consider staying behind.

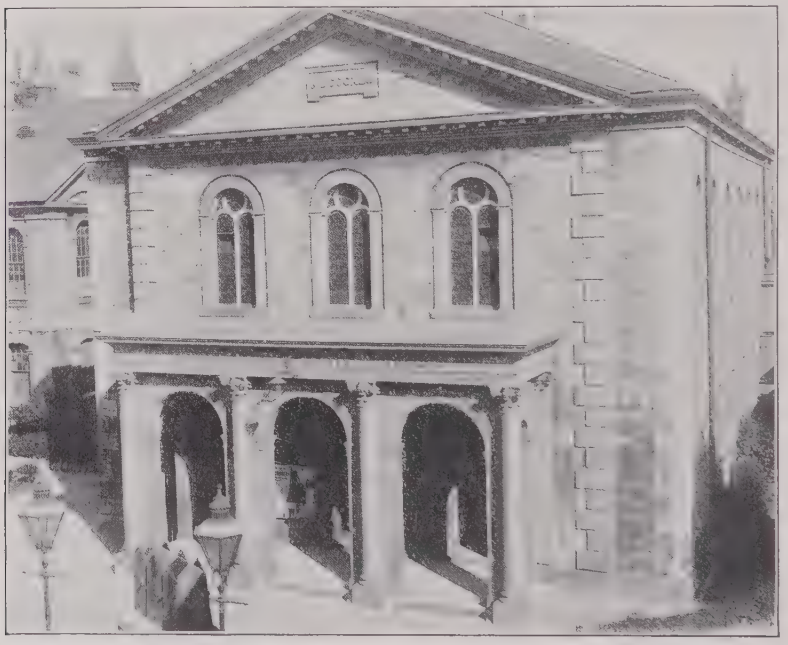
It is not strictly truthful to say he had only one regret, for he had two. The other was that Roger, who had remained in Leyden with them through the decade since he brought Mary there, could not by any argument or promise be induced to trust himself again to the sea, and was therefore left behind. But there was some shred of comfort left to those who cherished him. A blooming Dutch widow possessed of a tavern and ten children inherited from her first husband, to whom Roger had paid sedulous court for half a dozen years, was so touched that she relented.

And now those who had been chosen to go, sturdy men and brave women, children and babes, were being borne across the waters of the sea into the west.



PLYMOUTH HARBOR, ENGLAND

Mighty was the meaning of the pilgrimage; solemn and serious were the austere and rigid Pilgrims. Each day as they sailed into the west, they met in the cabin for prayer and service of psalm. Young and old joined in the holy duty; children stood beside their elders with a solemn reverence in their faces that told how deeply the



THE GEORGE STREET CHAPEL, PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, WHERE THE PILGRIMS WORSHIPED BEFORE SAILING TO AMERICA

spirit of the worship of God had struck into their hearts. A fervent, earnest band they were, from Elder Brewster down to the least one of the young men and maidens.

Even John Alden, whose heart was dangerously light for one subjected to the austerity of that company, felt the seriousness of the event, and kept his eyes from the face of Priscilla Mullins when their leader made prayers for their safe journey and success of their venture into unknown lands; even Priscilla forgot for the moment the handsome

face and buoyant heart of the young man. And grizzled Miles Standish, who was not a Puritan at all, but a soldier who had come with them to protect them from the savages, bringing with him his wife Rose, doffed his captain's hat and crept into the cabin at the call to service.

It was a heavy time for Mary Stevens. Much better would it have been for her to have been nursed in the warm inglenook of her Holland home than to be tossed about in a cold, comfortless cabin on a ship that sailed autumnal seas; much better for her to have had the daintiest morsels that money could procure in Dutch markets, than the coarse, rough fare of the ship's mess. Yet was she brave and uncomplaining, ever cheerful and full of courage.

Matthew knew how and what she suffered, as fully as it is given man to understand the sufferings of woman; and he grieved deeply for her. He did what he could to make her journey easier, keeping the children much about him, and tending her with the gentleness of a woman. Yet was his heart heavy with reproaches; almost would he have ceased to follow his faith for the sake of Mary.

On a night when they had been many days at sea, Matthew stood in the prow of the boat with face fixed on the western sky. In his soul were many visions of the glory of the land they were to enter; for a time they dulled the sadness in his heart because of Mary. As he stood gazing into the west, swinging with the sweep of the vessel and exulting in the visions he saw, a voice came at his elbow. "Black enough!" said the voice.

Matthew turned blankly to look at the intruder. By his short, thick figure and the dress he wore, Matthew made him out to be Miles Standish. Satisfying himself to that extent, he turned again to his reveries.

"An I be not far from the right of it, we shall shortly have a storm," observed his companion, presently, seeking to

bring about a conversation. Matthew gave him little heed, being preoccupied. The other looked quizzically at him out of the side of his eyes, sniffed, and turned away.

Not until he was gone did Matthew arouse himself to answer. Then he discovered that he was alone. His thoughts ran back over what he had heard, the words still lingering in his memory; by degrees he attached their significance to them. Coming at last to a full comprehension of the import of the other's remarks, he turned once more toward the west, this time with another sort of scrutiny.

Ahead of the *Mayflower* was a pile of black cloud, heaped into a high mass; it seemed to be tumbling and crowding toward them at a low speed, but with the effect of much weight and substance, as though it was more than a cloud of mist. At the same time, Matthew was aware that the waves overside seemed to be breaking with quick, snapping noises; that they ran faster and curled more crisply; that a freshening wind whined through the rigging.

He was scarcely alive to these phenomena, when he heard the captain cry out from the quarter-deck. The call was taken up amidships by the mate; it was echoed forward by the boatswain; shadows scurried about deck and up into the rigging. There was much pulling of ropes, and flapping of sails. One by one the huge bulks of canvas bellying against the sky shrank and disappeared, until there were only the two topsails left set.

There was a wild beauty about the sea that fascinated him, wrought as it was to a frenzy by the boisterous gale. Huge mountains of water, running fast, broke into boiling spouts of foam all along their crests, and snatched and tore at the wallowing ship, to run off, straight-backed and sullen, to leeward. Everywhere was a leaping, tumbling waste of waters, over which the tiny ship swung and twisted, half

buried at times beneath the breaking seas, and at other times poised upon their crests.

Ever as he looked the storm increased in fury, and the ship pitched more and more. At last he bethought him that his wife might be anxious for his absence; that the increased motion of the vessel might have aroused her agitation, or that she might have experienced some more acute discomfort from the tempest. With these thoughts in mind, he hastened below to reassure her.

PRISCILLA MULLINS (*From the painting by Boughton*)

He had hardly made his way to the part of the cabin where she lay, when a mighty shock ran through the ship, as though she had hit upon a rock. She writhed and twitched beneath it; when it was past she lay

for a moment as a thing stunned, bereft of life. In the next moment a cry of distress arose from the throats of the sailors on deck.

"The ship is sinking! She has burst in twain!"

Matthew's first impulse, when he heard the cry of alarm, was to rush on deck and learn the extent of the danger; his second and stronger was to remain at his wife's side. Mary had been sleeping until the shock came, followed by the wild calls of the men on the decks above her head. She awoke to see, by the dim light of a lantern at the end of the cabin, the form of her husband bending above her.

"Are we lost?" she asked calmly.

"Nay, not lost; 't is but a storm," Matthew assured her.

"What, then, is the noise about?"

"That I know not, having just come from the decks when the cry was made."

"Would it not be well for you to learn if there is danger?" his wife went on.

Matthew sought a glimpse of her face through the darkness. He could not; the light was too meager. But he knew by the tone of her voice, by the poise of her head, that she was brave; that she had no need of him there at that juncture. Bending to kiss her upon the forehead, and to soothe Peter, who was clamoring, he left the cabin.

The vessel lay in the trough of the sea, her sails flat and flapping. She rolled prodigiously; it seemed to the landsman that she must roll her masts out. With each motion she made from side to side, she groaned and creaked horribly at the waist. All along her length the black waves mounted and poured over her gunwales, filling the scuppers and turning the main deck into a churned channel of water, in which sailors struggled and cursed.

No one of the ship's company had time to heed Matthew's questions; all were frantically employed in duties he did

THE EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS *(From the painting by Robert Walter Weir in the Capitol at Washington)*

not understand. Captain, mates, petty officers, and sailors ran back and forth, dragging ropes and spare spars, shouting to each other, in a tumult that seemed to Matthew utter confusion, but which was, in fact, most orderly activity.

Hurrying about the deck in an attempt to ascertain the nature and extent of the damage the vessel had suffered, Matthew encountered Captain Miles Standish, standing by the taffrail and surveying the scene with the critical interest of a professional man who watches men of another profession. He had been in dire places as a soldier and had brought himself through; now he watched to see what manner of men sailors were when fate impended.

"What has happened?" asked Matthew, perceiving who it was.

"The storm I erstwhile spoke about has come," replied Captain Standish, tersely.

"That I know full well, having watched it arise," returned Matthew; "but have we not suffered somewhat from it?"

"Marry, that we have, or are like so to do," replied Captain Standish, critically, resuming his observation of the profession of seafaring men.

"But what of this cry that we are sinking?"

"I know not how near it may come to the truth; that you may learn as soon as I, belike."

"But tell me, think you there is grave danger?"

"I am a man of the land, and know nothing of danger by sea; yet I hear much talk of a wrenched beam, which must mean ill, I think."

With this meager satisfaction Matthew was compelled to content himself, for he could not lead Miles Standish into so much as a conjecture on the state of affairs. He remained for a space on deck. The crew, after much running about, fell upon the remaining sails and furled

them, save the fore-topsail, which was left under close reef. The captain threw the vessel into the wind, and brought her up hove to, taking the sea more easily, pitching and rolling less. That done, he relaxed from the high tension in which he had been working, and Matthew made bold to speak with him.

He learned that a main beam had been wrenched, and that the back of the *Mayflower* was almost broken. How serious the damage was and what the consequences might be could not be learned until the light of day; for the present they could only keep the ship hove to, and nurse her tenderly through the night. If she lived till morning, they could determine then what had best be done. With this scant comfort, Matthew returned to his wife, who bore up bravely, making no sign of fear, and giving courage to the children, who clung to her in terror. And so they slept, fitfully, during the dark hours of early morning.

Matthew was awake early. The motion of the vessel was scarcely less severe than it had been at the height of the storm; Matthew detected an ominous grating, quivering shudder that ran through her frame with every sudden toss. Mary, already awake, lay still, lest she disturb the children, who lay sleeping beside her. Matthew bent over her and kissed her, with tears of love in his eyes, ere he went above to learn more of the disaster that had visited them in the midst of the storm.

He found Elder Brewster, Edward Winslow, William Bradford, and Miles Standish in earnest conversation with the captain. The vessel was still hove to under reefed fore-topsail; the storm continued in its fury, and the sea tumbled and tossed. "We will either go back or to the bottom," he heard Captain Jones tell the others, as he approached. "To go farther in our present condition is to tempt the wrath of the Almighty, whom ye profess to serve."

The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delfthaven (*From the painting by Charles W. Cope*)

"It is He who leads us," interposed Matthew. "How shall we know that it is not His purpose to test our courage in this manner? Are we worthy to plant His kingdom in a new land, if we turn back like cowards from the first danger that confronts us?"

"You have a bold way of speaking of danger and cowardice, sir," retorted the captain, stung by the imputation. "but belike if you were not so great a landsman and therefore ignorant of the sea you would fill your mouth with softer words!"

"Surely, I meant no offense," Matthew made answer. "It was not your courage I questioned, nor yet that of any man. I only thought to throw a light upon the matter that others might not have considered."

"I am loath to say that there seems much wisdom in what Captain Jones urges upon us," observed Elder Brewster, with a long face. "We cannot thrust our women and children wantonly into danger; and I much fear that there is small hope of our craft ever reaching the farther shore, if, indeed, she shall be able to return whence she came, for there is a beam cracked and split amidships that is like to let her asunder with but a little more buffeting."

"Cannot the beam be mended?" asked another, who had just joined the group.

"How shall it be mended?" demanded the captain, angrily. "We have neither dock nor shipyard, nor any means of fixing it."

"I have with me a great screw that I fetched from Leyden, having kept it about me seven years, thinking it might serve some purpose," pursued the other. "Perchance it will be of some use in our present need."

His words aroused a new hope among them. The captain, to appease his passengers, bade him go fetch it, with no faith that the thing would serve the purpose. The man

presently returned bearing a great iron screw, so ponderous that John Alden and another were perforce obliged to help him with it. At sight of the screw a lively look came into the face of the captain. He called his carpenter straightway; with him and his mates, and several sailors to help, he descended into the hold, where the beam could be reached, turning a look of assurance upon the assembled Pilgrims as he disappeared.

Through long hours there was the sound of heavy labor in the waist of the vessel. At noon the captain, sweaty and grimed, returned to the deck exultant. "We may go on," he shouted to the Pilgrims. "Set topsails, there; we shall make fair weather of this blow, for all that!"

There was a glad scurrying aloft of sailors and much tugging at ropes. Presently the sails were set, the helm thrown over, and off the *Mayflower* heeled before the gale, which was flaring down into nothing more than a stiff breeze.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "MAYFLOWER" (*From the painting by A. W. Bayes*)

CHAPTER IX

PLYMOUTH ROCK

MANY days the tiny craft, with its precious freight, sailed into the west. Through the equinoctial gales of September, beneath the brazen sky of October, they bore their way, ever toward the setting sun and the rising promise. November came to them, shrieking, shrill, and chill, over a crinkled sea, and yet they sailed on through an abyss of waters that bore no sign of land.

"We are too far north," complained the Pilgrims.

"We have had adverse winds; we shall make our southing in due time," returned Captain Jones, master of the ship; adding, with a sailor's impatience at a landsman's interference, "It is I who am navigating this ship!"

"But why do we not make land? Surely, we have passed the continent!"

"We are not yet far enough to make land. Think you I could not hit a continent with the prow of my ship?"

November 9! A cold, grey, bleak, forbidding day; the kind of day when forebodings of ill rise out of nothing, and the courage of the brave slackens and sags — a day fit for disaster.

"Land ho! Land!"

From a sailor aloft came the cry. Taken up by his mates on the deck below, it ran from lip to lip. Passengers, who had been sitting about in disconsolate silence, meditative, hastened forward, with parted lips and eager eyes, crying out to each other the glad news as they went. Others came clambering from the cabin, eager for news, hurrying forward for the view of the promised land. Save

for a few of the women and babes, and some who were ill, the whole ship's company pressed and crowded about the forecastle head, gazing avidly ahead.

There, far to the westward, scarcely discernible to the eye, lay a long, low, black blur upon the waving line between sea and sky. Vague and indistinct, it might be a cloud bank; it might be another storm to buffet them; it

Pulpit Rock, on Clark's Island

might be dire disaster rather than the land they had come through many dangers seeking. Eager were the questions that flew among them, each asking the other as though the other could know better than himself; all hungry for words that should substantiate the hopes to which they clung.

A striking company it was, as it stood in the forward part of the little ship, looking with hungry eyes upon the blur to the westward. It was the devoted light that was in their eyes; the glow of high resolve, the halo of sacrifice, that set them apart from others whom one might see in a ship; as for their features and their clothing and their bearing,

they were still quite an ordinary gathering of people, for the most part.

It was a company that suggested service and daily use, rather than the finer operations of intelligence and intellect; a band of workers, primarily. In dress and manner there was a common humility. There were coarse garments, leathern doublets, knee-breeches made out of rough stuffs, all of a dull hue, save here and there where one wore a waistcoat or a knitted cap of some bright color.

There were calloused hands, used to the labor of the day in Leyden; and bronzed skins, and dull carriage, that gave evidence of no great station in life. In England or on the continent these men and women would not have been distinguishable from others who live by their hands; they would have mingled with other wage-workers as infinitesimal specks of the world's inhabitants. And yet on the decks of this westward-faring ship, there was an individuality, a distinction about them that was more than the distinction of fine raiment, soft skins, and gentle speech. They were raised above other men by their singular and lofty reverence, their marked religious fervor, the indefinable air of character that leaves behind all thought of humble station.

Some there were among them, however, who were set apart from the others by a higher appearance. Brewster, reverend, earnest, rugged; Bradford, fine of features, studious, thoughtful; Edward Winslow, marked by strength; and a half-score others who were the leaders of the company.

Not least likely to attract the eye and hold the attention was Matthew Stevens himself. Full framed, vigorous, with head well poised, features finely chiseled, eyes alight with intelligence, face softened from the look of austerity that was on most of them by an expression of quick sympathy, he was one to be well noted.

At his side, as he stood among those pressing forward to see what the seeming land might prove to be, was Richard, now a lad of ten, tall and lithe. His alert and eager face looked strangely older than his boyish body; there was upon it the serious look of a man. Richard's was a sensitive soul; he was one upon whom the burdens of others were likely to rest. Quick of conscience, having been born at a time when the Pilgrims in Leyden were under a stress that called forth their strongest religious resistance, he was prone already, child that he was, to grieve over the sorrows and failings of others. But now he thought only of the dark streak that lay along the water at a great distance ahead. "Is it our new home, think you, father?" he asked, for the hundredth time.

"That I may not say, my son," returned Matthew, with patience. "It is like to be near the place we seek; though, for my part, it seems a strange coast and much unlike that I visited in Virginia."

"How can you tell that, father, when we are still so far that we may not be sure whether it be the land, and not clouds, we see?" queried the boy, without any intention of confounding his parent.

Matthew, who had succumbed to the human weakness of exploiting his larger experiences as a traveler to the disadvantage of his companions, made shift to turn the talk another way, and avoided answering the pertinent question. In any company other than that of the severely minded Pilgrims Matthew's discomfiture must have given rise to a smile, if not a jestful sally; perhaps it would have been followed by some such display of mirth even among these folk, at any other time. But now their attention was too centered on the appearance ahead of them and its significance, to permit of any levity among them.

In a moment the doubts of all were resolved. Captain

Jones, descending from aloft, whither he had gone to get a better view of the dark line ahead, called out from the bottom of the shrouds that it was indeed land they approached.

"But what part of the coast may it be?" asked Brewster, who had been one of those who had expostulated with Cap-

The Sabbath on Clark's Island

tain Jones throughout the voyage because he sailed so far to the north.

"An I mistake not, it is Cape Cod we see before us!" returned the captain, meeting the look of those about him with a glare of defiance, as though he expected their displeasure.

"Cape Cod!" cried Matthew, whose acquaintance with Captain Smith had taught him much concerning the geography of the North American coast; "Cape Cod is many leagues from the place we would go!"

"And what of that?" retorted Captain Jones. "Is it not something to have brought you safe across the seas in an overladen ship, without receiving only your complaints

for the manner of doing it? And being here, may we not follow the coast line to the place where we would go?"

For three centuries Captain Jones's memory has suffered under the suspicion that he deliberately sailed the *Mayflower* out of her course and made land far to the northward of the point for which he had been told to set out. The suspicion rests upon the circumstance that the *Mayflower* picked up Cape Cod instead of Cape Henlopen, and upon the further circumstance that the Dutch had colonies along the Delaware.

It is pointed out that the Dutch would not have been pleased with English neighbors, especially since England claimed all the territory occupied by the Dutch, and promised possession to the first company planting a colony there. It has been argued that they would have been ready enough to have bribed Jones to take the Pilgrims elsewhere, and it has been assumed that Jones would be willing to be bribed.

Upon that fabric the whole suspicion rests. There is no other ground for accusing him of being purchasable than that he was a sea-captain, and not a Puritan. Although the Pilgrims suffered much from his rough ways, and the crew's, and were not amiably inclined toward him when the voyage was done, none of them believed he had been treacherous. His bringing up against the coast of New England might have been poor navigation, ignorance of currents, baffling winds, or faulty sailing qualities of his vessel. His frank announcement of his error, and his proposal that they should coast to the southward and find the mouth of the Delaware, do not seem like the devices of a deceitful man.

In any case, the Pilgrims took him at his word, and fell in with his suggestion, after much prayerful deliberation. Although the season was far advanced, and they had desper-

THE "MAYFLOWER" AT SEA

ate need of every favorable day that remained for the setting up of houses and the debarkation of their goods and families, the men of the company decided that it would be much wiser to go on to the strip of land that had been granted them by the London company, rather than lose the advantages they had under their agreement with the company. They further

PLYMOUTH ROCK

considered that they might prove to be interlopers if they should land here, and that, in any event, the country and the climate were far less propitious than at the place they had chosen along the banks of the Delaware.

But fate did not intend they should reach the Delaware. The *Mayflower* had not been long on her course, when, in the midst of a battle against head winds, on the uncharted coast, she was found to be among shoals. By the time she was brought free of them the Pilgrims were ready to abandon the attempt to get farther south, and to return for shelter

to Cape Cod Bay, where they finally cast anchor, after a voyage of sixty-three days, off the site of the present village of Provincetown, at the extremity of Cape Cod. A night was spent on Clark's Island, so named from the mate of the *Mayflower*, at the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.

After two days of earnest conference and prayer, the Pilgrims decided that they would remain in this country, since God had brought them thither. They had little doubt that, having set up a settlement, they would be able to obtain a charter from the Plymouth company. Preparations were made at once to seek a suitable place for a colony; but before any steps were taken the members of the company formed a compact among themselves, by which they were to be governed. This was the document, the first-born of popular constitutional liberty:

"In the Name of God, Amen. We whose names are here underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, having undertaken for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names. Cape Cod, 11th November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James

of England, France, and Ireland, 18, and of Scotland 54, *Anno Domini* 1620."

Mr. John Carver,	Stephen Hopkins,
Mr. William Brewster,	Francis Cook,
John Alden,	John Ridgdale,
Mr. William Mullins,	Francis Eaton,
Mr. John Howland,	Mr. Edward Winslow,
John Tilly,	Capt. Miles Standish,
Thomas Tinker,	Mr. Christopher Martin,
John Turner,	Mr. Richard Warren,
William Bradford,	Edward Tilley,
Mr. Isaac Allerton,	Thomas Rodgers,
Mr. Samuel Fuller,	Edward Fuller,
Mr. William White,	James Chilton.

Discouragements continued to beset the homeless Pilgrims. When they would have gone across the bay in their shallop to explore the mainland, they found the small vessel so badly damaged by the voyage that it could not be used until extensive repairs were made, so they were forced to resort for the time to the smaller craft they had brought with them. Parties went out repeatedly in search of a site, under

Two Farewells (*From the painting by George Henry Boughton*)

the leadership of Captain Miles Standish, going farther and farther along the shores of the bay, sometimes afoot and sometimes afloat.

The results of the journeys were another cause of discouragement. No place could be found having at once a fit harbor, sweet water, and suitable building space. But there were some results that were not disheartening. The parties brought in a quantity of corn they had found cached by the Indians, for which, they promised themselves, they would pay when they found the owners of it. They learned, too, that there were not many natives thereabouts, although there were tracks of them.

THE PILGRIMS' FIRST WATCH-FIRE (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

The country had the appearance of having been occupied until recently by a numerous tribe that had either migrated or been exterminated. There were deserted towns and

wigwams, and fields showing signs that they had been cultivated within the year. Such savages as the parties found were for the most part friendly, although Captain Standish was obliged to resort to his profession on more than one occasion.

Matthew would have gone with the parties, had it not been for the condition of his wife. Mary had been desperately ill, from the moment that the sight of land relieved the anxiety of the voyage. There were times when Matthew despaired of her life; and although she began to mend somewhat, he was loath to leave her. He was needful to her, as well, for the care of the children was beyond her, and there was none in the company that was so free of burdens as to take up those of others, unless the need were great. At last Matthew's concern for the immediate future passed, but there was another event shortly expected that he dreaded for her no less than he had feared the illness through which she had just passed.

The vessel had lain a month in the little harbor where it had first cast anchor, and the shallop, repaired, had already made several voyages, when a party came back from an expedition with great good tidings. They had found a place, they said, where was all they had sought; sweet water, a good harbor, trees in plenty, and a gentle slope of land. At the edge of the land was a great rock that would do for a landing place; they themselves had made such use of it.

Great was the rejoicing on board the *Mayflower* when the news was made known. Without further loss of time, the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and the craft set out for the haven. Matthew Stevens, standing in the prow of the vessel with his son Richard by his side, gazed across the waters of the bay with a heaving breast as they approached the shore.

"See, my son, there is the home we have come so far

to find," he said, laying one hand on the lad's shoulder and pointing with the other to the harbor entrance.

"Ay, father?" said the lad, looking up and down the stretch of shore within. "But where are the houses?"

"Houses, son? There are no houses."

"Then why do you call it home?"

Whereat Matthew fell silent, thinking of many things.

Well might the lad ask where were the houses, and well might he wonder why any should call this place home, with great rejoicing. At that time, the entire coast line from the Arctic Ocean to the tip end of Florida was an almost unbroken wilderness, the home of wild beasts and Indians. A pitiable colony of Frenchmen at Port Royal interrupted the full sweep of desolation far in the north; but from that point there was no habitation of man until the mouth of the Hudson was reached. Here a few Dutch traders had erected some cabins on Manhattan Island, and there a few desperate men clung to the fringe of the wilderness, to trade with the Indians.

Thence there was no white man short of Virginia, where Jamestown was now a flourishing community, and where venturesome settlers were pushing their tobacco-fields into the forests. The coast was visited by fisherman from England and France; now and then a crew of a fishing vessel would build a shack on shore and spend a few weeks or months in it, but beyond the three places mentioned there was no attempt at settlement on the coast.

Along the Saint Lawrence were a few struggling French settlements; the principal one at Quebec, where Champlain had planted the flag of France in the year 1608. They were only trading-posts occupied by men who bought furs of the Indians; there was no grave and earnest religous enthusiasm behind them to give them life; they only sought riches. Jesuits were there, to be sure, and Franciscans;

but they went as missionaries to the Indians, and it is not the missionary who builds nations or makes civilization.

This was the country to whose bleakest coast the Pilgrims had come. On December 16, the *Mayflower* was in the harbor of Plymouth, and in a few days, after further exploration had satisfied the leaders that the site close to shore was the best, the brave company landed, setting foot on the rock since famous in song and story as the spot where a new idea of liberty entered the continent.

PLYMOUTH ROCK AND ITS CANOPY, FROM THE PIER

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST YEAR

THE Pilgrims called the place they had hit upon, Plymouth. The name was chosen not because it was in the territory controlled by the Plymouth company, but in grateful recognition of the hospitality they had obtained at the hands of the citizens of Plymouth, England, when they were delayed there by the failure of the ship *Speedwell*. By a mere coincidence, the harbor was the same that Captain John Smith had named Plymouth on his map of New England.

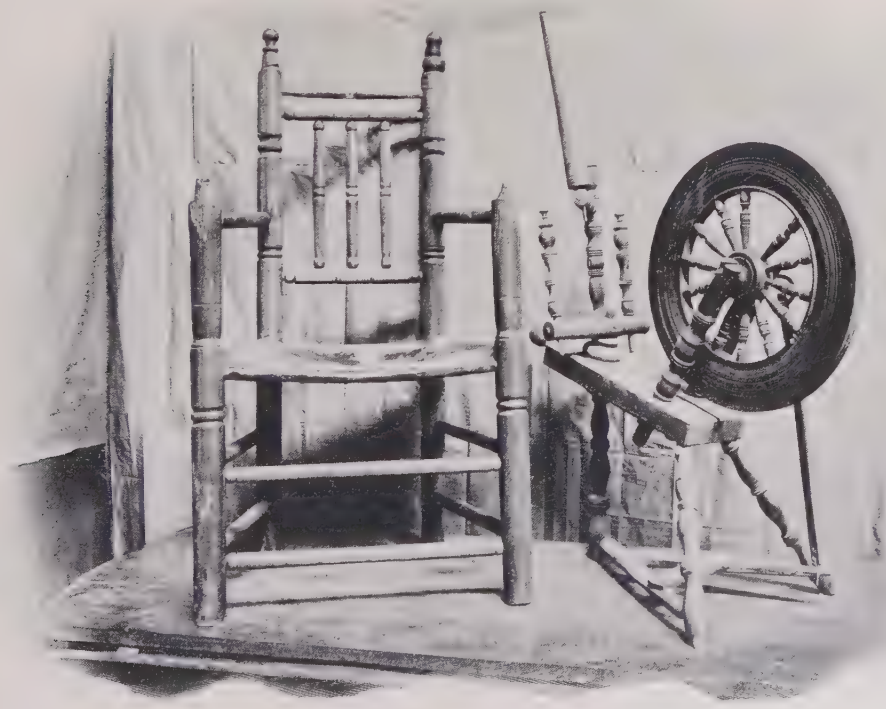
There was much repining among the immigrants because they had been brought far out of their course to a cold, forbidding shore. They thought of the balmy clime to which they had believed they were going on the banks of the Delaware, and were sad. But they did not quail before the fate they thought unkind. With resolution born of their high purpose, they set to work to make a home with what they had.

Their situation was perilous. Winter was already at hand; their provisions were scant, and they had no shelter. They must gather what food they could and build houses in the short time that remained before the dead of winter.

On December 23, about a dozen of the strongest began cutting down the trees. There had been an old Indian cornfield at this place, and the half-cleared opening was a great help. The first task was the construction of a platform for their cannon, situated upon an eminence, so as to command both the bay and shore. Later, this platform took form as a combined fort and meeting-house.

Discouraging rains and cold weather interfered with the labors, but when the new year came, the woods were ringing with the noise of axes and the crash of falling trees. These men were not woodsmen, but they took to the labor with that adaptability that comes from necessity and eagerness. Matthew Stevens and Miles Standish, working side by side, swung their axes like true veterans. A little distance away, John Alden sang as lustily as he chopped. Deacon Carver worked with a mournful swing; William Bradford exhibited an odd dignity, even with the ax; Edward Winslow's blows fell fast and viciously; Isaac Allerton attacked the logs with strokes as regular and ceaseless as the beating of the waves on the sand near by. So, each of the men went at his duty in his own way, but all to the same end.

The captain of the *Mayflower* had determined not to risk a voyage back to England in the winter seas, and thus the ship was still available for some as a place of shelter,



GOVERNOR CARVER'S CHAIR

but most of the Pilgrims found conditions better ashore, hard as these were.

The whole colony was divided into nineteen families, the single men having the privilege of joining any family with which an arrangement could be made. Matthew took two young men into his flock, John Alden joined the household of Miles Standish, and so the division went.

At first most of the work was concentrated upon a store-house and one or two larger houses, where the majority of the party could be sheltered together, but as the winter advanced, other rude huts were finished and sites were marked for still more — all arranged in a double row, facing a street that ran between, and extending back in a straight line from a point near the shore. The general store-house was at the upper end.

It was the original purpose that each family or group build its own house. Matthew Stevens's hut was one of the first completed. On a bitter day in February he took his wife and children there from the general shelter, and, bare and uncomfortable as it was, they found it almost luxurious in comparison to the crowded, sickening quarters they had been forced to occupy since leaving Holland, six months before. And there, his wife Mary shortly bore him another son, whom they called Jonathan.

The house was made of upright logs, and had two rooms, one very small, to provide sleeping accommodations for the two young men who were living with the Stevenses. Matthew had intended to fill the chinks with mud, but the ground being frozen, he had used dried grasses and moss. The low roof was of poles, covered with bark of chestnut and birch, weighted down with small logs. The only floor was a heavy layer of bark, but for warmth this was sunk two feet below the outer surface, while the earth was banked high about the house.

In the whole structure there was not a nail, for iron was a precious commodity to the Pilgrims. The door — of pole framework upon which bark was pinned with wooden pegs — was hung by withe hinges. The logs were held together by wooden pins.

For windows, this primitive Plymouth residence had heavy paper, dipped in linseed oil and dried. Outside of this were bark shutters, to be closed at night lest prowling wolves or other wild beasts become too bold. Against the Indians, Matthew made little preparation, relying upon his arms and the military organization Miles Standish had perfected.

But the crowning glory of this new home was its fireplace, monstrous enough to take a log six feet long and of any thickness. The catted chimney had been one of the chief labors in building the house. The mud with which its flue was plastered had been obtained by thawing out large quantities of earth. The fireplace and base of the chimney were of masonry, but above that, of logs. Only the thick coating of mud intervened between the wood and flames: a method of construction necessary at the time, but so dangerous that it was afterward abolished by law.

Matthew's dining-table consisted of two rough boards laid upon a pair of carpenter's saw-horses. There was no table-cloth, no earthenware, no plate. Blocks of poplar wood — smooth, white, and shining — had been hollowed out into trenchers. In a larger dish of this sort, set in the center of the table, was placed the stew and porridge that formed their fare — the latter made from corn, pounded in an improvised wooden mortar. They had pewter spoons — cherished possessions brought from Holland.

In those days, and for years afterward, the fork was an implement practically unknown — even in England. Spoons were the one means of conveying food to the mouth, except the fingers. The early Pilgrims had few tins, though they

were well supplied with iron utensils — kettles, pothooks, skillets, braziers, and gridirons. Stews formed their chief dishes, but wild fowl was often roasted before the fire, suspended by a strong cord of hemp, kept twirling.

Matthew's oven was typical of those that existed at Plymouth then and long afterward. It was constructed of

The Old Burial Hill at Plymouth, Massachusetts

stone, at one side of the fireplace. Here, on baking days, Mistress Stevens built a fierce fire, inside the oven. When the stones had absorbed a high degree of heat, she raked out the coals and put in the bread. Usually the oven was so hot that she had to use a "bread peel," or shovel, with which to handle the unbaked loaves. The Plymouth housewives acquired much skill in tossing these loaves upon the oak leaves first thrown upon the oven's floor.

Beans were also baked upon oak leaves in these primitive ovens, as well as various puddings and cakes — usually made of cornmeal.

The method of kindling fire was even less developed. A flint and steel was in every house, together with some tinder of dry vegetable matter. Once a spark had been struck and dropped upon the tinder, it was blown into a blaze. This method, however, was so slow and uncertain that great precautions were taken to keep a fire going in the fireplace continually. If, through some mischance, the fire went out, it was usually rekindled by live coals brought on a shovel or on a pan from a neighbor's house.

At a later period a spinning steel wheel was invented, which struck sparks from the flint. Another method of making fire was to flash powder in a pan, but this was ordinarily regarded as too expensive.

It was a heart-rending winter through which they passed. The cold wind from the north whined through the little cluster of cabins at Plymouth, slipping icily through the chinks between the logs, bellowing down the broad chimneys, swirling snow against the doors, piling huge drifts along the passages between the scattered huts. Although they had the untaxed wilderness to draw upon for fuel, yet were the Pilgrims cold; for their houses gave them poor shelter from the piercing blasts, and soon there were not enough men left with strength of arm to cast fuel upon the fires.

For terrible illness afflicted them. Almost daily, death visited the settlement; at one time there were only seven men able to move about for the care of the sick; the stricken died miserably, unwatched, with no hand to nurse them in the last moments. Those untouched by death were brought low by weakness; they could scarcely stagger to the graveyard with the gruesome burdens that were furnished them from day to day. Four families, comprising twelve persons, were wiped out absolutely. Of the eighteen wives who came on the *Mayflower*, only four remained. Governor John Carver, after surviving an illness in the winter, died sud-

denly April 5. His widow lived only a few weeks longer. William Bradford, himself ill at the time, was elected to succeed Carver, and held the office with a few brief intervals for twenty-five years. To Bradford's history of Plymouth Plantation the world owes much of its present knowledge of those days. The manuscript of this history was lost for nearly a hundred years, and was never published until it was discovered in 1855 in the library of the bishop of London's palace at Fulham, England. How it got there no one knows, for it had been a part of the library of the Reverend Thomas Prince, Boston, and for years previous to 1776, had been kept in a room in the tower of the Old South Meeting-House in that city. In 1897 the manuscript was restored to Massachusetts by the British Government, and is now guarded at the State House on Beacon Hill.

Something of what the Pilgrims went through during those first few months may be gained in a graphic manner from a letter written by Governor Bradford to Thomas Weston in England. Weston, as one of the financial backers of the *Mayflower*, had written to John Carver, whose death was not known in England at the time, protesting because the vessel had come back empty, after its long absence:

"Sr: Your large letter writen to Mr. Carver, and dated y^e^ 6. of July, 1621, I have received y^e^ 10. of Novembr, wherein (after y^e^ opologie made for your selfe) you lay down many heavie imputations upon him and us all. Touching him, he is departed this life, and now is at rest in y^e^ Lord from all those troubls and incoumbrances with which we are yet to strive. He needs not my appologie; for his care and pains was so great for y^e^ common good, both ours and yours, as that therwith (it is thought) he oppressed him selfe and shortened his days. * * * You greatly blame us for keeping y^e^ ship so long in y^e^ countrie, and then to send her away emptie. She lay 5. weks at Cap-Codd, whilst

THE "MAYFLOWER" IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS (*From the painting by W. F. Hallsoll*)

with many a weary step (after a long journey) and y^e^ indurance of many a hard brunte, we sought out in the foule winter a place of habitation. Then we went in so tedious a time to make provission to sheelter us and our goods, aboute wch labour, many of our armes & leggs can tell us to this day we were not necligent. But it pleased God to vissite us then, with death daly, and with so generall a disease, that y^e^ living were scarce able to burie y^e^ dead; and y^e^ well not in any measure sufficiente to tend y^e^ sick. And now to be so greatly blamed for not fraighting y^e^ ship, doth indeed goe near us, and much discourage us. But you say you know we will pretend weaknes; and doe you think we had not cause? Yes, you tell us you beleeve it, but it was more weaknes of judgmente, then of hands. Our weaknes herein is great we confess, therfore we will bear this check patienty amongst y^e^ rest, till God send us wiser men. But they which told you we spent so much time in discoursing & consulting, &c, their harts can tell their toungs, they lye. They cared not, so they might salve their owne sores, how they wounded others. Indeed, it is our callamitie that we are (beyond expectation) yoked with some ill conditioned people, who will never doe good, but corrupte and abuse others, &c."

One blessing enjoyed by the Pilgrims, however, was comparative immunity from the Indians. Fate had wrought their salvation in bringing them here, in a way they knew not. More to be feared than the cold of winter or the barrenness of the soil was the red man. On this wild shore the tomahawk was likely to prove a more certain death than freezing or starvation. Here the tomahawk was stayed.

For a year the red races had been ravaged by a plague, thought now to have been the smallpox, though it might have been measles, so fatal to other than the white and yellow races. From the Penobscot to Chesapeake Bay the

tribes were decimated. The savages imputed the affliction to the murder of two or three white fishermen the year before, and superstitious dread prevented them from falling upon the Pilgrims when they reached New England. Had the Puritans gone to Delaware, as they purposed, they would not have been protected by the same superstition, but would have been exposed to the deadly danger of the savage tribes along the borders of that stream. Thus fate operated in favor of the immigrants, and what they looked upon as a calamity was a real blessing.

At first a few threatening savages came skulking about, but before the close of the winter friendly redskins had summoned courage to visit Plymouth and pave the way to a treaty of peace. The Pilgrims were astonished one day when an Indian appeared and spoke in broken English, uttering the word "Welcome!" many times.

This was Samoset, sagamore or chief of the second rank, of a tribe residing five days' journey to the northeast. From

Samoset Visiting the Colony at Plymouth

English fishermen who had cruised about his native parts, he had picked up a little of the language, and now he told the Pilgrims that he was dwelling for a time with the Wampanoags, who lived between Narragansett and Cape Cod Bays, and who were the Indians nearest to the Plymouth settlement. Massasoit was the great chief, or sachem, of this tribe.

Samoset gave the Pilgrims much other information. He told them that the district in which Plymouth lay had been called Patuxet by the tribe of the same name which had resided there up to a period three years previous. At that time a mighty plague swept away thousands of redskins and all but annihilated the Patuxets. Only one Indian of the whole tribe had survived, according to Samoset, and he was in England.

It developed, then, that this solitary survivor, named Squanto, had been one of thirty savages kidnaped in 1614 by one Captain Thomas Hunt, commander of a vessel of Captain John Smith's expedition. These Indians had been entrapped aboard the vessel on the pretense of trade, when Hunt set sail and carried the redskins to Spain, where he sold them into slavery. Squanto escaped from Spain and made his way to England, and, after a time, back to his native land. Here finding his people all dead from the plague — whether measles or smallpox — he went to reside with the Wampanoags. Thus the Pilgrims learned the secret of the deserted Indian fields and houses about Plymouth.

Not long after the first visit of Samoset, Squanto himself came to Plymouth. He was the only person living who had any claim upon the lands the Pilgrims had selected. The settlement took him in and gave him a home, and he proved a special instrument of good. He spoke considerable English, and so became interpreter, as well as guide and instructor in trapping, fishing, corn-planting, and the like. He died in 1622.

One day in midwinter, when the distress of the little community was at its height, Matthew returned to his cabin for a spell of rest, weary with his work among the afflicted; for he was one whom illness had spared. Neither had it come near his family. Mary, since the birth of the son, whom they named Jonathan, had gained strength of body from her sheer strength of soul; the children suffered from the cold, but maintained their health against the exposures.

Entering his cabin this day, however, Matthew perceived that illness had stalked in ahead of him; he knew well the trail it left. He saw that the brave look with which his wife met him was assumed to hide some sorrow from him; that her cheery words of greeting were wrenched from an aching heart. The better to spare her, he made a pretence of being beguiled by the mask; but his eyes searched the room anxiously for sign of sickness.

"And what news does my husband bring?" asked Mary, taking his muffler from his throat and making room for him close to the fire. "How fares it with those who lie stricken about us?"

"Ill enough," returned Matthew, still glancing into the corners of the room. "Rose Standish hath scarce another day to live, and strong men lie weeping on their beds as life slips through their grasp. But where is Peter, wife?" He could not see the boy; his anxiety was beyond further repression.

"He sleeps," Mary replied.

"Where does he sleep? I see him not."

Mary arose and led her husband to a pallet at the side of the small bare room. With a look of unutterable woe, she turned back the cover that lay upon the bed, and showed the child to her husband. Matthew, tears bursting from his eyes, knelt by the side of the bed and leaned over the

tiny form. The cheeks were hot and flushed; the breath came quickly; he was in the depths of fever.

As Matthew kneeled above him, praying silently, the boy opened his eyes and saw his father. "Father," he murmured, faintly. "Father. When are we going home? I want to go home! I want to see Jans!" Jans was a little playmate he had left in Holland.

THE MEETING OF GOVERNOR CARVER AND MASSASOIT

"We shall go home some day, perhaps, Peter," said Matthew, choking back the grief that grasped his throat; "but this is our home now."

"No, papa, this is not home. There is no sunlight here and no birds, so it cannot be home. Papa, where are the sunlight and the birds?" His fancy roamed; he smiled as he followed it back to the fields of Holland. "It is all cold white snow here, and winds that hurt my face," he went on, without pausing for his father to make answer. "I want to go home; I don't like the snow and the wind, and I want to see Jans."

There was a silence in the dark and dreary hut; even the grief of the father and mother made no sound as it racked them.

"I think I am going home now," continued the boy, in a stronger voice, opening his eyes and fixing them in a distant gaze. "I think I can hear the little birds singing, and I think I can see the sunshine. I am going home, father."

A silence, a long, long silence. The voice of the boy drawn to a tiny, threadlike whisper, broke it at last. "You and mother will come home pretty soon, father, won't you?"

Silence again; a silence that the voice was never more to break; a silence that endured forever in the lives of the two who bent above the bed.

But those who go into the wilderness to worship God must not repine. With a brave heart for the task Matthew and Mary turned back to the living from the dead, and struggled on. Death came no more to them; though it struck down half of those who had come in the *Mayflower*, it spared the family of Matthew beyond the single toll it took. Neither did it walk so broadly among the others, from that time. Those who were not strong against it had already succumbed for the most part; those who had endured until this time were able to complete the fight. On a day

came breezes from the south, singing hymns in the hearts of the Pilgrims; spring was upon them, and their case was mended.

It was in the spring that Massassoit came to the whites with his proffer of friendship, and a memorable meeting was held within the governor's log-house at Plymouth. The feathered and painted warriors squatted on a green rug and cushions — the pride of the whole colony, which boasted few luxuries of the sort — and smoked the pipe of peace. Suspicious, Captain Standish and half a dozen musketeers stood ready to protect the settlement if treachery became manifest.

Treachery was no part of Massasoit's plan. A treaty of peace was concluded in half an hour, embodying the following points, as set forth in Bradford's history:

"I. That neither Massasoit nor any of his should injure or do any hurt to any of the English.

"II. That if any of his people did any hurt to any of the English, he should send them the offender, that they might punish him.

"III. That if any of their tools were taken while any of their people were at work, he should cause them to be restored, and if any Englishman did any of Massasoit's people a harm, they would do likewise with him.

"IV. If any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him. If any did war against the English, he should aid them.

"V. He should send to his neighbor confederates, to certify them of this, that they might not wrong the English, but might be likewise comprised in the same conditions of peace.

"VI. That when their men came to them they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, as they would do with their pieces when they went among them."

This was the first offensive and defensive alliance made in New England — and it was faithfully kept for half a century. Whatever Indian wars raged about them, the Wampanoags and the Plymouth people remained friends and allies. The Narragansett Indians were displeased with the treaty, and, some time afterward, their great chief,

THE TREATY WITH MASSASOIT (*From the National Monument*)

Canonicus, sent to Plymouth, as a threat, a bundle of arrows wrapped in a snake-skin.

Governor Bradford took up the challenge promptly, despite the fact that his own little band was ill prepared to cope with a nation that could muster 2000 warriors. Stuffing the snake-skin with powder and bullets, he sent it back to Canonicus, with the message that if he wanted war, he might come as soon as he liked.

The gunpowder had an impressive effect upon the Narragansetts, who handled it gingerly and carried it out of their territory.

Thus it appears that the Pilgrims were fortunate in

selecting Patuxet for their habitation, severe though their trials were.

When the autumn of 1621 came, the rafters of Matthew Stevens's hut were hung thickly with golden ears of corn — his share of the general harvest. There were beans, barley, and peas in lesser quantities, and, as Bradford contentedly put it, "of all things plenty." With the abundance of wild game and fish, the humble wants of the Pilgrims were satisfied, and the outlook for the winter was encouraging.

Now, however, came the little vessel *Fortune*, bearing thirty-five more Pilgrims. Through a coincidence, she anchored off Cape Cod on the anniversary of the day the *Mayflower* dropped anchor there, November 9. Most prominent among her passengers was Robert Cushman, a Separatist leader who had started for America at the time the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* put out from England, but was one of those left behind when the *Speedwell* was abandoned. Cushman had been conspicuous as an agent of the Pilgrims from Holland to England during the negotiations for a charter. He returned to England on the same ship, fourteen days later, to report to the English company.

Most of the newcomers were lusty young men, and they were welcome, despite the fact that the whole party had to be put on half rations for six months, since the *Fortune* had brought no supplies.

The next arrivals at the Plymouth colony came on the ship *Sparrow*, in May, 1622. There were only seven of them, and they were not Separatists or even Puritans, but were forerunners of another colony to the northward. They brought several letters to the Pilgrims. After reading these missives, Governor Bradford remarked: "All this is but cold comfort to fill hungry bellies."

Other vessels followed — the *Anne*, the *Charity*, the *Fortune* once more, and again the *Mayflower* herself. In

1623 Edward Winslow was sent to England as an agent to procure better coöperation with the English merchants, and to bring back supplies needed at Plymouth. Slowly the little settlement grew, and slowly it became self-supporting through its industry in trapping, fishing, lumbering, and similar occupations. And all the time it continued to worship as it wished, without a regular pastor, but under the efficient teachings of Elder Brewster, who might have been ordained had he not refused the honor.

Meanwhile the family of Matthew Stevens flourished in health and happiness. In all Plymouth there was no likelier a lad than Richard, who grew apace in body and graces of mind; and as for little Elizabeth, she was the winsomest blossom in the garden. Jonathan grew broad and jovial in his first years, with a laugh that echoed through the timbered streets of the little settlement despite the austere repressions of his Puritanical parents. He seemed to understand that the efforts to make him sedate were perfunctory, and that he might laugh and still live in hopes of their love.

Thus their life in the New World began.

THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER" (*From the painting by Boughton*)

CHAPTER XI

A DAUGHTER OF ANTICHRIST

ONE day in the year of our Lord 1627 the Pilgrims of New Plymouth were in a foment of excitement and indignation. It was not the only day in or out of the year of our Lord 1627 when the Pilgrims had been stirred to wrath; but never had their anger risen so high as it was on this day. They were a jealous and contentious people, were the Pilgrims, when they considered that their religion or their principles — much the same thing in their day — were entrenched upon.

They had first known anger as a body when a sinner named Thomas Weston attempted in 1622 to found a colony at Wessagasset, or Weymouth. That in itself was not sufficient to incite them, but his colonists were recruited from the streets of London and were utterly godless. Their disorderly rioting soon brought them to a low condition of affairs, in which they sought succor from the indignant Pilgrims. They were fed and sheltered; but when an opportunity came for them to return to England and they embraced it, there was no grief among the citizens of Plymouth.

Captain Wollaston incurred their anger three years later by bringing a band of indented slaves to settle where Quincy now stands. It was not the slavery the Pilgrims objected to so much as the laxity in religious matters among the slaves. Therefore, when Wollaston, finding slave labor did not pay in the northern climate, took his gang to Virginia and sold them, the Pilgrims again endured separation from their neighbors without deep grief.

But matters were by no means mended when he was gone. He was succeeded by Thomas Morton, a churchman, who was sent by Sir Ferdinando Gorges with thirty followers to take possession of the territory, which had been indiscriminately presented by the Plymouth company to Gorges and to the Pilgrims who had settled there. Strictly, the grant of the land was not to the Pilgrims, but to the seventy merchant adventurers who had financed the exodus. It was given them by the Plymouth company in 1621. Later, in 1627, the Pilgrims bought all of the stock of the company of adventurers, to avoid the friction caused by a divergence in aim and principle between themselves and their backers. By 1633 the Pilgrims had paid out, and were in unencumbered possession of the territory covered by the original grant.

But that is in anticipation of this story. The attempt to set up an Episcopalian community in the vicinity of Plymouth was both an affront and a menace to the Pilgrims. The affront and the menace were magnified by the subsequent conduct of the thirty followers of Morton. Calling their settlement Merrymount, they set up a Maypole and danced about it with the Indians, imbibing deeply of strong waters, turning the occasion into an old Roman festival, and otherwise conducting themselves after the manner of irresponsible men who are far from home in an unsettled country. Also, they sold firearms and gunpowder to the savages, together with strong waters, teaching them the uses civilization made of the several devices.

That time the wrath of the Pilgrims had been hot and heavy; so much so that Miles Standish was sent out with his little army to settle with the merrymakers at their Merrymount. This he did, dispersing the disorderly interlopers with a keen professional relish in the work, and restoring the land wholly to the Pilgrim's God.

But now the anger of the men of Plymouth was beyond any that had been. They had been sorely tried so many times that the latest intrusion aroused an accumulated indignation. It all came about through the attempt of some merchants of Dorchester, England, to found a colony on Cape Ann. These merchants, calling themselves the Dorchester Adventurers, set up a few cabins and sent sixty men with a minister of the Church of England to make a town there. Their primary object was to get fish and furs; the settlement of a new country was largely incidental. The fish and fur business of itself was not enough to arouse the animosity of the Pilgrims, although it was conducted on territory that they conceived to belong to them. What aroused them to fury was the impudent assurance with which the minister the newcomers had brought, the Reverend Mr. Hosea Underwood, continued to read the book of common prayer at Sabbath service. That was an intrusion of their vested rights. They called him "Antichrist," and otherwise reviled him bitterly.

Sword of Miles Standish, and Relics of the First Plymouth Settlers

It may occasion some wonder that they were more angry with the Dorchester adventurers for reading the prayer-book than they were with Morton's people at Merrymount, for the same crime. The explanation is simple. The Puritans had grown stronger, and were in a better position to be angry. The present prayers, also, were more vigorous and offered such resistance as is expressed in a taunt and a threat. When the people of Plymouth sent word to the men of Dorchester that the use of the prayer-book and the Anglican service could not be tolerated in the territory belonging to them, the churchmen responded that they were engaged in the service of God and not of his enemies, and that if the people of Plymouth did not hold their peace they would shortly find that the Church had power to extend itself overseas.

It was this message, recently received at Plymouth, that threw the town into a violent ferment that day in the year of our Lord 1627. Groups of long faced and frowning men met in the street and exchanged loud voiced opinions concerning the unregenerate folk of Cape Ann. Women came running from the huts and cabins of the settlement to scold together the common enemy; small boys introduced the followers of Underwood into their games and hanged them as heretics. Presently all the men came together in the meeting-house and fell to formal discussion of what had best be done, after their democratic fashion of governing their affairs.

In the end they hit upon the plan of sending three men with a final expostulation to the obnoxious colony, giving them the alternative of leaving the territory or of leaving the prayer-book from their services. To this embassy were chosen William Brewster, John Winslow, and Matthew Stevens.

Matthew Stevens was not one of the strongest of the

Puritans by a religious test. He was one of those, of whom, perhaps, there are more than any man guesses, whose convictions are the result of environment and habit. There was nothing inherent within his soul to compel him to be a Puritan, as there was within the souls of Robinson, and Winthrop, and Brewster, and a host of others. It was an effect of mental processes rather than feeling, was his Puritanism. In other circumstances, he would have been a Catholic, or a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, as the case might have been.

However, as a matter of temperament, he was an earnest and honest Puritan, just as he would have been an earnest and honest Mohammedan or Buddhist. He was enthusiastic for his religion without being deeply moved by it.

His enthusiasm led him to strict orthodoxy in his views, and in his public behavior, which was public in the double sense that it was in open view, and was the cumulative result of the behavior that he saw all about him among his neighbors. His strict conformity to all their demands of belief and conduct brought him honor and distinction among the Pilgrims, which were now expressed in the trust reposed upon him as one of the three commissioners: a trust reposed the more readily because of a facility with which Matthew was gifted for getting on with his fellows. He had tact and consideration combined with his austerity; of which gifts the tact was more likely to be brought into play than the austerity in a moment of conflict.

The ferment receded from the surface of Plymouth, leaving behind it a trace of grim determination and smoldering anger. The agents, duly appointed and suitably prayed over, marched severely down to the water front and entered a pinnace made ready to transport them to Cape Ann. The sails were raised, the wind filled them, and the pinnace keeling over slid out into the harbor, amid the solemn, silent enthusiasm of the assembled populace.

There was one member of the expedition who was neither statesman nor secretary of statesmen, nor one of those who helped to sail the ship. That one was Richard Stevens, now a lad of seventeen, tall, straight, dark hued; serious, sober, earnest, as became the son of a Puritan. He went because his father seldom left him behind, whatever the journey might be. He went because Matthew's whole life was bound up in him. The father loved Mary with the love that had now been a part of his life for many years; he cherished his daughter Elizabeth; he was fond of Jonathan, his latest born, in spite of a lightness and frivolity the child developed as he grew; but Richard was the apple of his eye. All the virtues of Puritan youth were in him, and none of the vices; earnest, devout, conscientious, reverent, sober, he was all that an earnest Pilgrim father could wish his boy to be.

The pinnace left Plymouth near the end of the day; now the sun was sinking behind the hills and forests of the distant shore, sending great strips of color pennoning through the sky. The breeze, hushing at sunset, awoke again and blew from the land, mingling the odor of pines with the salt smell of the sea. Richard, seated in the prow of the pinnace as she danced across the waters of Massachusetts Bay, felt an unsanctified pagan exultation in the sea and the bending sky; a sense of joy and gladness that he endeavored prayerfully to repress as something sinful.

Fainter faded the pennants of the sun; the sky went from cold grey to slate color. One by one the stars spangled forth, shedding their dim luster over the water. The sea swung beneath the keel of the pinnace; the rigging creaked and moaned with the motion of the tiny craft. Other than the plash of the drifting sea and the noises of the boat there was no sound.

The ambassadors of the Lord retired early to their bunks,

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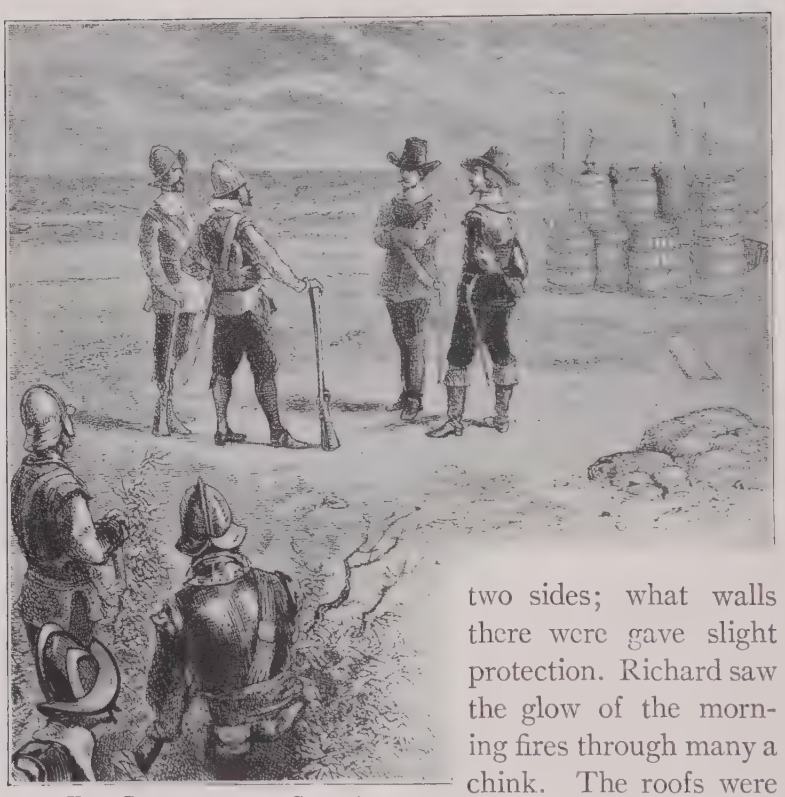
GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH (*From the painting by W. L. Williams*)

against rising early in the morning; for the pinnace would reach Cape Ann by sunrise, at the latest. The sailors lounged in the cockpit, with no task for their hands because the sea and the wind favored them. Richard was alone in the bow of the boat, with the breeze driving through his hair and the salt spray wetting his skin from time to time. The silent sublimity of it all crept into his fervent soul; he thanked God for its beauty and believed within his heart that it might not be wicked to be joyous in such a scene.

All night long the tiny vessel rose and fell across the swinging waters of the bay. Grey was just beginning to show in the east when the skipper, standing by Richard's side at the prow, cried out to the helmsman, bidding him throw her head into the wind and let her rest. Richard, following the captain's gaze as he turned from his order to the sea, made out a shadow heavier than the night lying ahead of them. As the vessel came into the wind the waves no longer beat against her progress, he heard the distant muttering of surf and knew that they were near Cape Ann.

The skipper held the craft in stays until he consulted with the three commissioners to know their pleasure. Returning again to the deck, he gave other orders, and the vessel went away again on her course toward the settlement. They could not come too early to the task, thought the three men from Plymouth. The sun was scarcely above the sea when the vessel came to the little harbor near the settlement; the inhabitants were not astir when the commission entered the cluster of huts and hovels that was called a village.

The place was pitiable, even in the eyes of those who were used to the roughness of life at Plymouth. The cabins were cruder than any Richard had ever beheld. The log walls of some were not more than three feet high above the ground. Some of them had no walls on one or even



THE CONFERENCE AT CAPE ANN

two sides; what walls there were gave slight protection. Richard saw the glow of the morning fires through many a chink. The roofs were shabby and broken; about the entire place was an air of shiftlessness, as though those who lived there had lost heart.

It was not long until the men of the settlement learned of their visitors, and know what was their errand. A conference was called, and the work begun on which the commissioners had come. Richard would fain have stayed to see the details of the struggle that he felt was to take place, but he was not suffered to do so by his father, who perceived that his presence at the discussion would be resented by certain of the men they had to deal with. They looked upon him as an interloper, and, boy though he was, disapproved of him, jealous of principle and their rights. Richard,

prevented from being present at the conference and constrained to while away his time through his own devices, strolled aimlessly about the tiny settlement until at last he wandered out of it.

Before him was unbroken forest, such as in the beginning had been all round about Plymouth. It was so untouched of man that it appealed to him like a memory, inviting him. Not far from his feet was an obscure path, apparently little used, though it bore evidence of being freshly trodden. This he took, winding his way leisurely through the woods. The great trees towered above him, growing so densely that their boles shut out the distance. He had not gone far before he could not see to any edge of the forest; only the path beneath his feet marked the way for him. He came at last to a great rough rock lifting through the ground, where the path terminated abruptly as the face of the rock rose high and sheer. There were signs of much use; the ground was worn bare in places; the grass was trampled; a tree trunk that had fallen near the rock had been made into a seat by the breaking away of some branches and the bending of others. Clearly it was some manner of retreat for the settlers, used constantly, though only by a few.

He sat himself upon the rude seat, speculating idly upon the place as he turned his gaze across the vista before him. The woods here had a peculiarly softened and delicate beauty. The trees were fewer; the ground between them more open; the grass grew like an English sward. There was a dip to the ground; in the distance a brook babbled through the shade. Richard guessed why this place had been selected as a retreat; he fancied that it must be a place of meeting for lovers. He almost wished that he were a lover with such a place in which to speak of love.

As the thought came to him, he heard a step in the path at the end of the rock. In another moment a young

girl stood close to him, looking at him with frightened eyes.

"Is it your retreat I have unwittingly intruded upon?" he asked, rising and doffing his hat to the maiden. She was wondrously beautiful, with hair of gold and eyes of blue. There was something sad and wistful in her expression that enhanced the beauty of her features; an appeal, a hunger that fixed itself upon his attention.

"Nay, I should neither say that you intrude nor that it is my retreat, though I am wont to come here often," the girl answered, the frightened look vanishing at his words. Her voice was like a part of the sylvan scene, so soft and low it was.

"You are one of those who live here, then?" asked Richard.

"I am one of them." The wistful look, the look of appeal and heart-hunger, grew in her face as she replied.

"Is it not bitterly lonely for you here?" Richard pursued, with honest sympathy. "There can be little enough of company for such as you." His compliment was unconscious, and was received without consciousness. It was not his compliment that made the girl look gratefully at him. It was his understanding, his sympathy.

"You are the first who has thought to say a gentle word to me since my poor mother passed away, and yet you are of those who came to say harsh words to my people, for I make no doubt that you, being a stranger here, are of the Plymouth party." She smiled whimsically as she said it. She seemed half reckless, half defiant, as though she was aware she said over-much to a strange man, but did not care.

"Your mother is newly dead?" said Richard, in such manner that the question had nothing of intrusiveness in it.

"It is scarce a year since she passed away and left me,"

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THE OLD FORT ON BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS (*From the painting by W. L. Williams*)

answered the girl, with a tear in her eye. Her recklessness was giving way to a feeling of confidence before the kindness of the stranger. She was young and emotional, was this maiden.

"Are you alone here?"

"Nay, my father lives."

"I am not one who came to say harsh words to any man, howbeit I am of the Pilgrim party visiting here; but had I come on such an errand, and though my errand lay with you, I could scarce be true to it since you have told me this," said Richard, solemnly; "for I perceive that you are one whom the wilderness makes lonely, and that you are sadly bereft as well. Believe me, I am fully sorry for you."

"You are kind; but you misspeak when you say the wilderness makes me lonely; for it is the wilderness, and nothing else, that is my company now. Else should I not come to this retreat, as you call it."

He motioned her to sit on the log to reassure her, if she needed reassurance. He would have stood before her, but she made room and bade him sit also. He did, and they fell into a pleasant talk that ran through many hours. There was a depth of feeling in the girl, who was little more than a child, that reached a corresponding depth in him; a depth that not even his religion had touched before. His casual interest grew into a profound concern in her. At first impersonal, by degrees, as he sat beside her, his sympathy quickened into something that made his heart flutter. As for the girl, his gentleness unlocked her heart; all the wistfulness and hunger he had seen in her face was in the words she poured forth as they sat by the side of the huge rock. She threw herself upon his generous sympathy largely, with a half wild joy in unburdening herself of all that oppressed her.

It was the old story: the maiden hungry for love, and the youth full of solicitude, and neither of them understanding

even the least of it all. In the end, when the two arose and walked back to the settlement, though no word of love had passed between them, though love was furthest from their thoughts, they were already past all help.

Richard found the party nearly ready to return, and forsook his newly found friend in some haste, with many promises that he would seek her out again, and that they should see more of one another. A peace had been patched up between Pilgrim and churchman through the intervention of Roger Canont, a Puritan who had left Plymouth because he had grown out of sympathy with the Pilgrims' extreme views of separation from the Church. It was agreed that the colony would find another place in which to found their commonwealth, but that they were to have their leisure in which to do so, and were also to be credited with making the change because their present site was unfavorable, and not because they were expelled from it. So much was granted to salve their self-esteem.

Richard Stevens, scrambling into the pinnace with his mind and heart full of what had taken place, suddenly bethought him that he knew no more of his beloved than that her maiden name was Marjorie. That much she had told him. Who she was he had no idea, beyond that. Looking ashore as the pinnace gained way, much chagrined and downcast because of his omission, she saw the girl standing by the side of a man who was clearly her father. So much he could tell by their bearing toward each other. The man stood among the first men of the town; among the men who had carried on the conference with the Plymouth commissioners. At his side was Conant himself.

The girl waved as Richard looked, and he waved back. For a space he watched the receding shore in silence. Turning then to his father, who stood beside him, he said:

"Father, who was that one by the side of Roger Conant? The one whose daughter was with him?"

"Why, that, lad, is the arch one of them all, the Antichrist himself! That one is none other than Hosea Underwood, minister of the Church of England!"

Whereat the world that Richard had builded toppled down about his ears; for his beloved was the daughter of the Antichrist, and for the good of his soul he must loathe her.

The Headland at the Entrance to Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts

CHAPTER XII

THE COMING OF A FRIEND

JOHN WHITE was a Puritan, rector of Trinity Church, in Dorchester, England. He was an observant man, and thoughtful. Also, he was an enthusiast, as one had to be to be a Puritan. He noted that the attempts at colonization in America which had failed had been made by men who did not make a success of life in England; by the "scum of the earth," as he expressed it. Jamestown had not thriven until a better class of men was sent there than the adventurers who were the majority of the first settlers. Ruin had overtaken the Protestants at Rochelle and in the Palatinate. Several settlements in New England had come to nought, among them the one undertaken by the Dorchester adventurers. On the other hand, the Pilgrims at Plymouth had established themselves on a good footing.

From such observations, John White came to the conclusion that a proper class of emigrants could found a worthy community in the western wilderness. Because of his zeal for the Puritan cause, he concluded that the proper class to set up a State over-seas was the Puritan class. Furthermore, his zeal impelled him to the conviction that the Puritans ought to set up such a State, both for the sake of the State, for the Kingdom of God, and for their own good.

Since the accession of the vain, weak, tricky, blundering, vicious Charles I to the throne of England, in 1625, the Puritans of England had fared worse and worse. Charles harried them with less mercy and greater wickedness than his father, James I. He not only harried them, but he fought every influence that worked toward liberty in all depart-

CHARLES I (*From the portrait by Sir Anthony Van Dyke*)

ments of life; he set himself against the spirit of his people and endeavored to thrust them back into the dark times before Magna Charta.

So it fell about that the Reverend John White, being observant, thoughtful, and earnest, hit upon the large plan of founding a Puritan state in America. With this ambition

before him he stirred up thought for three years, with pamphlet and speech, to the end that in 1628 the leading Puritans of England, among whom were many of station and wealth, formed an agreement to make a settlement in New England, near Plymouth.

THE BREWSTER SPRING AT PLYMOUTH

A grant was obtained from the council for New England to the land lying between three miles north of the Merrimac and three miles south of the Charles, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. It was a small matter that some of the territory given them had already been granted to Ferdinando Gorges, member of the council, and his son Robert, that another part of it had been granted to John Mason, also of the council, or that its western extension crossed territory claimed by Holland and by France.

In order that the Puritans might have the argument of actual possession in their favor, in case dispute should arise from the conflicting claims, a party of sixty men was at once recruited by the grantees and despatched to America in the summer of 1628. John Endicott, one of the six to whom the grant of land was made out, was chosen to lead the advance colony. Endicott was a man upon whose courage and zeal the others could depend; rugged, firm, austere, with stern principles of nonconformity, he was a fit instrument. He took with him his wife and family as a pledge that he risked all upon the venture. From that time he was closely identified with the history of New England.

Endicott and his party sailed to Naumkeag, whither the remnant of the Dorchester adventurers had been led by Roger Conant after their trouble with the Pilgrims, and where they had set up a new colony.

There was some discussion between Conant and Endicott when the latter arrived, but in the end harmony prevailed, with Endicott in charge. To celebrate that peaceful adjustment, the name of the place was changed from Naumkeag to Salem, which is the Hebrew word for peace.

Meanwhile, John White and his colleagues were busily engaged in preparing for an invasion of the wilderness by the hosts of Christ. Foremost among those who assisted in gathering together the hosts was John Winthrop, a man of great strength and beauty of character, grave and modest, intelligent and scholarly, intensely religious, acutely conscientious, liberal in his opinions in comparison with other Puritans, and charitable. These men, organizing, obtained from Charles I a charter for their company, which they called the Massachusetts Bay company.

There were two things about the charter that are all-important. It did not specify that the governing body of the company must reside in England; and nothing was said

about religious liberty. Religious liberty was not what the Puritans wanted; they desired it from others, but did not wish to accord it; they wanted it for their own use, but they did not propose to found a State where any one might come to worship God according to his individual ideas. Nothing but Puritans were to be tolerated about them. They intended to have a local monopoly of their religion.

Having obtained the charter, the company sent Francis Higginson to Salem. He carried with him 300 men, eighty women, twenty-six children, 140 head of cattle, forty goats, and an abundance of arms, ammunition and tools, all in six small ships. When this expedition arrived, Endicott became governor over a larger colony than any in New England; for Plymouth had not grown to any such dimensions.

Now occurred something of vast consequence to the history of England, of America, and of liberty. Charles I, quarrelling with his Parliament, prorogued it, after turbulent scenes, and there was promise that he would follow his arbitrary treatment of the body by still heavier blows against freedom. The Reverend John White, observing the signs of the times, bethought him of a scheme to save the new colony from the disastrous effects of the trouble that was brewing in England. It was nothing less than to transfer the headquarters of the company from London to New England; to move the entire center of government to the place that was to be governed; to set up a State with many features of a republic.

In accordance with this plan, the officers of the company prepared to emigrate; to give up their homes and their interests, and go into the wilderness. Those of the officers who were not ready to make the sacrifice, resigned, and their places were filled by others who would go. John Winthrop was selected as governor, and Thomas Dudley as lieutenant

governor. On April, 1630, Winthrop and Dudley, with a goodly company, embarked in the *Arabella* and set sail for Salem, accompanied by ten ships, in which were about 700 persons.

One day in June, 1630, Marjorie Underwood was standing on the top of a high hill near Salem, with her gaze fixed upon the sea. Nineteen summers before on a day in June, she had first seen the light of day in her English home. This was the anniversary of that other day; but a sad, empty, unhappy anniversary. The loneliness she had felt in the old colony on Cape Ann had grown heavier now, for her father had died soon after the company came to Naumkeag, and now she was utterly alone. Even in England there was none of kin to whom she might return; here there was less than none to comfort her. Many friends she had left, but none so close that she could go back to them.

JOHN WINTHROP, SECOND GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

Time was when the annual coming of this day was the occasion of festivity and merrymaking. She recalled the days now, as she stood in the hilly wilderness looking out

across the wilderness of water. Of all those who had made merry with her then, there was only one left now who linked her with the past and who could make her life glad again; if, indeed, he were still alive. That one was her brother Thomas, a lad five years younger than herself, who had been taken by the Indians soon after the arrival of the colonists in 1625. Since that time not one word had been heard from him; whether he lived as an adopted member of some savage tribe, or had been tortured and slain, she could only conjecture. She clung to hope that he lived, and that he would return.

One other there was who might have brought light into her life. She had often and often thought of the dark, earnest youth who had come to the old settlement with the Plymouth men three years before, to whom she had poured out her whole heart beside the rock, in the witchery of the woods. Sometimes she regretted the impulse that had led her to confide in the stranger, but for the most part she rejoiced that she had revealed herself to him. It had brought her great happiness and relief at the time; he had understood, and been sorry. It had been a comfort and solace to her through the long and heavy months since then to think that there was some one who knew.

Indeed, as time passed she had come to build her life about the memory of that day. She had never seen the youth again; she had never heard from him, or of him. She did not even know who he was. On the whole, she was sometimes glad that he had passed out of her life in the flesh; for now nothing could destroy the vision he had left. Building about this vision, she had come to love the dark-eyed stranger with the absorbing passion of her intense and sensitive nature, not so much for himself, as for what he symbolized. If he could be brought back into her life and remain forever what he had been that day, she

would be happy; but she dreaded the risk. If he should come back, the vision might be destroyed. She was divided between a hope that she might see him again and a hope that she would not.

To-day, as she stood on the hillside gazing out to sea, she thought of him more as the youth than as the symbol; thinking of him thus she longed for him, the man. She was in a mood more than usually lonely, because of the significance of the day. She hungered for human companionship, human love. If he had seen her then he would have found the same wistful, appealing look he had seen at first, intensified by the accumulated memories of three years and by the added maturity of her character.

Marjorie was not without a home and friends. She had been taken into a Puritan family when her father died, shortly after the arrival of John Endicott; now she was a member of the Higginson household. They fed and sheltered her gladly, for all that her father was of the Church; indeed, they themselves were still of the Church. But though they were kind and generous, they were as strangers to her; she could not bring herself to feel at home with them. Moreover, Master Higginson was ill of a fever; her presence among them she felt to be a burden. She pined and mourned for the sight of some face that she had seen before; for words with some one who could speak of familiar things. Now, on this heavy day, that was the anniversary of her birth, she went out upon the hill whence she could see the ocean, to gaze across its weary waste in the direction whence she had come many years before, and where lay all her memories and friends.

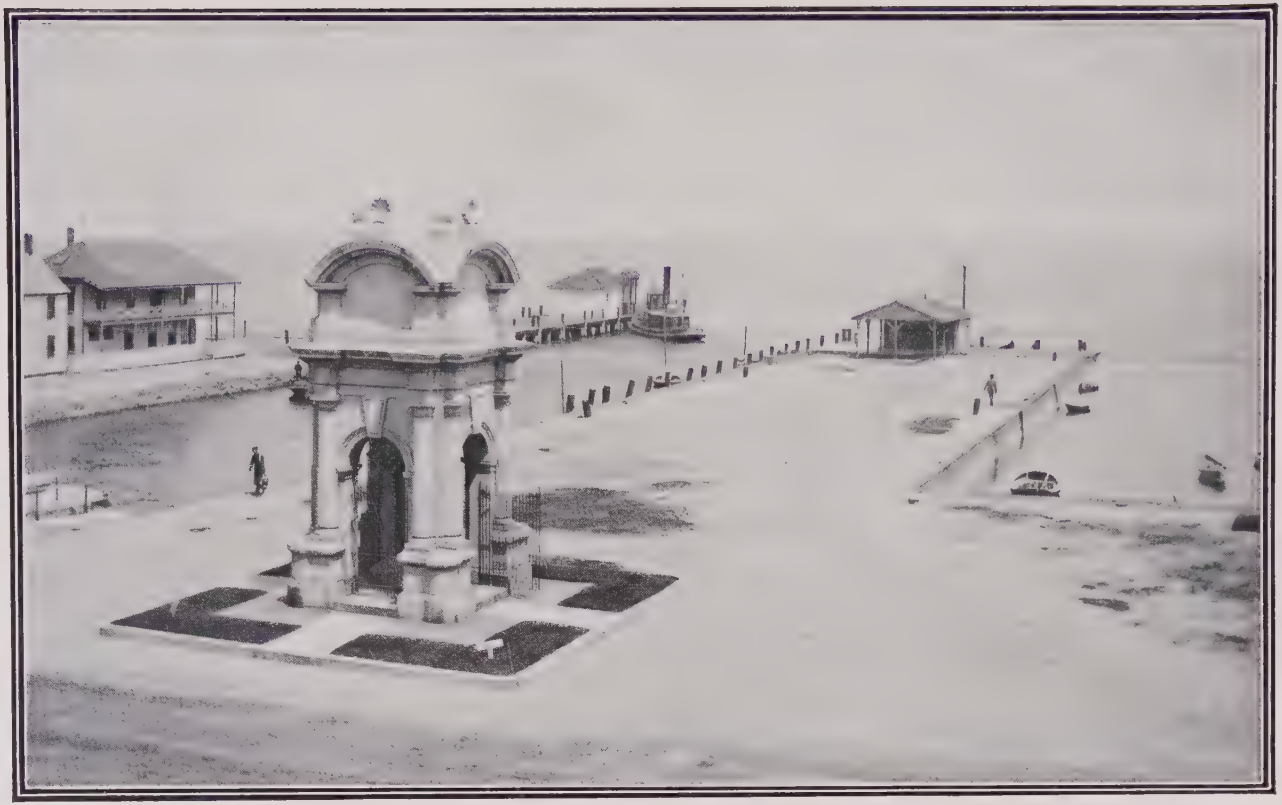
Heavy was the day for all as well as for Marjorie. They had lately passed through a winter of death and despair; a pestilence had struck deeply; eighty of their number had died, and now famine promised to finish the task the other

had so well begun. Among them all there was not enough food to keep the company another fortnight, and the harvest was yet afar off. Some rumor there was that John Winthrop was on the way; how soon he would arrive or what aid he would bring were matters of pure conjecture. He must come straightway, if he would succor them.

Marjorie, standing on the hill overlooking the sea, gazing through her tears upon its vast expanse, cared little in her heart how much of food remained, or what assistance was on the way. She only thought of the faces she should love to see, and that she would never behold again; of the friends she had left forever; of her terrible loneliness. It was not selfish contemplation of her own misery that made her indifferent to the fate of herself or the others; it was sheer weakness; the lack of strength to struggle against her despair. She had made the fight while strength lasted; now strength was gone, and she had given up.

She was pitiful to behold as she stood on the hilltop, looking out to sea. Grief, hunger, homesickness had left their marks on her fresh cheeks. Her eyes, that had been a glorious blue, were pale and wan from weeping; her face had a worn, drawn look; her figure was thin and starved. Yet, despite the traces of trial, the girl was still beautiful. Something of her soul shone through the tear-dimmed eyes; in the poise of her head and her carriage there was a memory of queenliness.

The girl shaded her eyes as she watched the long billows roll and break upon the rocks along the shore; for it was morning, and the sun was over the sea. As she watched, with hand above her brows, disconsolate, indifferent, a look of interest came abruptly into her eyes. She leaned forward slightly. Her lips parted; she held her breath that she might see more steadily. Far to the eastward, below the line where the blue of the sky met the blue of the sea, she



PLYMOUTH ROCK AND ITS CANOPY: LOOKING SEAWARD

perceived a sail. Presently she saw another, and another, scattered across the sea, but apparently all of the same fleet.

She stood transfixed, watching them. As she watched more sails appeared. They were not fishers. She had seen fishers; that very spring three such had visited Salem, and left a store of fish for the famishing settlers. These sails were too large for fishing craft. Moreover, as she shortly observed, they were borne by square-rigged vessels, and not by the fore-and-afters such as the fishermen used. As she watched the sails lifted higher above the horizon, and more climbed into view from beyond the earth's curve. Clearly they came that way.

People of Salem had not for many months seen the face of Marjorie so joyous as it was on that day in June when she ran among them with the news that a fleet approached. It meant little enough to her; only other strangers much like those already surrounding her. But for those very strangers it meant much. It meant sustenance; it meant a new strength for their task; it meant the success of their venture; perchance it meant life. So she was joyous as she went among them with the news; her strength had returned to that degree.

Her spirits were again cast down, however, when she came to the house of Francis Higginson. The man was desperately ill of a hectic fever; his life was despaired of. His family were drawn about him in the last fear. She felt more keenly than she had ever felt in her sensitive soul that there was no place for her there; that their trials were too great already. She told one of the household what she had to report, and turned away, sad once more.

There was now only one thought in Salem, and a single topic of conversation. It was all of the approaching fleet. Much speculation was had concerning it, and many wild prophecies were hazarded. For the most part, there was

a strong belief that the vessels would prove to be those conducted thither by John Winthrop, and some manner of preparation was made to receive them. It was meager enough, because of the starvation and fever that were among them.

Marjorie, wandering listlessly and without purpose from the house of the Higginson family, passed among the various groups gathered for the discussion of the approaching

THE ARRIVAL OF WINTHROP'S COLONY (*From the painting by W. F. Hallsoll*)

vessels, giving heed to what was said without interest or close attention, merely thinking to pass the time. She was indifferent again concerning the strangers; her burst of courage was smothered by the depression her sensitive temper had received at the Higginson cabin; it had died with the telling of the news that revived it.

It was hours before the fleet arrived, the ships coming to anchor one by one outside the harbor. It was more hours before John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley came ashore in small boats to greet their fellows of the settlement. It was still more hours before others landed from the vessels to seek their friends among the colonists.

Heavy was the grief that met the newcomers. Many

there were who found only fresh graves when they sought their loved ones; many there were who were greeted by the wan and wasted countenance of fever-stricken sufferers when they found old friends. It was a sad and terrible meeting on the shores of the promised land.

Evening came; and, after a long twilight, dusk. Marjorie sat apart from all others on the stump of a tree in the midst of the little settlement. Her heart was bowed down beneath ever-accumulating grief. All day long she had gleaned among those who came in vain search for some face she had seen before. She had scarcely hoped to find a friend; she had only yearned that she might. To see other meetings and to have none; to hear words of sympathy and friendship and have no word spoken to her, was too heavy. She bowed her head listlessly, hopelessly, sitting apart from the others.

As she was sitting thus she was aroused to a vivid sense of life by the sound of her own name, spoken in a voice that was not the voice of anybody living in Salem; it was the voice, surely of one of those newly arrived. She listened with quivering eagerness. She heard her name again; some one was inquiring for her; some one was going about among the people of Salem seeking her; some one who knew her; some one, perhaps, whom she knew; at least some one between whom and herself there was common ground of acquaintance. She could not stir; she could not speak, so great was her joy.

She listened. The voice faded from her hearing; the one who sought her passed on. Still she made no move to discover herself. She gave no heed to its going away. She was thinking only of the voice. It awakened some memory that was like a haunting ghost. She was too confused, too overcome, to think. She could not fix it. She could not

identify it. It took her far back to England; to her old home. There it eluded her and left her puzzling.

The voice returned. "Nay, here she is at this minute!" it cried. "Marjorie! Marjorie Underwood! Do you not know me?"

She looked at the figure that stood before her. She arose from her seat and peered into the face, dimly lighted by the stars. Seeing who it was, she cried out with joy, and fell to sobbing. For the one who sought her was Whittaker Whitehall, whom she had known in England in her childhood; a lover of her girlhood; and one with whose family her own had been on terms of the closest intimacy.

Into the wilderness there had come a friend.

Off the Salem Coast: Marblehead Light by Moonlight

CHAPTER XIII

THE BRAVE MAY WEEP

JONATHAN STEVENS was in deep disgrace. It being a June day, and one conspicuous for its balmy beauty even among June days, he had gone forth into the forests and come back with hands full of flowers, which he had placed on the mantel-shelf above the great fireplace for the gratification of the Stevens family in general, and of his mother in particular, which was fairly representative of the compelling motives of young Jonathan's existence. In a general way, he wished the Stevens family to be happy forever; but for his mother he desired the pinnacle and acme of all happiness, and sought always to obtain it for her.

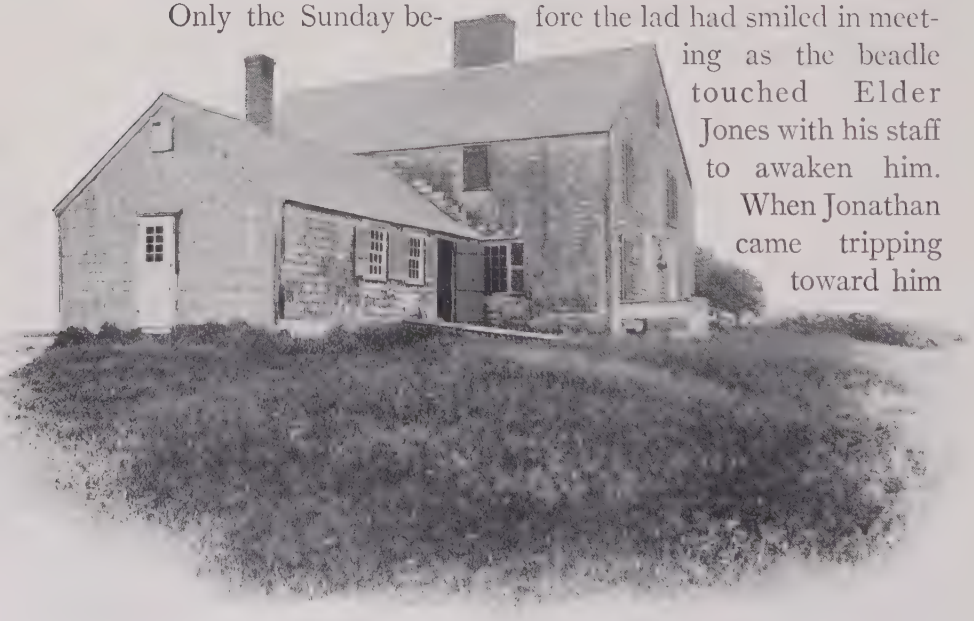
Jonathan, being the son of a Puritan and a lad of ten years of age, should have known better than to pluck flowers. He should have understood by this time that it was almost sinful to pay any heed to the beauties of nature; he should have learned well by precept and experience that it was a deadly sin to enjoy wantonly such beauties. But he could not understand, in spite of many admonitions and the frequent application of birch and leather, that it was displeasing to God to share in the loveliness with which God Himself had hedged him about. He was entirely unable to see why it was heinous to be happy. Not being able to see for himself, and being a lad of only ten, he persisted in living according to his own lights, which meant that he continued to seek happiness for the Stevens family in general, and for Mistress Mary Stevens, his mother, in particular.

In this instance he had innocently thought to bring home happiness in a handful of flowers that delighted his

own soul. His mother, with some insight into the matter, did her best to save her last born from disgrace, even at the risk of compounding with felony. She straightway took the flowers from the chimney-shelf, to hide them from the sight of Matthew, telling the lad that she did it the better to preserve them from withering in the heat of the fire; for, though it was June, and warm weather, their fire was roaring in the chimney to cook a haunch of venison that turned before it on a spit.

Her device failed. The first thing little Jonathan did when Matthew returned from the field at noon, was to run to his mother and ask for the flowers, that he might show them to his father. The secret was out. With a long face, Mary produced them from the hiding-place and watched her lamb as he went to the slaughter.

Matthew was deeply affected. His was a loving heart, that had suffered bitter pangs from the waywardness of his youngest son. Many times had he despaired of the child, after all his preachings and practices had failed to bring him to a proper sense of the serious responsibilities of life. Only the Sunday before the lad had smiled in meeting as the beadle touched Elder Jones with his staff to awaken him. When Jonathan came tripping toward him



The John Alden House at Duxbury, Massachusetts

merrily, the flowers extended in his hand, Matthew looked upon him severely, a deep frown between his brows. Richard, standing close behind the father, reinforced the moral lesson by scowling upon his younger brother in much the same manner, after the fashion of elder brothers the world over. Elizabeth, a lass of thirteen, deserted her spinning-wheel and left the room, weeping. Jonathan, observing the austere reception that his flowers encountered, hesitated for a moment, looking wistfully from one to the other of his frowning monitors. What he saw did not reassure him; his jaw dropped, and he placed the little nosegay behind him.

"Nay, do not seek to hide your sin," said Matthew, sadly. "Cast the blossoms into the fire, lad!" he went on, in a tone that Jonathan understood as a mariner understands the language of the clouds.

The boy went to the fire, threw the blossoms on the blaze, and turned to look again wistfully at his father. There were tears in his eyes, and fear, as he met the stern gaze of the parent.

"Come hither!" said Matthew.

But what need to tell what followed? Two hours later, when Matthew and Richard had returned again to the field, Jonathan was once more in the forest, red-eyed from weeping, looking at the pretty little blossoms that peeped up at him from among the grass blades, and pondering much the things that he had lately heard concerning their treacherous glory. As he pondered, sobbing softly at intervals to think that it was wicked to love their tender loveliness, he heard a step close at hand. Looking up, he saw John Alden making his way through the woods toward the settlement.

John Alden was the especial friend and crony of Jonathan Stevens. Between the two there was an understanding and a sympathy that bridged their difference in age, and in all

things else. They hunted and they fished together; they talked of weighty things; they even romped and laughed when they were at safe distances from the habitations of the Pilgrims. Jonathan's heart was filled with sudden joy at sight of his friend. He was so glad to see him that he instinctively looked about to discover whether any one detected him in the sin of being glad.

No one was looking; not even John Alden, so the boy hailed.

"Ho, then!" cried John, observing him for the first time; "what brings my little lad into the woods to-day?"

Jonathan looked about him again to make sure that he was not watched, tiptoed to his friend, pulled him over by the sleeve of his coat until his ear was within reach, and whispered: "I came out to look at the flowers, and it is wicked, so you must not tell."

"But if it is wicked, what odds does it make whether I tell or no; for does not God see all that we do, and will He not know without my telling?"

The boy looked puzzled for a moment. "But just don't tell father!" he said, at last, with a sudden idea. "I don't think God thinks it 's wicked to look at the flowers. I think just father thinks it is sinful; 'cause it must have been God that made the flowers beautiful. The devil would not make anything so pretty as they, and he could not if he would."

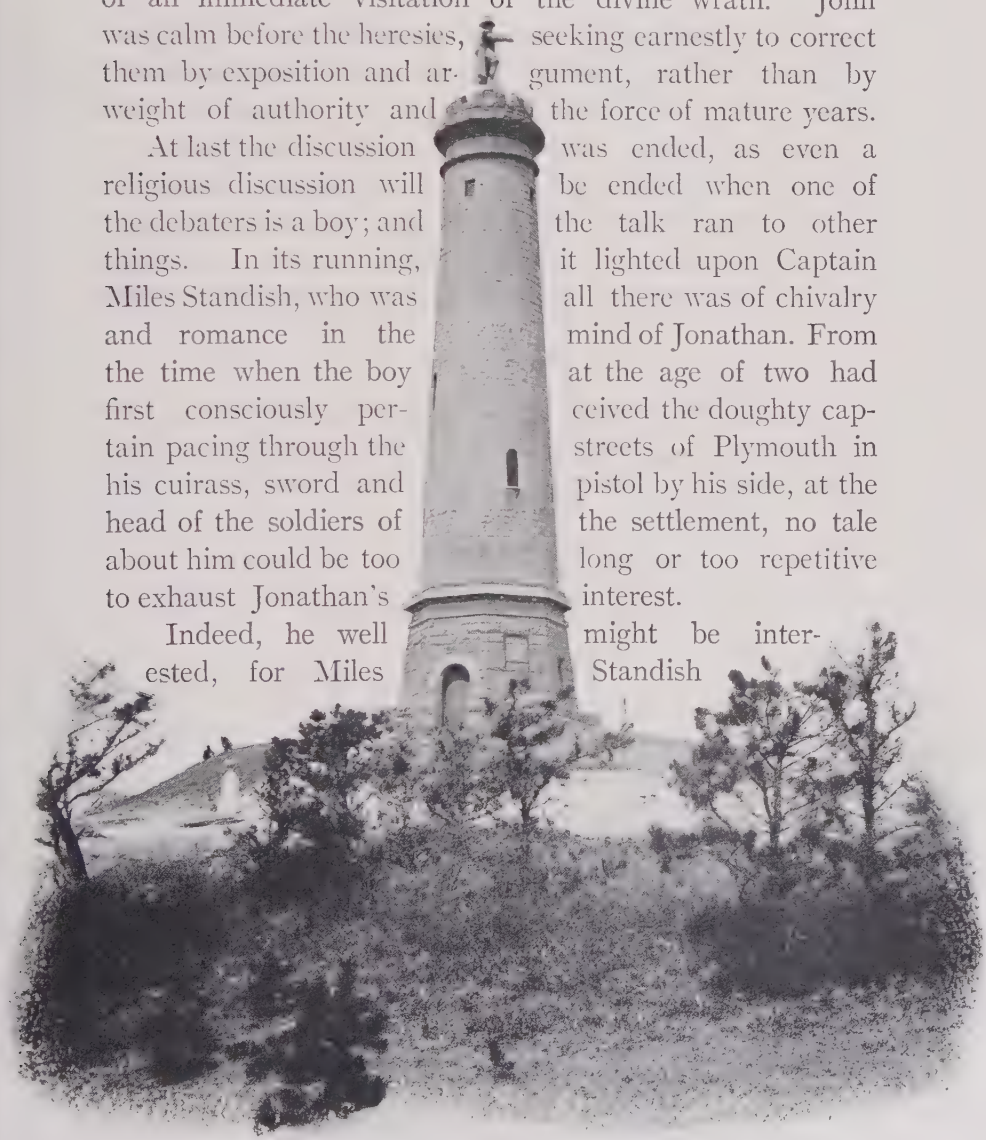
"Nay, lad, the devil makes wondrous beautiful things," returned John Alden. He was much of the boy's way of thinking, but he realized that he had stumbled upon the heart of a moral lesson, and would not interfere with the workings of the parental plan.

"But if the devil made them, and it is wicked to love them, why does God let us love them?" queried Jonathan, with complete frankness.

Whereupon there followed a long and intricate discussion of things theological, as John Alden and Jonathan Stevens sat on a log in the forests in that rare day in June. Jonathan, in perfect confidence, discovered many doubts to John, which, had he mentioned them to his father, would have sent that worthy to his knees in utter terror of an immediate visitation of the divine wrath. John was calm before the heresies, seeking earnestly to correct them by exposition and argument, rather than by weight of authority and the force of mature years.

At last the discussion was ended, as even a religious discussion will be ended when one of the debaters is a boy; and the talk ran to other things. In its running, it lighted upon Captain Miles Standish, who was all there was of chivalry and romance in the mind of Jonathan. From the time when the boy at the age of two had first consciously perceived the doughty captain pacing through the streets of Plymouth in his cuirass, sword and pistol by his side, at the head of the soldiers of the settlement, no tale about him could be too long or too repetitive to exhaust Jonathan's interest.

Indeed, he well might be interested, for Miles Standish



The Miles Standish Monument at Plymouth

was a figure of such fascination for romantic minds that he lives perhaps more vividly in the American mind than any other person of the many who came and wrought mightily at Plymouth. In a sense, his important place in historical memory is not out of proportion to the actual work he did. Although he was not one who founded the colony, or even one of the faith that vitalized the tremendous principles of liberty which survived and fruited into the United States, yet his courage and ability as the military leader of the settlement did much to make it physically possible for the Pilgrims to establish themselves in the new country.

He was foremost of those who explored the country in search of a home, when the *Mayflower* hung upon the strange shores of New England. He saved the lives of some of the exploring parties by his prompt handling of the Indians; perhaps he preserved the entire company on one occasion, when he led an expedition against a threatening horde. He was one of the seven who retained their strength through

The Miles Standish House at Plymouth; His Monument in the Distance

the first trying winter after the arrival of the company. What services he rendered to the stricken band in procuring food, bringing fuel, and nursing the afflicted, can never be told.

Moreover, it was he who broke up the colony at Merrymount, saving the Pilgrims from the contamination of men who drank strong waters and danced about a Maypole with Indians. It was he who gave weight to the Pilgrims' assertions of authority over other obnoxious neighbors. In short, he did so many things, and in such a way, that the imagination of the boy was ever fired by the tales of his deeds.

John Alden having extolled the bravery of the bustling captain at exhaustive length, and the boy having listened with wide eyes to all that was told him, there fell a silence between them. It was shortly broken by Jonathan. "I had thought that brave men never wept," he ventured, in the tone of one who labors uncertainly with a deep problem, turning questioning eyes upon his companion. Alden never failed him when he sought wisdom; he sought it now, frankly, hungrily. Clearly, if he could be satisfied whether brave men might weep, there would be much off his mind.

"Nay, that they do, though," returned Alden, looking aside at the boy. "The bravest of them may weep. Jesus wept, you know."

"That 's so!" ejaculated Jonathan, with a decisive jerk of the head and a look of relief.

"What put such a question into your head?" asked John Alden, presently, in such a manner as not to flurry the lad and drive him back into himself; for boys are much like turtles when they feel they are being pried into.

"' Cause I saw Captain Standish weeping once," returned Jonathan. "I never told, because I thought brave men never wept, and I did not want any one to think that he was not brave; but I don't mind telling now."

"Nay, 't is not harmful to tell such a tale of him," observed Alden, smiling to himself. "What caused him to weep, think you?"

"That I know not," said Jonathan. He turned a timid glance upon John Alden.

"Shall I tell you when it was?" he went on.

"Ay; tell me."

"'T was on a day when he was at your house, and saw you and Mistress Alden, bending above the cradle where one of your babes lay; I mind not which one it was. He looked at you for a long space, then wiped his eyes and turned away. Know you what made him weep? He has never lost a child by death, has he?"

"Belike he thought him of his wife Rose, who died here the first winter." John Alden looked afar through the forests as he made answer.

"But his wife died many years ago, and this was only lately that he wept," argued Jonathan.

John Alden made no answer at once. "Shall I tell you a tale?" he said, at last.

Jonathan had ever a single answer for that question.

"Once upon a time there was a great, good man," began Alden, "and he had a friend, younger than himself. These two loved each other dearly; either would have laid down his life for the other. One day the man came to his young friend, whose name was John, and said, 'John, there is a maiden in the land who is wondrous fair and beautiful and good, and whom I love with my whole heart. I would fain have her for my wife; but there is not in me the courage to speak with her of the matter. Do you therefore go for me, and tell her of my love, and that I would wed her.' Then he told the young man, his friend, the name of the beautiful maiden.

"Now, when the young man heard who the maiden was,

PRISCILLA AND JOHN ALDEN (*From the painting by George Henry Boughton*)

his heart was heavy, for he himself loved her with a love that was above all things in his life. Yet he might not now tell her of his love, since his friend had placed such trust in him, and had given him the errand to do. So the young man held his peace, and went to the maiden with the tale of the other's love. She listened patiently to all that he had to say, but when he was done she raised her face to his, and said to him: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' Now what, think you, the young man should have done?"

"Why, he should have told her of his own love, then leave her to choose," answered Jonathan, without hesitation.

"That is what he did," said John.

The lad looked swiftly at him, with question in his eyes. "I know who it was!" he cried, in a moment. "It was you, and the beautiful maiden was Mistress Alden, and the other — the other was Captain Standish?" concluded the boy, somewhat awed by the discovery that it was possible for any body to love any man more than the grizzled hero of war.

John Alden nodded his head. "That," he said, "is why he, brave man that he is, wept when he looked upon the scene you speak of."

There was commotion in the household of Matthew Stevens when the boy returned. The tumult was so great that his sins were forgotten. They had already been forgiven; indeed, could one have had a glimpse into the heart of Matthew he would have perceived nothing there that made a sin of what the boy had done. It only was in his head the thing was wicked; only because of his mental habits.

Jonathan, grasping the psychology of the moment with a boy's quick divination, lost no time in ascertaining what was afoot, being more deeply concerned than he might have

been by the circumstance that, whatever it was, Richard was involved in it.

He soon found out. Word had come that John Winthrop had arrived at Salem with a large company of Puritans. The men of Plymouth, considering it circumspect and civil to send an embassy to pay respect to Winthrop, had selected a number of men, of whom Matthew was one. Following his custom, Matthew was to take Richard with him, and Jonathan was to remain at home with his loving mother.

ALDEN'S COURTSHIP (*From the statuette by John Rogers*)

Richard, faring forth on the trail that led toward Salem — they went overland, because the vessels of Plymouth were all away at the fisheries — was filled with a strange thought. What if the girl, the daughter of the minister of the Church of England, whom he had seen at Cape Ann three years before, were by some strange chance still in Salem? And what if she had meanwhile embraced the Puritan faith, even as his own mother Mary had done? And what? — many thoughts were in the solemn heart of Richard as he fared forth.

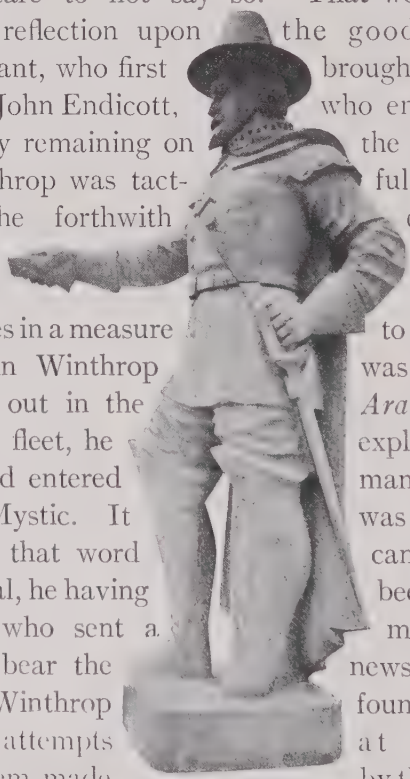
THE COURTSHIP OF JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA
(*From the painting by G. H. Boughton*)

And what was in the heart of the younger son? Languishing love of the father who would not understand? A boyish longing crying to go with them as he watched them out of sight? Who shall say! It is only known that when they had quite gone, he crept far away after them into the woods and wept. For one who is brave may weep.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SUBSTANCE OF A VISION

JOHN WINTHROP was not entirely satisfied with the location of Salem for the capital of his projected colony. He took care to not say so. That would have tacitly implied a reflection upon the good judgment of Roger Conant, who first brought a colony to the place, and John Endicott, who endorsed Conant's selection by remaining on the same site; and John Winthrop was tactful. But, being dissatisfied, he forthwith quietly looked about him for a place more favorable to his plans; which serves in a measure to point out to what extent John Winthrop was a man of action.



STATUE OF MILES STANDISH

Setting out in the *Arabella*, the flagship of the fleet, he explored the waters of the bay and entered many rivers, among them the Mystic. It was when he was on this cruise that word came to Plymouth of his arrival, he having been observed by a fisherman who sent a man ashore with a skiff to bear the news. In his search for a site, Winthrop found sporadic and desultory attempts at colonization, most of them made by the Gorgeses in an effort to establish their right to the country by occupation and possession.

John Oldham was one of their tenants. Maverick, Walford, and William Blackstone were others. Blackstone

lived on the peninsula where Boston now stands. Morton had returned to Merrymount, where he was conducting himself more circumspectly in his Maypole dances, expurgating some of the features of Roman festivals. Sir Christopher Gardiner had been sent over by Gorges to look after his interests in America; him Winthrop found at the mouth of the Neponset River in the company of a devoted young woman who he said was his cousin.

It was the Mystic River that appealed most strongly to John Winthrop. Endicott had already settled a small colony on the shore of the river, near the bay and opposite Blackstone's peninsula, for the purpose of forestalling John Oldham, one of Gorges's tenants. A few huts were grouped here, on the slopes of a hill. The cluster was dignified by the name of Charlestown; a name that has long outlived the huts and their memory.

This place Winthrop considered the most favorable for the main colony. When he returned, at the end of a few days, with a report of his explorations, he discussed the relative merits of the places he had seen with such discrimination and finesse that the citizens of Salem immediately and enthusiastically resolved to remove their homes and themselves to Charlestown.

But not all of the inhabitants contemplated the change. For their own reasons, or no reason at all, some families decided to remain, it being desirable that Salem should continue as a colony. Among them was the Whitehall family. Marjorie Underwood was now a member of their household. She joined it as soon as they had landed and established themselves in a house, being urged by all of them quite as emphatically as by Whittaker himself.

When she knew the family in England they were parishioners of her father's. At that time Master Whitehall had tendencies away from the Church; since then he had grown

strongly in sympathy with the Puritans. His change of opinion, however, by no means intruded itself upon the relations between his family and Marjorie.

There was a daughter Caroline, in the family, about Marjorie's age. Between the two was a community of tastes and interests, and a common knowledge of those trivialities that compass much of the pleasure women have in one another's company.

There was only one phase of her new life that was not pleasant. That was a constant association with Whittaker. There was nothing displeasing about the young man; indeed, she was fond of him. He was an old friend. But at the same time, it was obvious that he desired to be more than her childhood lover now; that it would be impossible for them to continue always on the present basis of friendship. She saw that he loved her, not as the lad he had been, but as the man he was.

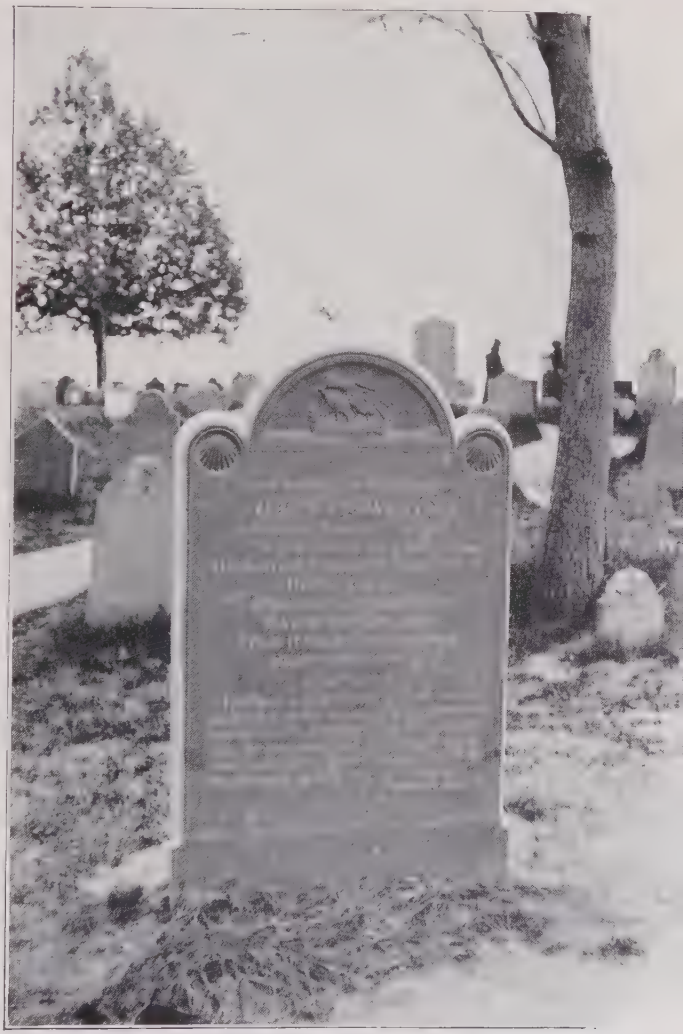
He was an honest, manly, fellow whom one could not help liking, and whom one might easily love. Sometimes she felt that if it were not for the vision of another she would straightway love this one; that if she had not built up an ideal in her heart she could enthrone Whittaker there with safety and security, both to herself and him.

But in spite of her close approach to love for Whittaker she shrank in anticipation from the time when he was to bring her problem before her; she was not happy in his company, and sought to avoid it as much as she could without giving him hurt.

It was for the purpose of avoiding him that she left the cabin in which the Whitehall family had set up their home; one day late in June, shortly after the return of Winthrop from his explorations, she walked along the path that led south from Salem. Near the village it was a broad and well defined road; beyond, it shrunk into an Indian trail.

She took this trail because it passed by the base of the hill from which she had first seen Winthrop's arriving fleet, which remained one of her favorite haunts. There was a rough way to the top of the hill from a point in the trail; it was not the shortest route to her retreat, but it was the easiest and most picturesque, beside being the most secluded.

She had scarcely arrived and composed herself to an enjoyment of the scene when she was startled by the sound of some one approaching along the path she had come. She arose in alarm as the sound came nearer, turning an anxious look in the direction of the path. To attempt to flee would be futile. She could only wait. As she looked, determined to show a bold front if matters came to the worst, she descried the figure of a man among



GRAVE OF A "MAYFLOWER" PILGRIM

the bushes. In another moment, this fear left her, to be succeeded by another of quite a different character. For he who followed was Whittaker Whitehall.

"I have frightened you?" he said, regretfully, perceiving the anxious look on her face.

"I thought it was an Indian," she replied.

"'T is not surprising that you dread them, having suffered as you have from them," Whittaker replied. "Does it give you offence that I come?" he went on.

"I do not think you should ask that," returned Marjorie, looking away to sea, that he might find no trace in her eyes of the regret she could not vanquish. "Your question implies that I am ungenerous, to say the least."

"Shall I stay, then?"

"If it pleases you to stay, I bid you do so. Pray, come and sit beside me on this stone: it is a ravishing spot, whence

Down the Trail at Duxbury

you will have a glorious view of the sea," she added, hastily, smiling kindly upon him.

"You feel that I have no right to ask you whether I intrude?" he said, with much meaning, when he had seated himself on the rock close to her.

"I am sure you have the right, but little reason so to do."

He made no immediate reply. She felt that he was weighing his words before he uttered them. "Are you quite certain that you do not fear me even as much as you do the red men?" he inquired, presently.

"Now you are both unkind and ungenerous." She was trembling; her voice revealed her agitation.

"Think you I have no excuse; think you nothing absolves me from the accusation?" he asked. His tones were kindly, gentle, almost tender.

"I shall be greatly grieved if you have."

"I shall be greatly grieved, as well."

There was another pause. She wished he would proceed; foreseeing whither their talk took them, she hoped he would take the lead. She waited in vain for him to do so. "Tell me your reason," she said, at last. "Let me judge or be judged."

THE PEAR TREE PLANTED BY GOVERNOR ENDICOTT, 1630, IN THE OLD ORCHARD FARM AT DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

"Nay, I shall never judge you!" cried Whittaker, hastily. Unquestioning love of her was in his tones.

"Then let me be my own judge."

Another pause. Again she felt that he waited, preparing a speech to make his meaning certain, and to save her from all hurt. "What I am brought now to say to you I have had in mind to say for many days,?" he said, presently. "I did not know when the time might come; I had thought, until to-day, that it would not be soon. Perhaps I ought not to speak of it to-day; perhaps I ought never to speak of it. I want you to be my judge in that, as well." Another pause.

"Before I proceed, I must assure you, with all the earnestness I can, that I do not presume to question your conduct or your attitude toward me in anything that you do, or that you may hereafter do. I should be base indeed to complain; I beg that you will not construe my words into fault-finding. That is furthest from my thoughts; above everything I recognize and respect your privilege to regard me in whatsoever light you will. Nothing can shake me in my belief that you are only generous, and good, and noble; it is a part of my undying, unalterable regard for you to be sure that you can do no wrong."

Almost had she to clutch at the rock on which she sat, so tumultuous was her emotion. It was a great love that spoke to her; she felt herself unworthy before it.

"I shall do better if I am brief and frank," he went on, taking his gaze from her and letting it follow hers to the sea. "For many days from that day in which you became one of our household, I have thought that you avoided me, Marjorie. It has given me much grief, both because I greatly desire that you should not avoid me, and because I blamed myself for giving you cause to think that you needed to. If the first had been my only reason, I should never

Governor Bradford's Monument at Plymouth

have come to you to say what I will say this afternoon. But the second reason impels me to speak.

"Marjorie, since the happy days when you and I were children together, in a happy and innocent love of childhood, I have loved you with a growing affection that has more than kept pace with my years. It has outrun them; my passion for you is already the passion of my life. I love you with a

THE BURIAL OF MILES STANDISH (*From the painting by Henry Boern*)

devotion that I shall prove, if God gives me a way, whether you can find it in your heart to return it, or whether I must always be only your friend, and a memory.

"I was not altogether glad when you became one of our family, because it made my position delicate. It became difficult for me to seek you out with my love then, without seeming to take advantage of your position. That I desired and endeavored above all things to avoid. That alone would have sealed my lips, perhaps forever. But when I saw that you divined my love, and that you sought to escape from it, it became my duty, to you and to myself, to speak in all openness. For you will see that we could not have endured

such a state of affairs; that there must be a full and complete understanding between us. It became necessary for me to tell you that I loved you, for it became necessary for me to assure you that you had nothing to fear from my love.

"It was to make that confession, and to give you that assurance, that I followed you to-day. Seeing that you were distressed, that you fled from me like one hunted, I came like a hunter to relieve you of your dread. I do not ask for any reply, Marjorie; I shall never ask you for that, perhaps. That is not my purpose. I only want to tell you, to make you believe fully, that I shall not pursue you with my suit. I love you; I shall always love you. I wish now, and shall always wish, that you would be my wife. But above that and all things else, I desire to have you know that you have no need to avoid me; that I shall not press you with my love. Let me be only the brother that I should be so honored in being; unless, in your heart, you find that you would have me more."

He ceased; by the falling of his voice, by the sigh that escaped him, she understood that he would not resume. She rose from the rock, trembling. "You are noble, you are generous; you are more than I deserve," she said, "but now I cannot think; now I cannot speak."

He stood beside her. "Now I would not have you speak," he said. "Shall I go? Shall I leave you here?"

"No! No!" she cried, reaching out her hand. "Do not leave me; take me back to the town."

They were at the foot of the hill. She was more composed now; her thoughts obeyed her as they had not immediately before. The impulse that had been so often upon her to take refuge in the love of Whittaker was fixing itself into a settled, well considered determination. Twice and thrice words were upon her lips to tell him that she wished

The Oldest House in Plymouth, Massachusetts

to give him his answer now; twice and thrice she waited, as a woman will. At last she stopped, and turned to him.

Standing thus, there came to their ears the sound of men approaching along the trail from the south. She waited; she would let them pass, whoever they were.

In a moment they appeared; a number of men on foot, showing signs of long travel. The two who stood by the path watched them curiously; they were not of the people of Salem; by their dress, they were Pilgrims. As they came, the gaze of the girl passed from one to another of the long file that threaded along the path. Suddenly it rested upon one who walked among them. Her lips parted; she would have cried out but for something that clutched her throat. For the one she beheld was the man, the substance of her vision, the beloved of her dreamings.

He was in earnest conversation with a companion immediately behind. His eyes went from the trail before his feet to the face of the one with whom he talked.

Close and closer he came, in his place in the file. A rod; a yard; a foot! The breeze from his body brushed her. In a moment he had passed. He had not seen.

She took her eyes from him to look at the man by her side. He still gazed after the travelers. He had seen nothing.

In a moment he turned to her, awaiting what she would say. His eyes met hers, full of a wild light.

"You said you would wait for your answer," she whispered. "Will you have it now?"

He bowed his head; already he foresaw what it would be.

"I cannot love you as you wish; as I ought to love you," she continued. "We must be as we have been."

His look met hers. In his eyes was infinite grief; on his lips a tender smile.

"As we have been, but without fear," he said.

They went toward the settlement once more.

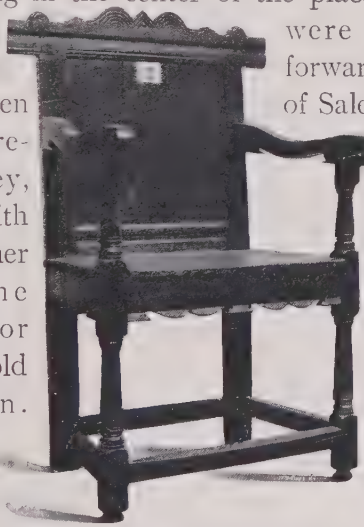
THE GRAVE OF MILES STANDISH AT DUXBURY

CHAPTER XV

PERVERSENESS

MARJORIE UNDERWOOD entered Salem like one who lives in a dream. She paid no heed to the man who followed her. She had no thought of him; she thought only of the one who had come; she sought only to find him that she might look upon him once more. Whittaker, following in silence, forbore to speak, believing her mood the result of what had passed between them.

As they were entering the village, the two descried a crowd gathering in the center of the place. At the heart of the crowd were the Pilgrims. They hastened forward.



GOVERNOR WINSLOW'S CHAIR

All the men of Salem were there, in solemn congregation. Endicott, Dudley, Winthrop, were talking with the visitors. Marjorie saw her ideal man in the midst of the group, taking little part, for he was young in years to hold converse with weighty men. She gazed long at him, but he did not look. There was a significance in the visit of the Plymouth men to Salem. It was not only to express friendly welcome that they traveled the many miles from their settlement to the place where Winthrop landed. They desired to learn more concerning these English Puritans, and their purposes.

What would have followed if the Pilgrims had not approved of the new arrivals can only be guessed to-day. But such a contingency was forfended by John Winthrop, who seemed to divine the attitude of the people of Plymouth, and who deferred to it with a tact and judgment characteristic of the man. Hearing that the embassy was approaching, he had gathered together the leading men of the com-

A Road through Morton Park at Plymouth

pany, both those who had come with Endicott and more with himself. They stood beneath the elm trees of Salem to give welcome to their visitors and to exchange greetings, showing them much honor and consideration.

The visitors were already prepossessed in favor of the newcomers when Winthrop, mounting a stump, addressed them formally. "We have come, following the lead you have so worthily made into the wilderness, in search of freedom to worship God as we list," he said. "The work we have in hand is by a mutual consent through a special

overruling of Providence, and a more than ordinary approbation of the churches of Christ, to seek out a place of cohabitation and consortship under a due form of government, both civil and ecclesiastical. We are of the same mind and purpose as ye who have come before; like younger brothers shall we be most glad to learn from you the ways that have led your colony to strength and to glorify God. Though we are under our several governments, yet are we bound closer than brothers by the spirit of our tasks; which, under the blessings of God, we may assist one another to perform. So let us dwell in mutual benefit and help, thinking only of the great honor and glory that may be ours in the world to come.

"As for ourselves, we have come to settle a Commonwealth, bringing with us the right to make such laws as may fit us, being less under the control of the King than those who have come before. Our charter grants us the right to be governed by a governor, a deputy-governor, and eighteen assistants in council, to be elected annually by the company. We are empowered to frame such laws as may not contravene the laws of England. Since the company is here with us, and all the officers, we shall be able to manage our affairs as we see fit; which I tell to you that you may have no fear of interference from powers in England, through us, we being the whole and the sole power.

"Our grants of land run from near your borders far north into the wild woods of Maine. We find that Salem does not give promise of being a suitable place for all who have come with us, wherefore we shall soon remove to Charlestown and be your near neighbors. As for the conflict of title that is between us and Sir Ferdinando Gorges's heir, and John Mason, which is brought about through an overlapping of grants from the Crown, I make no doubt that God will see His servants through with that, and that

in the end we shall be found to have triumphed over Antichrist."

In this prophecy he was to be proved truthful. The struggle between the two interests was to last many years, with the final triumph of the Puritan stock. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, a member of the council for New England, was one of the most enthusiastic Englishmen of his time in his optimism concerning the future of New England. It was he who fitted out two of the expeditions on which Captain John Smith set sail; it was he who sent many colonists across the sea in vain attempts to gain a foothold on the inhospitable shore. He was given a grant of land for his pains, running from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua, and his son, Robert Gorges, a claim to 300 square miles in the bay.

At the same time, John Mason obtained a grant of the land between the Kennebec and the Merrimac. The grant to the Massachusetts Bay company overlapped Mason's claim; it completely covered the territory supposed to have been granted to Robert Gorges. This parcel was withheld by Sir Ferdinando Gorges when the council for New England gave the grant to the Massachusetts company, but in the charter subsequently obtained

The Oldest House on Cape Ann

from the King nothing was said concerning the reservation, and Massachusetts laid claim to all of it. These errors in the grants caused trouble for more than fifty years.

Winthrop talked at great length, discussing with his hearers matters of religion, ever dear to the hearts of them all, and subtly reassuring them concerning his orthodoxy and his desirability as a neighbor. As he talked, their predisposition towards him and his people grew stronger; before he had finished that close union between the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies, the first expression of the fraternal feeling which made the United States, had struck root. There were responses by the men of Plymouth, most eloquent of which was the short, impassioned speech of Matthew Stevens. There were prayers by ministers and elders, the reading of psalms, and the singing of hymns.

Through all the long hours they stood there, Marjorie Underwood pressed close to the edge of the surrounding crowd, craning for a sight of the one she loved. She no longer doubted that it was he himself she loved; she knew it with certainty. She had known it the moment she saw him coming through the woods. Before that, he was impersonal; she had not been sure that she cared to see him. Now all the heart-hunger she had felt that day when he first came to her was strong within her again; but now it was a hunger for him.

As she stood, many things passed through her mind to make her disconsolate. She almost wished that he had not come; that he had left her to cherish his impersonal ideal through all the days of her life as the wife of Whittaker. For on what could she build hope? He had merely spoken with her kindly on a day three years since. Perchance he would not know her again — she had changed

greatly in the meantime; at the most he would merely recognize her as one whom he had spoken with, and would pass her by.

Wider than the seas, and more deep, was the gulf of their religious differences. Being a woman, she could bridge that. Brought up though she had been to despise Separatists, as enemies of God and the Church, and true as she was in theory to her education, yet for this man she would wholly forego her opinions and question not his lack of faith in her faith. But she felt that with this dark-eyed, solemn Pilgrim it would be different; that as long as she maintained her loyalty to the Church he would as soon league with the devil as with her.

There was a stir in the crowd at her elbow. She was too absorbed in her thoughts to attend to it. Some one emerged from within the group; she gave no heed. There was a pulling at her sleeve; she started suddenly and looked beside her. It was he.

"Good morrow, Mistress Underwood," he said. There was no smile on his face; only a look of sober gladness. Her heart fluttered to see it; her eyes fell before the earnest gaze.

"Belike you know me, since you use my name so freely, but your face seems strange to me," she replied, possessed by a sudden perverseness. She knew not why she spoke so slightingly. Whatever it was, she regretted her manner and speech even in the moment of her reply. Regretting, the perversity became more firmly fixed upon her, after the manner of perversities.

"Are you not the one, then, with whom I spoke three years since on the occasion of an embassy from Plymouth to the colony on Cape Ann?" he returned, somewhat at a loss, being ignorant of the ways of women.

"Are you the one, then?" she returned.

The March of Miles Standish

"I was certain that I could have made no mistake." His dark eyes burned more brightly as he spoke. She made a great show of attending to what went forward in the heart of the gathering, seeking to avoid his avid gaze. He was discomfited, and fell silent, still remaining by her side, awkwardly unable to leave gracefully, until the gathering broke and began to disperse. She turned to go.

"May I walk with you?" he asked.

"Whither?"

"Whithersoever you may be going."

"I am going to my home?"

"Your father is here, then? He has become one of us?" There was a meaning in the eagerness of his last question that set up the straw man once more. Clearly, he felt that much would be broken down between them if she were one of his faith.

COLONIAL DOORWAY OF WINSTON HOUSE, MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

"My father is dead," she said. "I have a home with some Puritans whom I knew in England before they fell from grace; as for my faith, I am true to that of my father." There was bitterness and challenge in her speech.

"It gives me grief to learn that," he replied.

"You are over-bold to concern yourself in my belief."

They were separated now from the stragglers leaving the gathering. Richard took a new courage; there was somewhat in his heart which needed solitude for utterance. "You were not wont to rebuff me for my interests," he said, hoping fatuously to return to the understanding that had been between them. "You gave me to believe that you were glad, once, for my interest in your affairs."

"You attach over-much importance to the prattlings of a child," she answered. "My affairs have greatly changed since then." Her heart was all tears, but the perversity was building up a wall between them.

"That I perceive full well," said he with disappointment, "I most humbly crave your pardon for my intrusion." He hesitated in his gait, as though he thought best to leave her.

"You have little need to ask my pardon for that," she said, her perversity losing its hold for a moment. "Your error was only natural; I have no quarrel with you for that. I was over-harsh in the matter. I have not forgotten; I am still grateful to you for that kindness. But you have much to answer for in calling into question my religion."

Instantly he became calmer, and firmly certain of his ground. "It is a part of my religion to make war against those who assail my faith, as those of your faith have ever done," he said. "We have suffered much for it; we shall not lightly let it be trampled upon, but shall gladly suffer more in its defense. As for you, I should have been glad to have left it out of our communications, but since you see fit to introduce it in a quarrelsome fashion, I must abide by my conscience and answer you."

"I intrude it?" she said. "How mean you that I intrude it?"

"Did you not speak of Puritans as having fallen from grace?" he returned.

"Are they not fallen from grace?" she retorted. "And

were you not rejoiced when you believed that my father had become one of you; and were you not grieved to learn that I was true to my religion?" How petty it all seemed beside the hunger that was in her heart! How wicked was the perversity that led her to quarrel with this man!

For a while he did not answer. When he spoke his voice was low and tense. "If it gave me grief to learn

THE HARLOW HOUSE IN PLYMOUTH: BUILT IN 1677 WITH TIMBER FROM THE OLD BURIAL HILL FORT

that, there was a deep cause for my sorrow," he said. "If I hoped that you might have become one with us in religion, perchance it was more than a desire that there should be one more of our faith, perchance I had another thought than religion. And if I wished to keep this matter from between us; if I dared not face that issue with you — can you not think why I might wish to avoid that contention?

"But in bringing this matter into our talk you have shown me my duty to my God," he went on, with a sadness in his voice. "You have shown me that it was a wickedness I had in my heart in thinking of you as I have thought of you through all the weary miles from Plymouth. You

have shown me that I must pluck up by the roots the seed sown there three years ago. Because you have made plain my duty, I should be thankful, and I am; because my duty is a sore trial, I should be thankful as well; and so, praise God, I am!"

There was silence between them so profound that she could find no word to bridge it. She knew now that he had come to tell her of his love; with anguish she knew that she had prevented him from doing it, though of all things in the world she most desired that he should. In silence they pursued their way among the scattered cabins to the door of the one where she lived; in silence she turned to bid him good bye.

"Shall we not be friends?" he asked, extending his hand.

"You think it would not be wicked?" she asked, ironically.

His hand fell to his side; his head sank on his breast. With a stifled sigh in his throat, he turned and walked away, leaving her to grief and contrition that ate into her soul.

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH (*From the painting by G. H. Boughton*)

CHAPTER XVI

A JUDGMENT PROPHESIED

THROUGHOUT the night Marjorie lay sleepless, bitterly reproaching herself. Her memory incessantly went over and over the scene with the Pilgrim. Each time, as she recalled how she had cast away her hope through an unreasonable, inexplicable obstinacy, she had much ado to avoid crying out with grief.

In the morning there was much talk of the Pilgrim visitors. Whittaker had been among them in the evening, and had made the acquaintance of one of them, a young man named Richard Stevens, who had impressed him deeply. She had no doubt that Richard Stevens was her Pilgrim, for he was the only young man who had come.

Whittaker left soon after breakfast. Marjorie, with a loneliness upon her greater than any she had ever known, great because it was hopeless, went along the path through the woods, and so to the hill whence she could view the sea. She wished to avoid humankind; above all, she wished to avoid him. She remained there, torn by regrets, until the sun, mounting to the zenith, told her that she must return for the noon meal.

As she neared the Whitehall cabin she saw Whittaker approaching, accompanied by another. The next moment her heart stopped and she would have fled back to the hills if she had not restrained herself with effort. For the one who was with Whittaker was her Pilgrim! When Whittaker presented his companion as Richard Stevens, believing him to be a stranger to Marjorie, and Richard was at some loss what to do, the girl at once made things easy for them all.

"Nay," she said, laughing lightly, "I know Master Stevens well. We are already such friends that we have quarreled."

Richard, recovering from the first confusion of having seen her there in the circumstances, turned composedly from her to Whittaker. "Mistress Underwood speaks inconsiderately," he said, but without sternness. "'T is true we had some little discussion of religious matters; I trust she does not look upon it as a quarrel. As for being friends, that I should gladly claim, if I might lay any pretensions upon having seen her thrice in my whole life; the first time three years ago, the second yesterday, and the third this very moment. If Mistress Underwood is ready to permit my friendship to rest upon that, I shall be honored."

Whittaker, whose vagrant suspicions were aroused for an instant when he found the two already acquainted, thereupon gave up his thought as idle fancies.

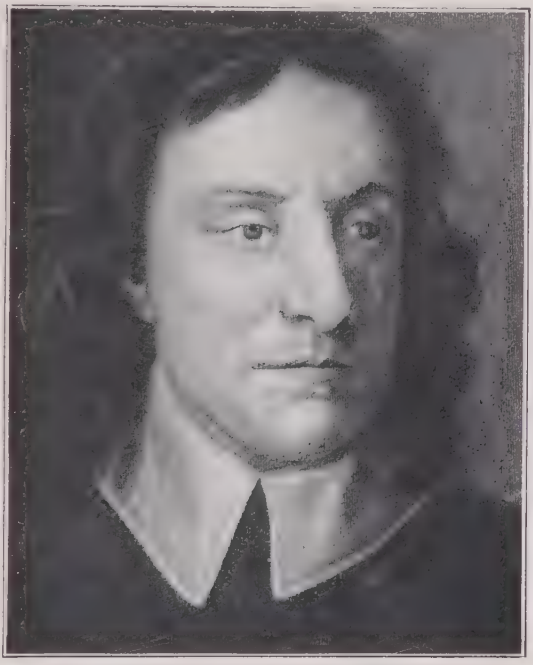
To Marjorie the words had a deeper meaning. She saw that Richard meant to subdue her to the place in his life where he thought she rightfully belonged. She was piqued and resentful; he might have understood her better than to have thought it necessary to rebuke her.

Without further words they passed into the house, where the midday meal was spread on the rough board that did service for a table.

Much talk of religious matters ran about the board as they ate, and of affairs in England. Richard learned how Charles I, dissolving his Parliament as a parcel of impudent meddlers, strove to govern without them, though already sorely put to it to raise money. He learned, too, of the growing conflict between the Puritans and the Cavaliers; of the gradual tendency among Nonconformists to unite politically; of men, and leaders of men. Oliver Cromwell, unknown by name at that time to most Puritans, was briefly

mentioned by Master Whittaker as one upon whom he, personally, fixed much hope.

The men from Plymouth remained at Salem until early in July, when they embarked with Winthrop and set sail for Boston. Marjorie and Richard were frequently together in the interval, a strong friendship having grown between Whittaker and the young Pilgrim, and the latter coming much to the Whitehall cabin. She went with those who remained at Salem to see the others off in their quest for homes; she bade Richard good bye with as much unconcern as though it really were between them as they mutually pretended. Richard the while played his part equally well, being held to it by his religious convictions.



Oliver Cromwell

The Puritans of the Massachusetts company did not all go to the Mystic or the Charles River to settle. They were so many that it seemed best for them to set up several towns. So Winthrop went to Charlestown with a goodly company, and there established the government. The capital was a hillside strewn with rough camps; many of the poorer people lay in the open. Some halted on the Saugus, founding

Lynn. Some planted on the Mystic, in what is now Malden; others at Watertown, Roxbury, Dorchester Neck, and so up and down the Bay.

William Coddington of Boston, England, went over the river from Charlestown to the green and grassy peninsula of three hills where William Blackstone lived, and set up

CHARLES I AND HIS FAMILY (*From Van Dyke's painting*)

his house there. The peninsula was known by the Indians as Mushanwamuk, abbreviated into Shawmut. The name was changed by the first settlers to Trimountain, shortly afterward it was called Boston, as an honor to the Reverend John Cotton, of Boston, Lincolnshire, many of the Puritans having come from the vicinity of that English town. Now it is called many things. William Blackstone, who lived alone there until the arrival of Coddington, had come from England with his family to get out of the hurly-burly. He

brought a large library of books, which he set up in his log cabin in the wilderness, pursuing his studies and reflections in primitive peace.

But though the Puritans were scattered, they were in no sense dispersed. The several towns were under one control, located at Charlestown. That control being created

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I (*From the painting by Van Dyke*)

and directed by them through their elected agents or assistants, the little cluster of towns was in reality a republic; under England in a sense, but autonomic within broad limits, by virtue of its charter. It so considered itself even in that time; it continued to cling to the belief until it precipitated the War of Independence, 150 years later, and became one of the dominant factors in the formation of the United States of America.

Hardships multiplied. The settlers, used to lives of comparative ease in England, suffered dire distress, many of

them dying. The food supply ran low; the sparse soil about the settlements gave them slender crops. Immediately after his arrival, Governor Winthrop had despatched the *Lyon*, Captain William Pierce, to bring food from Bristol. He had found the vessel cruising about Massachusetts Bay.

Months passed, and the *Lyon* did not return. The people were on the verge of starvation. Lady Arabella Johnson, wife of Isaac Johnson, unable to endure the hardships, passed away, followed shortly by her husband, one of the leaders of the movement. Higginson, low of a fever when Winthrop arrived, survived long enough to see the new colony well established, when he, too, gave up the ghost, assured of the success of the venture. But Captain Pierce, after long delays due to a scarcity of corn abroad, finally returned in time to save many lives; and his coming led to the celebration, as a permanent feast, of Thanksgiving Day.

The government was a pure democracy. All the adult males of the several towns had a voice in local affairs, and sent representatives to consult with representatives of other towns concerning matters of general application. It was the beginning of town meetings, a form of local government famous in political and social history. The first General Court was held in Boston in October, 1630, to choose officers of government, the terms of Winthrop and Dudley being about to expire. They were chosen to succeed themselves.

The friendly relations with Plymouth were maintained. The old colony gave what help it could, which was scant enough, Plymouth being barely able to keep itself in sustenance. Affairs in the senior town continued to move without incident. The sole occupations of the inhabitants were making a living and worshiping God; either of them dull enough to those not directly concerned. In the ten years since the beginning of the colony, its growth had been slight; there were not more than 300 inhabitants in Plymouth now.

Matthew Stevens, as the years came over him, became each day a more settled and certain religionary. The habit fixed itself upon him. His religion was largely perfunctory; but the durability and resisting qualities of the perfunctoriness that springs from custom are proof against much. Mary was a Puritan by marriage. In her marriage she had given everything, even her religion. Of the children, Richard was the proud example. He was pointed out to the youth of the community as a high type of Puritan; sober, serious, strong-minded, zealous, ready to defend God with word and deed; unswerving, unalterable, grim as fate. He was all that the Puritan parents desired their sons to be. This was highly comforting to Matthew, and had much to do with his own orthodoxy.

But if Richard was a comfort and a joy, Jonathan was thorn in the flesh. He had never overcome an early predisposition to smile and laugh; he persisted in plucking flowers and praising the singing of birds; he might be found in the woods glorying in the sunset when he should have been at prayers; once his father discovered in his jacket a fragment of original verse in which neither the word God, nor devil, nor Heaven, nor hell, appeared, which was a subversion of the true purposes of poesy that could not be overlooked. In brief, Jonathan was incorrigible.

Jonathan knew that he was, and wondered why. He was now ten years old, but he understood nothing of the code of morals by which he was supposed to govern his conduct. He knew that everything was right or wrong, more probably wrong; but he had no means of knowing why.

Wherefore, for his peace of mind, he was compliant. He obeyed as fast as he found out what to obey. As for the birds and the flowers and the sunsets, he might enjoy them still, if he was discreet and confidential. Even he might

write verses surreptitiously, if he were careful not to keep the completed product about him.

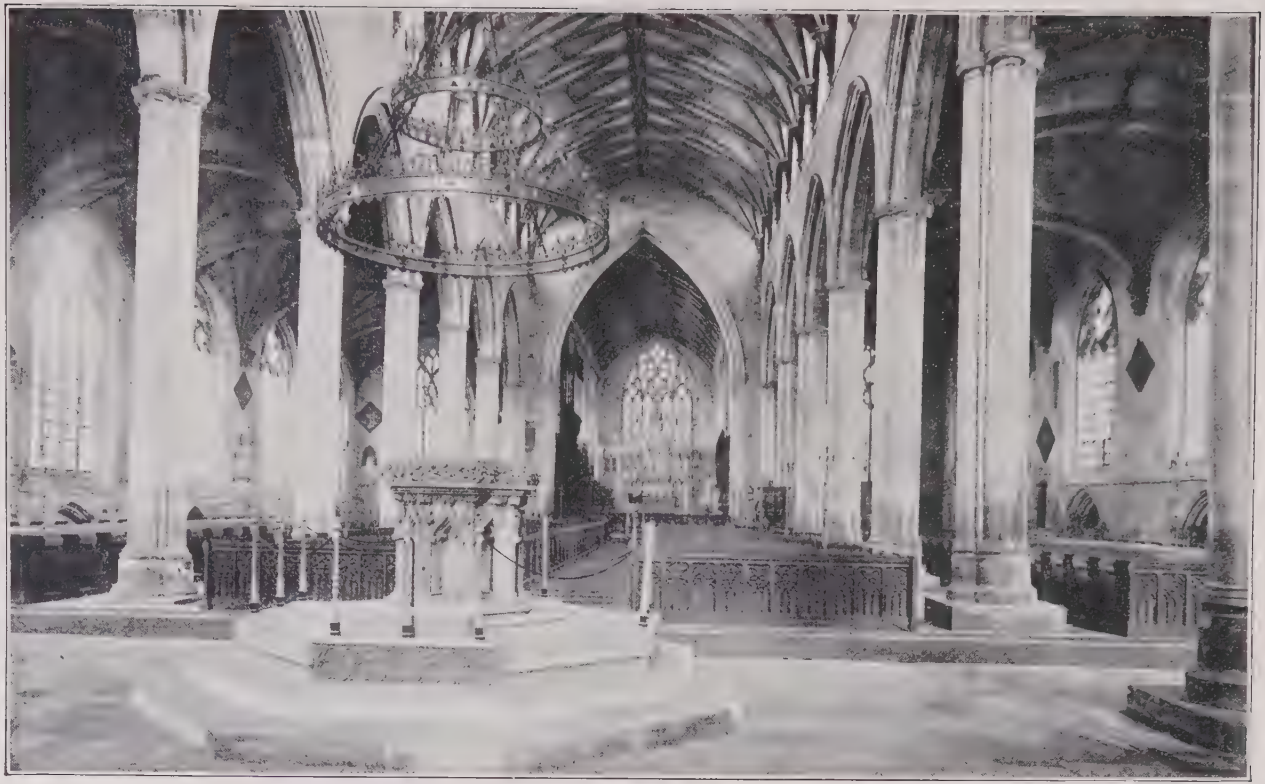
In spite of his desire to conform, however, he was fated to many falls. Neither instinct nor logic helped him; he was constantly doing the wrong thing. His mother gave him secret sympathy; she even spared him what she could. His father, too, was pitying.

But Richard was obdurate. He held it one of his sacred duties in life to be his brother's guide. The duty, being sacred, was pursued with relentless seriousness, tearfully.

Richard was stern enough before his trip to Salem. When he returned thence he was in a sacrificial mood, and Piety was rampant in the Stevens household throughout the winter. Only with the spring did his fervor abate.

Richard's mood was broken at last by an event of more moment than was suspected by those who saw it. When the *Lyon* returned from Bristol in February with food for Winthrop's half-starving followers, it brought a young minister named Roger Williams. Williams was a disciple of tolerance. He believed in religious as well as civil liberty. In his youth he was employed by that great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, from whom he imbibed many ideas that were the seeds of his later convictions. Between them was strong affection and confidence; the great lawyer called Williams his son.

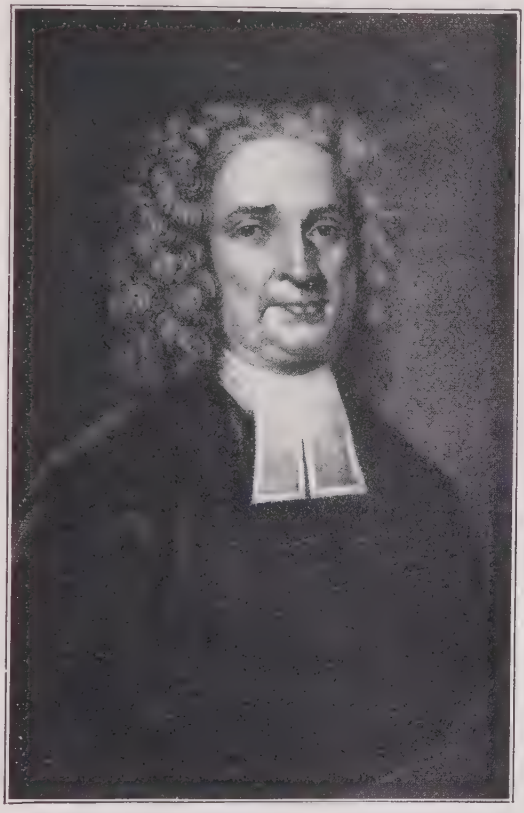
Graduating from Cambridge with a degree, Williams outran his patron in his views concerning liberty, crying out against bishops and the established Church until Laud drove him from England. He was not much more than thirty when he reached Boston; already he was possessed of convictions concerning the right of all men to worship as they saw fit from which all the forces of mankind could never swerve him. He believed that the power of Government should not be exercised against any form of worship; which



Interior of the Church of Saint Botolph, Boston, England

was a tenet that placed him in direct opposition to the system of the founders of Massachusetts.

For the Puritans did not believe in religious liberty. They did not come to America to give every man a chance to worship as he personally saw fit. They came to find that opportunity for themselves only. Having found it, they determined to guard it zealously, to allow no intrusion upon it. They demanded that every man who came among them should follow God as they prescribed. Having suffered heavy costs to obtain for themselves the chance, they did not intend that they should be interfered with.



THE REVEREND JOHN COTTON

When Roger Williams landed he found that he could not join the Boston church because the magistrates were permitted to punish those who did not conform to the tenets of the Church. It was no better than the condition from which he had fled in England. His arrival had been awaited, the people of Boston intending to make him their minister during the absence of Wilson, who had returned

to England. But in the circumstances he could not be given the charge.

In April the people of Salem called him. Higginson, their minister, was dead; they had no one to take his place. Winthrop and his assistants "marveled" at the choice. Winthrop wrote a letter to John Endicott expressing a warning, and a desire that they should change their intentions. The warning and the desire were acceded to, and Williams quietly withdrew to Plymouth.

It was his rumored coming that sent Richard back into the strait and narrow way. He was furious at the intrusion of a heretic who contravened one of the strictest principles of the church. He became almost fanatic in his Puritanism. He raised his voice among the elders and selectmen; he expostulated, he threatened, he implored. It was all in vain. What he urged upon them was welcome doctrine, but they did not consider that they had grounds for refusing the man an entrance. Wherefore he came.

"And a judgment of God is like to come with him," moaned Richard, learning that there was no hope. "As for me, I would rather that we had drowned in the sea than that this man should come among us."

CHAPTER XVII

THE JUDGMENT COMES

"THE Antichrist has come! The Antichrist has come!" Jonathan Stevens, bursting into the Stevens cabin one day in April, 1631, brought the family to a state of instant attention by the announcement.

"What mean you?" cried Richard, alert and ready for the defense. "Who is this Antichrist of whom you speak?"

"Why, even he of whom you spoke a few nights since," returned the boy. "Roger Williams!"

"Nay, lad," quoth Matthew, "this is no Antichrist. He is one of us, who merely differs from some of us in certain points of doctrine and practice."

"Then all who differ from you are not Antichrist?" queried the boy, innocently.

"Scoffer!" breathed Richard, frowning.

Jonathan held his peace, and Mary saved him from

A Scene on the Plymouth Shore

further mauling. "How know you that Roger Williams has come?" she asked, still busy with her tasks.

"Why, mother, I have seen him, and heard him called by name by Elder Brewster," replied the boy, feeling secure in a moment. "He came afoot out of the woods."

"What manner of man is he?" asked the woman, again.

"Why, a youngish man, not many years above my brother in age, with a solemn, earnest face, but one that does not seem so sad as those of our brethren hereabouts. He laughed at me and lifted my chin in his hand to look into my face; there was a woman with him, and she laughed, too."

"Where did he see you, to lift your chin?" interposed Richard.

"Why, in the woods, to be sure," explained Jonathan.

"And what were you doing in the woods?" Richard asked, in tone and manner like one about to sentence a soul.

"I was praying," replied Jonathan, without a quaver. In very truth, was not the boy right? For is it not a prayer to rejoice in the beauties of spring?

"What was your prayer?" demanded Richard, believing the boy lied.

"That the Antichrist might not destroy the seed of God sown here by His righteous sons," returned Jonathan, without hesitation. "It was that he overheard when he lifted my chin and laughed."

Richard was by no means convinced. "Your words, sir!" he cried. "In what words did you address our dear Lord?"

"In no words at all," replied Jonathan, gently.

"What; you prayed and used no words?"

"Ay, that I did; for I only thought my prayer."

"How is it that God shall hear thoughts, then?" sneered Richard.

"How shall He hear words, then?" retorted Jonathan. "Is He ever present to hear our words? And if He cannot hear our words, of what use is it to pray unless He can hear our thoughts? And if He can hear our thoughts without our words, of what use are our words, but to set us up as godly before the sight of men, which is a wicked vanity? Roger Williams told me that himself, in the woods, where he found me pick— praying."

A light burst in upon the mother. She had marveled at the philosophy that fell from the lips of her babe until the disclosure in his last sentence. Now she understood. Matthew and Richard perceived the truth at the same time.

"Behold, how the rash man hath already corrupted our youth!" cried the ancient-minded Richard. "He hath been but an hour in our midst, and already he hath taught our children to lie, and hath put heresies into their mouths."

LITTLE POND, MORTON PARK, PLYMOUTH

Matthew Stevens, without a word, took Jonathan by the arm and led him forth from the house.

"Richard, Richard, you are ever harsh and heavy with the lad," said the mother, with tears in her eyes. "He is only a babe, and scarce knows what he says."

"The more reason he should speedily be taught not to speak lies and heresies," rejoined Richard.

"Perchance it is you who drive him to his lies, out of

A Street in Plymouth, Massachusetts

fear for the punishment you bring him," ventured the mother. "The lad has never lied to me."

Richard turned a severe eye upon Mary. "Say not it is I, mother, for I am but an instrument of the Lord," he said, solemnly. "It grieves me sorely to see him suffer; shall I therefore spare the punishment the Lord appoints."

On the evening of the same day, as the family sat about the hearth listening to Richard, who read from the Bible by the light of pine-knots, there was a knock at the door of the cabin. Jonathan, prompted in his duties by a boyish curiosity, hastened to open to the visitor. He gave

a glad exclamation of welcome when the light of the fire fell upon the one who stood without. It was he whom, in a spirit of self-preservation, he had called Antichrist; it was Roger Williams.

By the boy's manner the others guessed who their visitor was. Richard, clapping the Book together on his fingers, looked sullen enough; Matthew, with some hesitation and many glances at his first-born, went forward to meet and

Site of the old Fort, Plymouth, Massachusetts

welcome Williams. Mary cast hasty glances of reconnoissance about the room, to see what line of action promised the greatest peace.

"If I make no mistake, this is Roger Williams," ventured Matthew, extending a hand.

"Your son has doubtless told you," returned Williams, taking in the other members of the family with a quick comprehensive glance. "I have made so bold as to come to see you, having learned much of you in an encounter with this lad as I came into the settlement, and having a desire to know you well, on his account." There was strength and

vigor about the man, and he impressed them with his sincerity and earnestness.

There were words of greeting, perfunctory exchanges of felicitations and compliments — even these were tinged with religious expressions,— questions and answers concerning personal welfare and experience; gossip about the Church and the State; about Plymouth, Boston, England; about Brewster, Winthrop, Archbishop Laud, Charles I; about a score and a dozen matters of vital current interest. Through it all Richard spoke no word more than civility demanded.

Presently, in a lull, Williams turned to the taciturn young Pilgrim with the light in his eye of one who goes into battle and rejoices thereat. It was clear that he discerned the young man's hostility; it was equally clear that he intended to challenge it and bring his antipathy to an issue. "Doubtless it was you," he said, "whom young Master Jonathan meant when he said there was one at home who held it to be wicked to gather flowers, as I found him doing in the woods this day as I came through."

"It is as I surmised," returned Richard, bitterly. "He told us he was at his prayers in the woods, and that he prayed against you. You have ready soil to work on, Roger Williams, in my brother, but it is an evil soil, and much given to sprouting weeds, as you observe. For he not only comes home to us with lies, but like a traitor turns against the one who taught them to him, telling us that he prayed God to humble you when you had but a moment before been his friend. Or such, at least, he thought you."

Roger Williams's eyes snapped at the unkind words of the young man, but he made no direct retort. Turning toward Jonathan instead, he bent a kindly look upon the child, who was cowering before the threatened storm. "Know you not, lad, that it is wicked to lie?"

The gentleness of the stranger's tone, combined with a

light of pity he caught in his mother's eye when he chanced to look in her direction, put courage into his heart. "Verily," he piped, "so many things are wicked, and so few are not that I scarce know."

"But you know that it is wicked to lie?" persisted Williams, gently.

"Ay, that I do, of my own heart, and I have been told that it is wicked to pull flowers, though it has no seeming of evil. If I could believe it wicked, I should not pluck them. But since I cannot see my iniquity, I do pluck them —"

"And must perforce deceive your brother with a blacker sin to cover up one already black enough," interrupted Richard, sternly.

"Ay, even so!" exclaimed Roger Williams. "'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings we may learn wisdom,' saith the wise man. Verily, the lad hits upon a great truth that none of you discern. You make a sin out of that which his conscience permits him to do freely, and which for him is therefore no sin. Making a sinner of him, by your man-made laws, you drive him into a sin against God in his defense against man. Do you not see that it is wicked to hedge the conscience of man about with laws? Do you not see by the sign given you in your very midst that every man must be a law unto himself? For what is there wicked in the pulling of a flower except that you say it is wicked? While the telling of a lie, that which is of a truth sinful, the lad already knows to be wicked, without being told." It is the great principle underlying the life of the young minister that he had touched upon; the great principle that he gave to the world, which had made more toward religious liberty than all the teaching of all creeds since Christ himself taught. It was the principle of Religious Toleration!

"You set up magistrates to enforce the laws of the Church," Williams went on, without a pause. "You force

men's consciences to subscribe to what you, or many of you, may believe. You appoint officers to enforce belief. Under such a system there can be no liberty, but, in the end, only corruption."

"It is the duty of the officers to protect the people from error and heresy," interrupted Richard, hotly.

"The officers are the people's agents. Conscience belongs to the individual; it is not public property. The State has no right to meddle with men's consciences."

"The Church is of God; the officers of government are appointed by the Church; they are sanctified to the work, as members of the Church. None other may be appointed."

"Do you choose a leech because he is a member of the Church, or because he is skilled in physic? Do you make selection of a pilot because he is mighty in prayer or exhortation, or because he knows the rocks and shoals where you would navigate? Where, then, is the wisdom of placing government in hands that may have no skill, only because they are members of the Church?"

Richard felt that he was no match for this subtle and earnest man, yet his soul urged him to combat. "Such doctrine is destructive of both the Church and the State!" he cried. "We came here after many trials and much struggle to found a Church and a State — "

"And you at once corrupt your own purposes by demanding that every man shall worship as you tell him," interjected Williams, sensible of his advantage.

"'T is not true," said Richard, in the heat of argument. "We ask no man to come here. We warn him that unless he is one of us he had better remain away, for if he comes he must do as we do. We will brook no interlopers."

"Wherein you labor contrary to the true principle of religious freedom and work your own undoing," rejoined Williams. "Is not the true Church strong enough in the

Deep-Water Bridge, Plymouth, Massachusetts

truth to withstand heresies? If you are right, what have you to dread from those who are wrong? If you are wrong, what hope can you have to establish right out of wrong by the enactment and enforcement of laws?"

"What, then, would you have?" asked Matthew, aghast at the magnitude of the new thought.

"I would have in soul-matters no weapons but soul-weapons," returned the young reformer, fervently. "I would establish the sanctity of conscience. I would effect an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence. The felony of nonconformity should be blotted from the statute book; the fires that persecution has so long kept burning should be quenched. There should be no laws compelling attendance at public worship; both Elizabeth and James made such laws, and how did you regard them? I would abolish all compulsory contributions to the support of the Church. I would give equal protection to every form of worship, depending upon the wisdom and mercy of God to set up the true religion in the end. I would never suffer the forces of civil government to be used against dissenter, Jew, or Papist. There should be freedom and liberty for soul. My doctrine stands upon the two principles of the Reformation; upon justification by faith alone, and upon the equality of all believers."

"You would have all this, and you would have the destruction of the Church," observed Richard, bitterly.

"I would have all this, and I would have the salvation of the Church." returned Williams. "But if it meant the dissolution of the Church as it stands, I would still have it."

It was not the last time that Richard was to be in controversy with Roger Williams. It was not the last time that he came off second best. With ardent spirit, he threw himself against the bulwarks of the other's faith. Many and bitter were the struggles; long was the fight over his

soul. Overmatched as he was by the educated and fiery Welshman, he stood long in his trenches fighting manfully. By degrees his weapons failed him; his arguments broke.

But it was not by force of arms alone that Roger Williams vanquished him. Another factor more potent than logic, working so subtly that

The Town Brook at Plymouth, Massachusetts

Richard himself knew nought of its working, brought his heart to incline toward the doctrine of the young reformer. If what Roger Williams said were true, there could be no wickedness in his love for Marjorie, devoted daughter of Episcopacy though she was. It was this which brought him at last into concurrence with the new doctrine:

though he did not know it was that, and would have indignantly denied it.

Being once brought over to the conviction, Richard became one of the most enthusiastic of converts; which, from his nature, he must have been. For his was an ardent soul. Others there were who believed, but who could not declare their convictions. Some half believed in the abstract truth of what Williams preached, without assenting to its practical application. He had many friends in Plymouth, not least of whom in sympathy was Governor Bradford. Matthew Stevens followed the lead of his son.

As for Jonathan, he did not greatly care what the fury was all about, having little taste for doctrinal matters. He only knew that the change of faith in the household gave him greater peace and freedom, which he made full use of.

The change of heart in the Stevens family was not as abrupt as it has been sketched. It covered a period of two years. In the meantime Williams did more than make friends in Plymouth. He won the affection of the Indians, spending much time with the Narragansetts. His sense of justice was acute; he befriended the red man because he thought he had not been fairly treated by the whites. He even wrote a pamphlet attacking the right of King James to grant territory to the Plymouth settlement, maintaining that he had no title, which could be obtained only through purchase from the savages. From this pamphlet there were consequences which will appear hereafter.

Two years had passed since his arrival in Plymouth. His fame and notoriety had gone up and down the seacoast, stirring up contention. The people of Salem, hearing constantly of him, were more and more of a mind to have him for their minister, and urged him to come to them. Deliberating at great length, he at last concluded that he would go. One night he came to the Stevens house, now a

friendly haven and port of constant call, to announce his determination. A silence fell in the room when he had told them. The eyes of all passed from him to Richard. Richard, pale and tense, arose from the bench on which he was sitting, cleaning his flint-lock.

"May it please God," he said, "I will go with you!"

Almshouse Pond, Plymouth, Massachusetts

CHAPTER XVIII

TOO LATE

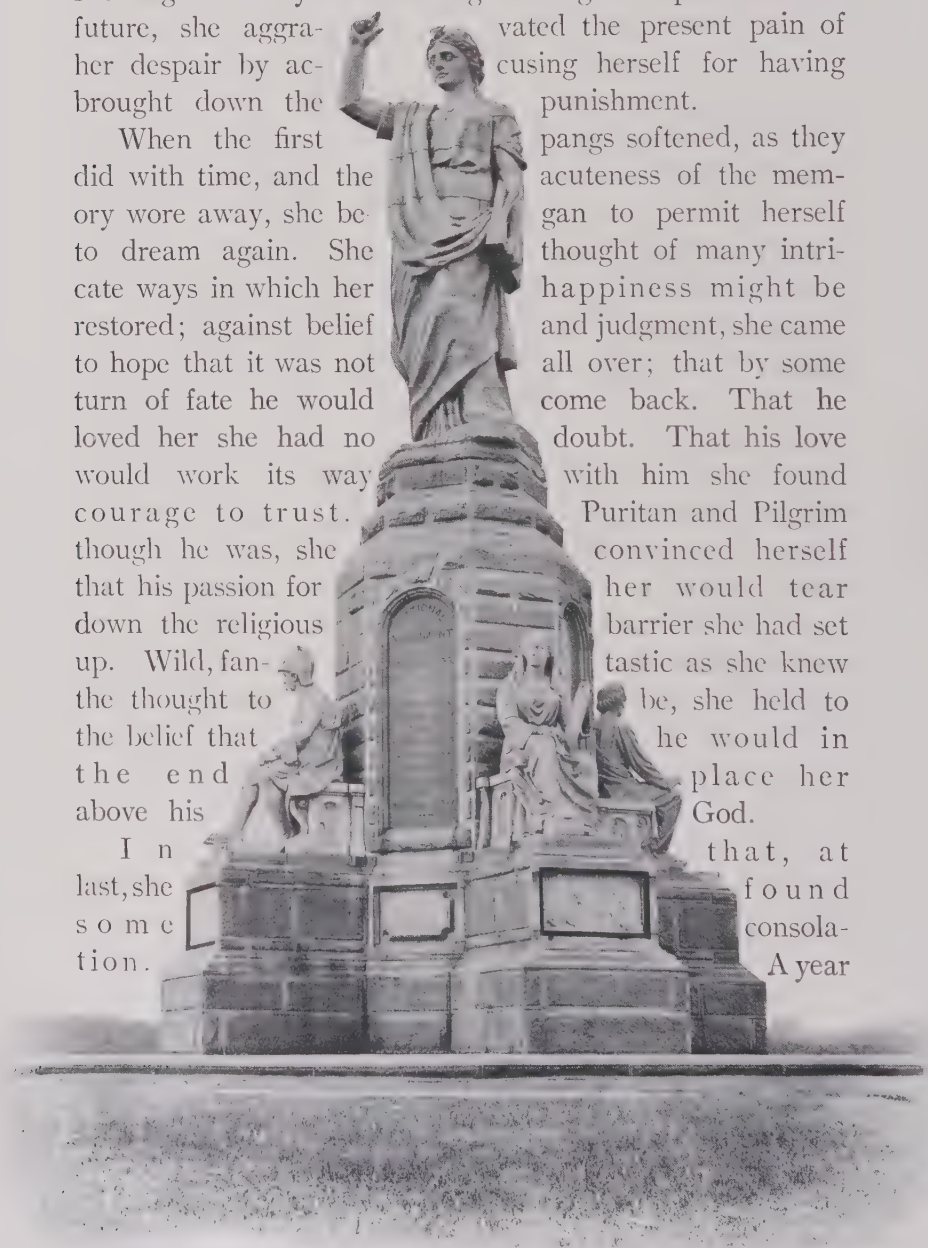
A CERTAIN subtle danger lurks in ideals. We have in our hearts a vision of things as we would have them to be; we are prone to force facts to fit our fancies. We would have truth so and so; behold, all things are distorted into a semblance to what we would have it. We desire to set up a mosaic we see in the mind's eye; if the little pieces that come to our hands do not fit the pattern in size and hue, we twist them, turn them upside down, discard such as we cannot transmute to our purpose; for us the figure we set up becomes the figure we desired. We would have a friend, a hero, a lover, a wife, to be this and that manner of person; the friend or wife that is becomes obscured in the halo of our dreams; we blunder and stumble until disillusionment comes. Then we are like to find that our ideal was wrong; that the truth is better.

So it was with Marjorie Underwood in her love for Richard Stevens. From the first sweet hours she had with him sprang a full blown vision; a glorious cloud of fancy that enveloped him until there was nothing left of him but the brilliant dream. Seeing him again, he came out of the cloud and rode upon it before her sight. Seeing him again, and perceiving wherein and by how much he differed from what she would have him, she straightway began by the alchemy of fancy to mold him into that which he was not. The man became the ideal that possessed her. Differing widely from that ideal, at points contradicting it, he nevertheless became the incarnation of it, through that quirk of the human heart that makes us force our facts.

For a time after Richard left, Marjorie was disconsolate. Believing that she had lost him utterly, to her poignant grief was added the bitterness that came from a knowledge that the loss was self-inflicted. She upbraided her own heart, showing no mercy. Foreseeing nothing to hope for in her future, she aggravated the present pain of her despair by accusing herself for having brought down the punishment.

When the first pangs softened, as they did with time, and the acuteness of the memory wore away, she began to permit herself to dream again. She thought of many intricate ways in which her happiness might be restored; against belief and judgment, she came to hope that it was not all over; that by some turn of fate he would come back. That he loved her she had no doubt. That his love would work its way with him she found courage to trust. Puritan and Pilgrim though he was, she convinced herself that his passion for her would tear down the religious barrier she had set up. Wild, fantastic as she knew the thought to be, she held to the belief that he would in the end place her above his God.

In that, at last, she found some consolation. A year



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THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

The Roger Williams House at Salem, Massachusetts

passed. She still lived with the Whitehall family, becoming almost an integral part of it, so closely were they all brought together by the conditions of life at that time. Whittaker, from the day he had told her of his love, had been faithful to his promise that she should have no need to seek refuge from him. He was so completely like a brother, down to the least detail of their intercourse, that the situation which she thought would be unbearable fell into natural postures. Almost she forgot that he loved her.

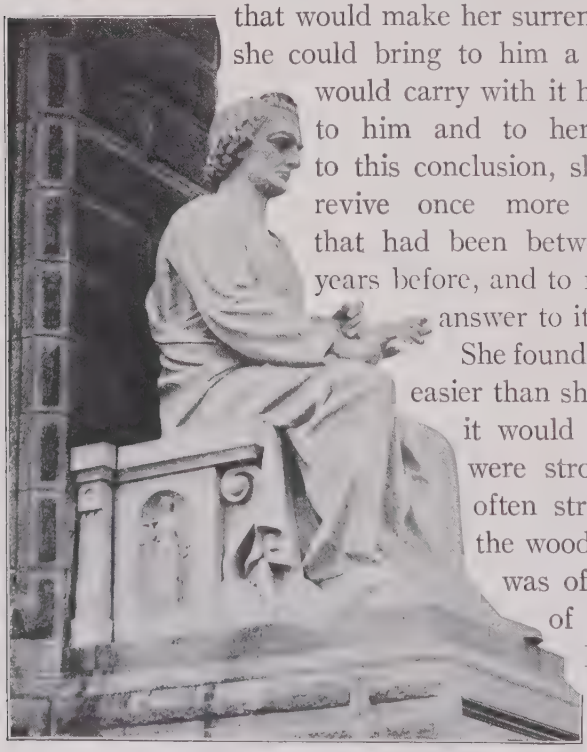
One year passed, and another followed, as years will. The thought of Richard Stevens was becoming by degrees impersonal again: the man was merging into his ideal. Once the man was revived by Whittaker himself, who returned from a visit to Boston and Plymouth with glowing reports of Richard's religious enthusiasm and the high honor in which he was held by his co-religionaries. But the ideal returned again swiftly, more fixed than before.

At the moment when this realization was forced upon her, her thoughts turned toward Whittaker. She had come again to the frame of mind in which, she believed, she could cherish him at the same time that her heart clung to her dreams. Her sense of obligation to him returned. Now she did not resent or resist it, since she knew that Whittaker neither intended to take advantage of it, nor admitted its existence. She owed him much; his surrender of all advantage, his thoughtful, tactful consideration of her, his loyalty, his constancy, affected her. In the bitter loneliness of her spirit, she inclined more and more toward him. Surely such a man could bring her what happiness there might be in the world for her.

In those times it was not a pleasant thing for a woman to grow to womanhood and pass on to old age with no home ahead of her. In the fight for existence demanded by the wilderness in which they lived, it was not well to be without

the support of some strong arm. A woman alone had no way to turn. She must become an object of charity, a burden. Knowing this full well, the knowledge had weight with Marjorie. It was not a selfish, sordid scheming for her own future that she held in mind. It was a sense of her responsibility to the community; a sense of her obligation to avoid becoming a charge, a drone. She should do her part. Here was one who loved her and would care for her, asking only her own love in return. If she could yield that love to him, it was her manifold duty to do so.

Reflecting deeply upon the problem, she concluded, after many weighty hours, that if she could not love him with the first love of her heart, she could at least go to him with a sincere, deeply founded affection, with an admiring esteem, that would make her surrender holy; that she could bring to him a devotion that would carry with it happiness both to him and to herself. Coming to this conclusion, she resolved to revive once more the question that had been between them two years before, and to return another answer to it.



LAW: FROM THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

She found the ordeal was easier than she had believed it would be. The two were strolling, as they often strolled, through the woods. Their talk was of many things; of the growth of Boston over the other settlements; of

the transfer there of the seat of government; of the strong immigration of Puritans setting in from England; of consequential men in the several offices of the company; of Roger Williams and the religious ferment he was like to stir up; of the new Connecticut colony and the settlement at Windsor, of the patent given the Catholic Lord Baltimore for another colony to be called Maryland, and of a dozen other matters of living interest to Whittaker. In their talk they came to the place where the path led from the main trail to the top of the hill, where was her favorite retreat. They had never been there together since that day two years before, when he had told his love. They avoided it by tacit understanding.

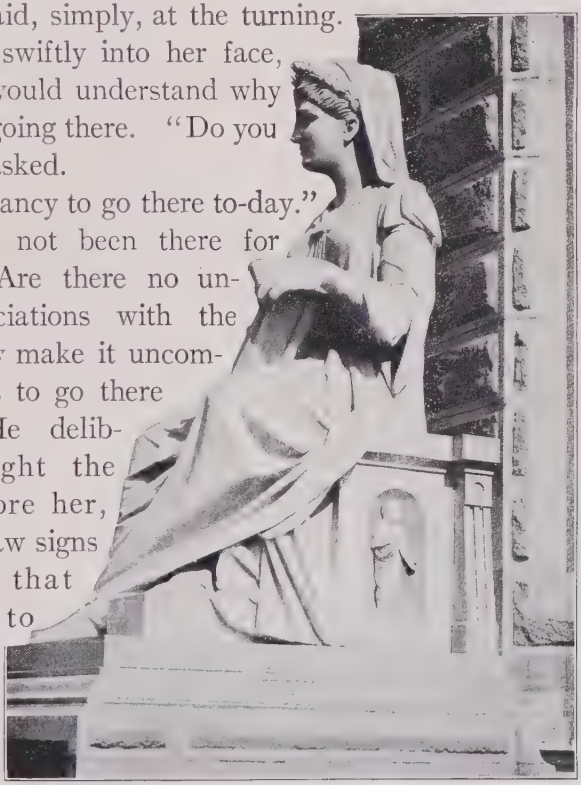
"Shall we walk upon the hill in the old spot, Whittaker?" she said, simply, at the turning.

He looked swiftly into her face, as though he would understand why she suggested going there. "Do you wish to?" he asked.

"I have a fancy to go there to-day."

"We have not been there for many days. Are there no unpleasant associations with the place that may make it uncomfortable for us to go there together?" He deliberately brought the question before her, believing he saw signs in her look that meant much to him.

"It is because of the associations



EDUCATION: FROM THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

that I would go there with you to-day," she returned, bravely.

For a while he walked in silence at her side. "Why do you wish to go there now?" he asked, at last, eagerly.

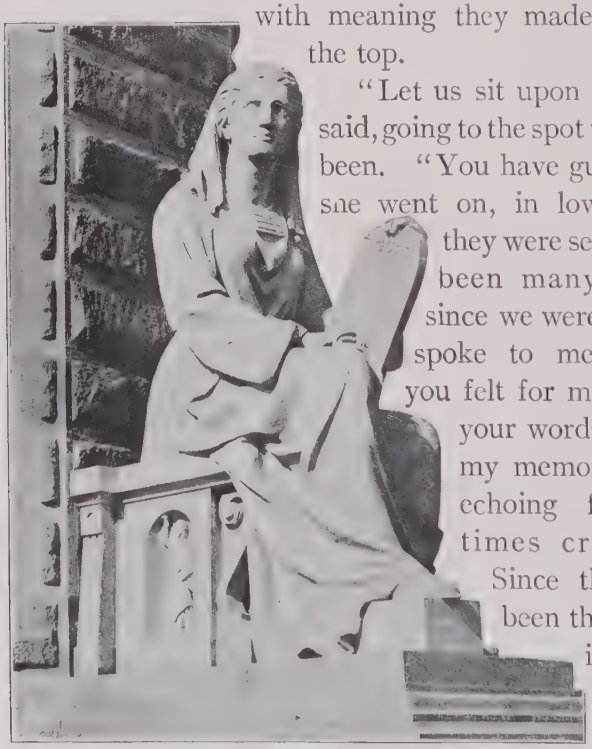
"I see you have guessed why."

"I dare not believe that I have guessed aright," he said.

"I dare believe that you have."

"Do you mean that you wish to bring up the question we talked of, then?"

For answer she smiled, without looking at him. Something stopped speech in his throat; he walked as one in a mist. Perceiving what her words had wrought within him, an answering emotion stirred in her own heart. Here was a love to be cherished and nourished. In a silence fraught with meaning they made their way to the top.



MORALITY: FROM THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

"Let us sit upon the rock," she said, going to the spot where they had been. "You have guessed aright," she went on, in low voice, when they were seated. "It has been many, many days since we were here and you spoke to me of the love you felt for me. Since then your words have lived in my memory; sometimes echoing faintly, sometimes crying loudly. Since then you have been the soul of honor in your faithfulness to the promise you

made to me; since then you have been gloriously true, tenderly considerate always, always one to be admired and reverenced."

"You do me too much kindness," he murmured.

"I have done you too little kindness," she replied; "my heart chides me for it. I have learned much since that time. Let me tell you what, honestly, freely. When you told me that you loved me, I was half frightened and half sorry. There was in my heart the image of another, an image that I had built there from my memory with the tools of my fancy. When I gave you my answer, I believed that it was a living image. But now I have learned that it was not.

"And if you wish to have me make you another answer; if you still leave the privilege open to me; if you can take my heart with the dead image still in it, I pray you to do it. If perchance my love is not the love you wish it to be, I promise you that I shall school it to become so; and that without task, for I hold you in an esteem that is more than most love is founded upon."

She finished in a low, soft voice. Her gaze was upon the sea, inscrutable, like her future. As she spoke the image quickened for an instant, giving her pain; but her heart was brave and her words faltered not. For answer the man by her side took her hand tenderly, pressing kisses upon it.

Salem was in a turmoil of excitement when the two reached home. Roger Williams had arrived, to become the minister of the local church. Although he had been chosen and prevailed upon to come, there were some in Salem who did not approve of him, and who opposed his coming to the last. Now that he had come, talk ran fast.

Whittaker, perceiving the groups standing about engaged in acute discussion, left Marjorie at the door of the house and went to learn what it portended. When he came back, he was not alone. Marjorie, glancing through the

open door, saw him coming, and saw the other who was with him. At the sight the dead and silent image sprang into clamoring life; for the other was Richard Stevens.

It was evening. Richard, urged by Whittaker and the family, had remained for supper. Marjorie was absent. Richard, burning with a desire to speak with her, loitered.

Leaving at last, he had not gone far when he saw her standing beneath a tree, half obscured in the gloom. He went toward her, eagerly. "Marjorie!" he said. All the love he had so long repressed was in his words; the tone of his voice thrilled her, and struck her silent.

"Marjorie, it has been years since we parted," he said. "When I left, there was a shadow between us. Must that shadow endure?"

"It has been only two years," she returned, irrelevantly.

"Two years, only?" he said. "Nay, I had thought it had been more, so much have I passed through in the time and so heavy have been the hours. Marjorie, when I came two years ago, I came with a purpose from which you yourself diverted me. I permitted myself, foolishly, to be affected by your words. Since then what I would have said to you has so grown within me that I must speak to you now, to-night, though I have been here only a few hours. I cannot wait; I cannot abide longer to be silent."

"No, no," she sobbed; "you must not speak."

He grasped her hand, for she would have fled from him. "For the good of my soul, I must," he urged.

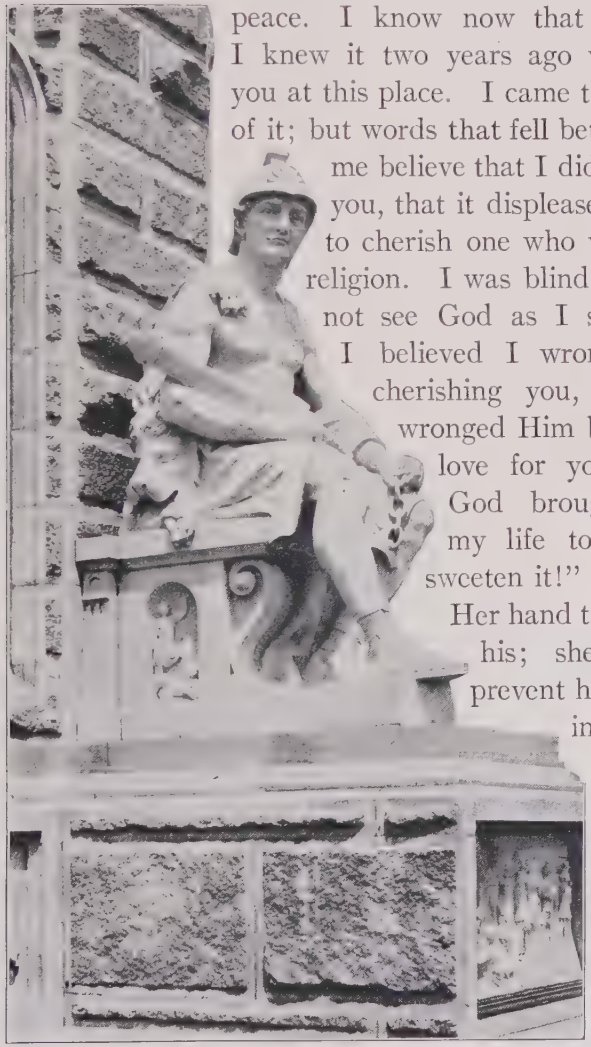
"For the good of my soul, you must not," she replied, with deep emotion.

There was something in her words and manner that drove him on; that told him that she loved him. He believed it was only modesty, the dread a maiden has of love, that made her fear him. "From the first hour we were together

A Path of Woodflowers

many years ago, in the colony on Cape Ann, when I found you sad and disconsolate, I have loved you, Marjorie," he said, still clinging to her hand, and drawing her toward him.

She struggled to free herself; he would not suffer it. "Wait!" he cried, fervently. "You must listen! I have much to say. When I have said it, I will hold my peace. I know now that I loved you: I knew it two years ago when I found you at this place. I came then to tell you of it; but words that fell between us made me believe that I did wrong to love you, that it displeased God for me to cherish one who was not of my religion. I was blind then; I could not see God as I see Him now. I believed I wronged Him by cherishing you, when I only wronged Him by denying my love for you; for surely God brought you into my life to chasten and sweeten it!"



Her hand trembled within his; she struggled to prevent him from drawing her closer. He saw that she sobbed; heard the beatings of her heart. "But now a wise man has shown me the

FREEDOM: FROM THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

truth," he went on, "and I have come once more to tell you this time of my love. Let my passion plead my excuse."

By the starlight he saw the light within her eyes. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" he whispered. "Tell me, hath not God himself given you to me?"

"There is that between us you cannot explain away."

"How mean you, Marjorie?"

"You come too late!"

"Too late?" He let go her hand, staring at her.

Slowly, heavily, her answer came. "I am promised to another."

With a moan, he shrank back; not from the woman, but from the sanctity that her words had thrown about her.

Without a sound, she turned and fled into the house.

Richard, his head bowed down, longed with all his soul to be a care-free, heart-free lad again at Plymouth.

THE BOAT POND AT PLYMOUTH

CHAPTER XIX

EL SEÑOR DIABLO

ONE day in the year 1633, a prodigiously fat and stolid man sat at meat with a brisk little sea-captain in a palisaded fort, standing on an island running south into salt water. The island had more the appearance and character of a peninsula than of an island. It was long and comparatively narrow, with broad water on only three sides of it. To the west was a wide river; to the east an arm of the sea, separating the lesser island from a greater one, that looked like the mainland; to the south a great bay, stretching away and away until it brought up against low shores on the horizon line. On the north, the island was such only because of a narrow stream, or inlet, that severed it from the mainland.

Close to the fort where the fat man and the sea-captain sat at meat, observing some regular order and alignment, were a score or more of log-cabins. Between the cabins ran crude streets, in which grass and sand struggled against each other for mastery. Groups of men were gathered at intervals in the street, silently smoking long clay pipes and gazing placidly from each others' countenances to a speck of a sail that approached the island from the southeast.

The island was Manhattan; the cluster of cabins, New Amsterdam; the fort, Fort Amsterdam. The river at the west was the North River; that at the east, the East River; the bay was what is now New York Harbor. The land to the east was Long Island; that to the west and southwest, the Jersey shore. The fat man at meat was Wouter van Twiller, governor of New Netherland for the West India company;

the sea-captain with him, Captain David Pieters de Vries, recently returned from a disastrous attempt to found a Dutch colony on the Delaware. The men at their pipes were Dutch colonists. The sail was a puzzle.

For twenty years there had been a colony of Dutch on Manhattan. Hendrick Christiansen, in 1613, built several huts on the island and sailed up and down, driving a prosperous trade with the Indians. A year later he returned, accompanied by two other adventurous mariners of Holland; Cornelius May and Adrian Block. Block, whose ship was burned as soon as it arrived, built another and cruised up and down the coast, getting as far as Cape Cod in it. May went in another direction, entering Delaware Bay, and naming Cape May and Cape Henlopen; the first for himself, and the second for a town in Friesland.

Returning to Holland, these men had much to do with the organization of the New Netherland company, which obtained a grant of land extending from the Delaware on the south to Cape Cod on the east, and latitude 45° on the north. This company sent settlers to their possessions in 1622. Some of them stopped at Manhattan; others went up the Hudson River to a point below Albany, where the French had begun a fort years before. They repaired the fort, and named it Fort Nassau.

In 1621, the Dutch West India company was formed in Holland, for the purpose of exploiting the fur trade in New Netherland. The powers given the company under its charter from the States General were well nigh imperial. It had exclusive control over all trade on the coasts of North America and Africa; no Dutchman could sail the Atlantic between the tropic of Cancer and the Cape of Good Hope, or between Newfoundland and the Straits of Magellan, without the consent of the company.

The company was empowered to appoint and remove

all public officers within its territory, to administer justice, to build forts, make treaties with barbaric princes, and repel invaders. Only supreme officers, such as the governors-general, needed the endorsement of the States General. With the consent of the States General, it could make formal declaration of war. War being declared, the States General

MANHATTAN, BEFORE THE DUTCH SETTLEMENT

obligated itself to furnish twenty war-ships to the company, to be manned and supported at the company's expense. Besides this, the company must keep in commission a fleet of its own of like numerical strength. The government of the company was in the hands of five separate chambers, representing different sections of the Netherlands. There was an executive board, sometimes known as the College of Nineteen, including members of each chamber.

It was not until the spring of 1623 that the Dutch West India company was ready to begin its work of colonization. At that time the ship *New Netherland* sailed for America,

bringing with it a number of families. Some of them stopped at Manhattan; more of them went up the river to Fort Nassau, which was moved near to the present site of Albany and called Fort Orange. Another Fort Nassau was built on the Delaware, opposite the present site of Philadelphia. A third, called Fort Good Hope, was begun on the Connecticut River, where Hartford now is.

From the beginning, the Dutch were good friends with the Indians.

PETER MINUIT BUYING MANHATTAN ISLAND FROM THE INDIANS, 1626

In 1622, when they rebuilt Fort Nassau, Jacob Eelkens, left in command of the fort, made a treaty with the Mohawks. Peter Minuit, made governor of New Netherland in 1625, won their friendship by paying them for the Island of Manhattan. The price he paid was not one that would excite the grateful affection of the vendor now. He got the whole island of 22,000 acres, for 60 guilders, equal to $24 at that time, and to about $120 in present money.

The business ventures of the settlers paid well, but there was dissatisfaction on the part of the company because of the slow growth of the colonies. The population of New

England was increasing at a much livelier rate; a circumstance full of threat to New Netherland, for England claimed for herself the territory occupied by the Dutch, basing her claim on its having been discovered by Henry Hudson, a native of England, and on northern America's having been settled first by the English at Jamestown.

To encourage immigration, the company devised a patroon system, giving large tracts of land to any who would carry settlers to their possessions and set up colonies. The patroons, as the recipients of the gifts were called, were vested with rights over those whom they brought as settlers that were equal to the authority the feudal lords once held over their serfs and vassals. One of the first patroons to take advantage of the offer was Michael Pauw, who obtained Hoboken, on Staten Island, which latter he named in honor of the States General, and what is now Jersey City. This he called Pavonia, after his own name.

A second and the most important of them all, was Killian van Rensselaer, a jeweler of Antwerp, to whom was given all of the present Albany and Rensselaer counties, excepting the site of Fort Orange. He brought his vast holdings to a great strength; so great that he was able to defy Peter Stuyvesant in years to come.

The first patroon estate to be opened, however, was one west of Cape Henlopen, called Swandale. Five directors of the company took this estate, and settled a colony there. But when De Vries, who was one of the five, returned from a trip to Holland, he found the place destroyed by the Indians, and all the inhabitants massacred. Having found things in that shape, he set sail for New Amsterdam, arriving there shortly after Wouter van Twiller. Van Twiller had recently been appointed to succeed Minuit, the victim of broils and intrigues in the company at home. Van Twiller owed his appointment to influence obtained through his marriage.

He was a clerk in the company's warehouses in Amsterdam. Beyond a certain ability for detail that had been drilled into him, he was unfit, being stupid, slow, irresolute, without good judgment or enough assurance to use what he had. As a man for the head of large affairs, he was hopeless.

Seated at meat with the wiry, wary little captain on this day in the year 1633, Wouter van Twiller turned a countenance upon him as placid as a pond, stared fixedly at him for five minutes without blinking, lifted and drank a great beaker of wine, and stared for five more minutes in the same manner. To say that his countenance showed thoughtfulness would be speaking too strongly. It showed nothing at all, save undulating planes of fat rolling from his dimple of a nose to the little pudgy ears that stuck out straight from the head, as though they would save themselves from an oleaginous suffocation.

Having punctuated his second period of staring with a second beaker, Wouter, without the least change in his lack of expression, projected an interrogative grunt in the direction of his table companion. De Vries, who had paid not the least attention to the staring of the other, being himself too much engrossed in the victuals and the wine, raised his head from his trencher for a moment, shook it, and applied himself once more to stowing away provisions.

Thus their conversation continued without interruption for the space of half an hour. How much longer they might have eaten and drank and interchanged their views and opinions must forever remain a matter of conjecture; for at the end of the aforesaid period of time there came shuffling into the room a black, twisted little Dutchman, cap in hand and head hanging, as a mark of respect to the great man in whose presence he stood, who seemed to have something that he wished to say. In the course of time, Wouter, imbued with an idea concerning the

THE JUDGMENT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER (*From the painting by George Henry Broughton*)

twisted one's desire to relieve his mind, discharged an inflected grunt at him.

That Wouter's method of conversing was well understood was demonstrated at once. "There is a vessel in the harbor bearing the English flag," said the twisted little black man as though he had been asked a question. "The officer of the fort did not wish to disturb you, but I thought you would like to know."

Wouter van Twiller looked on De Vries with unruffled face. De Vries leapt to his feet in instant excitement. There might be deep significance in the coming of a British ship. The claim of England upon the country the Hollanders held was well known; James I had made complaint to The Hague when the West India company was formed. The complaint had not grown to expostulation and interference then because England, about to go to war with Spain, wanted Dutch help in the impending conflict. The dispute, quiescent for a time, had been revived the year before, when the ship *Eendragt*, carrying Peter Minuit home from his governorship in New Amsterdam, took refuge from a storm in the harbor of Plymouth, where John Mason, member of the council for New England, arrested and detained him. Minuit was eventually permitted to proceed on his way, but not before the rival claims of the two countries had been thrashed out in Parliament and at The Hague.

England claiming the territory in question because it had been discovered in 1497 by John Cabot when he sailed the coast of North America, Holland replied that it had been discovered by Henry Hudson, and that whatever claim England may have had on it was forfeit now, because the Dutch had first occupied it. On this point they made use of an authority no less authentic and English than Queen Elizabeth herself; who promulgated and sustained the doctrine that discovery without occupation was of no avail

in establishing right to new territory. There being no answer possible to this argument other than a war-ship and an army, Captain de Vries was not sure that the vessel in the harbor, flying the English flag, might not mean one or both of these retorts. Wherefore he arose from his seat at table, visibly excited.

Wouter, perceiving him rise, rose also, looking from his face to the face of the twisted man in search of a suggestion for his further conduct. He was not long in receiving it. David de Vries, snatching up his great brimmed hat and buckling on his sword, which he had laid aside for greater convenience in eating, grasped the governor by a sleeve and towed him turgidly through the door, Wouter rolling from side to side and puffing breathlessly as he waddled down the street.

The vessel that had aroused the governor from his trencher and beaker had also stirred the whole town into turmoil. Every one was down by the waterside, near the fort: maids and matrons, men and youths, children and babes in arms. The twisted man who had brought the news to the governor, at the center of a great group of open-mouthed men and boys, was expounding much concerning the stranger, with an authority born of his having been long years at sea in the Dutch navy.

Diedrich Plaatz was his name. He had served in many a bitter fight; the twist and blackness of his body were due to the premature explosion of a charge of powder he was ramming into a great gun aboard a frigate. A corresponding twist to his mind came from the irresponsibility of his having long been a sailor.

In course of time the vessel furled sail and came to anchor off the fort. Presently a small boat put over and approached the shore. When it touched the strand, out stepped Jacob Eelkens, the same who had been left at Fort Nassau on the

upper Hudson years before, and who had brought about the treaty with the Five Nations that meant so much to the future of the Dutch and English in America. He was now in the employ of Colbury & Company, English merchants of London, and had come to trade with the Indians. So much he announced in the first moments he was ashore.

Eelkens himself had no more than left the small vessel at the landing-place than there arose from the seat in the

FORT AMSTERDAM (*From an old engraving done in Holland*)

stern a man of many years, whose appearance struck immediately upon the attention of those who saw him. He was a slight, thin man, seemingly frail of body; one would have thought that the great age apparent in the texture of his skin, in his wrinkled countenance, his thin, white hair, would have bent his frail shoulders. But he was erect and firm with head held high; about his whole carriage there was a suggestion of nobility of birth and character. There were signs of it in the diminutive hand, still supple on the wrist, and the beautiful foot, that bore him

among the heavy Dutch as lightly as though he were in his teens.

Striking as was his bearing and carriage, there was something about his features and expression far more impressive, speaking still more emphatically of higher breeding. His skin was dark, his features thin and fine, his brow high and proud, his eyes shining like stars from beneath white brows. His expression was that of one who

Landing of Dutch Colonists in Staten Island

makes an endless quest; eager, expectant, half hoping, half despairing, never faltering. There was a yearning in the eyes; a sadness about the firm mouth.

As he stepped ashore his glance ran swiftly among all those assembled there, penetrating to the last rank, resting on each face for a moment of close scrutiny, passing to the next, and so through the gathering to the last one of them. Having finished his inspection, the quick, eager look still remained in his eyes; he glanced away at the cabins, to see if all the settlers were here; he glanced back

at the crowd, as though to make sure he had omitted none from his scrutiny.

As his eyes returned to the assembled people, they rested upon the physiognomy of Diedrich Plaatz, standing immediately in front of him and looking quizzically into his face. The stranger had no more than set eyes upon him, than Diedrich, uttering a great whoop, danced on the ground and waved his hat above his head. "The Spaniard!" he shouted "'T is the Spaniard! 'T is the Spaniard!"

Instantly the excitement of the moment, which was already considerable because of the arrival of Eelkens in the capacity of an Englishman, surged with increased violence around the two who confronted each other; the Dutchman denouncing the stranger with vicious vehemence, the other facing his accuser with quiet contempt.

To be called a Spaniard in the midst of a Dutch town where one was a stranger was no light thing. Spain and the Spanish were the dearest enemies of Holland; between the two nations had been a long struggle; on the one hand an attempt to build up the Catholic religion on a nation peculiarly free in religious ideas and to exploit a land and a people; on the other a dogged resistance against oppression and tyranny. Many bloody wars had there been between them, and generations of bitter broil. The Dutchman hated a Spaniard with a many-faceted hate, thick, solid, immutable like himself. Of late the hate had broken forth once more in a savage maritime war; now, of all times, it was no light matter to be called a Spaniard.

If the accused one knew the danger, he made no sign, confronting the black and twisted man before him with haughty indifference.

"How know you he is Spanish?" asked De Vries, pressing busily through the crowd to where the two stood.

"Nay, have I not seen him raging like one possessed

about the decks of Spanish ships, beating down our boarders, sending shot through our ribs, the very devil incarnate? We called him Señor Diablo, we who sailed against him; and the very devil he was. Why, it was in a fight against his ship, in which we were four craft against one, that I had these wounds; and then, would you believe it? the villain came off free, leaving two of us sinking and a third crippled to death!"

A clamor arose from those overhead. In the midst of the noise, the voice of the stranger rang forth, clear as a trumpet. "He speaks the truth," he cried in perfect Dutch, his eye flashing challenge. "I have been a Spanish sailor, and am like to be again, though that is not my mission here!"

The clamor increased; some there were who would have laid hands on him. Wouter van Twiller, in whose hands the stranger's fate rested, standing in the fringe of the crowd gazing apathetically into the small of the back of the man who stood immediately in front of him, was neither aware of what went forward, nor in any wise concerned in it. A mild curiosity and a hope that a way might be made clear for him to see what to do, combined with the physical inconvenience of proceeding elsewhere, held him where he was.

"Down with the Don! Hang the Spaniard!" shouted the crowd, slowly becoming a mob in spirit. The little bent and blackened man danced in a gleeful fury, leading the shouting, but making no specific demonstrations against Señor Diablo. De Vries looked at the stranger doubtfully, debating with himself what should be done. The don, fearless, immovable, glanced angrily about him, with the air of one who chides his vassals.

"Hang him at your risk!" A man, with drawn sword stood by the one who was hunted. "He is under the protection of the Cross of Saint George. Be he Spaniard, or

the devil himself, you shall not lay hands on him without reckoning with England for it!" It was Eelkens who spoke.

The Spaniard acknowledged the protection of the man as far as he could without compromising himself by confessing that he needed protection. The crowd held back, muttering, but of no mind to do violence against England.

"Who and whence is he?" demanded De Vries, seeking an escape from the

De Vries in the Ice, New York, 1643

position into which the precipitancy of Diedrich had hastened Manhattan.

"Who he is, I know not, save that he is one of great honor and manliness, and many years, who came to me in London as I prepared to set sail, and besought me to bring him thither, which I have done, and for which deed I make myself wholly responsible."

"Who are you?" De Vries turned to the stranger with Dutch abruptness.

"A stranger who seeks your hospitality, which I shall

well requite with gold," he answered, disdainfully. "If you choose not to receive me, you need not."

A silence fell upon them all. Wouter van Twiller was much disturbed in spirit thereby, fearing that it portended a reference of the matter to his decision. He was presently relieved of the fear, however. When all were hesitating, subordinated and confused, uncertain what to do, a young girl stepped forth and reached her hand toward him demurely, but with a determination and courage that bade none interfere. She was a fresh, bright, blue-eyed miss of some sixteen summers, plump and fair. Her face was not beautiful; it might have been called pretty but for a certain strength of character in the expression that raised it above that epithet.

"I am Katrinka Schoonveldt," she said. "You shall come with me; we have room at our house for you."

The Spaniard, doffing his hat with an elaborate bow, raised the hand to his lips. "The señorita is very kind," he said. "I can but accept her hospitality. I am deeply grateful; you shall not be sorry, I promise you."

Blushing under the gallant attentions he showed her, to which, being a Dutch girl, she was in nowise used, Katrinka turned and led the old man through the crowd, which stood back and gaped at her as she went between them.

Wouter van Twiller, greatly relieved at seeing this solution of his latest problem, turned and lumbered toward the fort, having bethought himself of a glass of wine.

CHAPTER XX

KATRINKA

WOUTER VAN TWILLER had not proceeded far toward the fort, thinking of the glass of wine he promised himself, before he was stopped by a great hue and cry from the shore, where he had left Eelkens holding converse with David de Vries. The hue and cry of itself would hardly have detained him from his purpose of getting a glass of wine, which, it might be observed in passing, was the only purpose in life to which he ever held with unswerving loyalty, but there was mingled with the din a calling out of his own name, and shouted demands that he return. For a space he stood, undecided; before he could fully make up his mind, De Vries had him by the sleeve and was towing him back toward the Englishmen who had landed from the boat. "He says this country is his!" snorted De Vries, fuming with anger and indignation.

INTERIOR OF A DUTCH DRINKING PLACE (*From the painting by Teniers*)

Van Twiller made no direct reply to the remark. Neither did he speak a word when Eelkens, taking up the contention

where he had apparently dropped it when De Vries ran off to fetch the governor, asseverated and reiterated that by all the laws of God and man, and several more that could not be fixed upon either, the country was owned by England. The situation was growing intense because of the failure of Van Twiller to make an official rejoinder; there were those who feared Eelkens would shortly establish his claim by word of mouth alone and carry Manhattan away in his ship. Suddenly there was a faint flicker of light in the depths of Wouter's little eyes, and as close an approach to an expression on his face as ever appeared in his features. Looking with this countenance upon Eelkens, he said, with tremendous solemnity and conviction: "Come and have a glass of wine!"

The solution which Wouter hit upon had certain elements in its favor. It was at least agreeable to the other party to the contention, and was likely to promote a feeling of friendship and a spirit of peace. Eelkens, grinning complacently at the turn affairs had taken, walked up to the rim of the Dutch governor, reached a hand through the gubernatorial elbow, and proceeded to escort Wouter toward the proffered bumpers.

As they were proceeding together toward the fort and the wine, arm in arm, Katrinka Schoonveldt and her mysterious companion walked silently through the streets of the settlement toward the home of Katrinka's parents. Reaching the edge of the cluster of houses, the girl pointed toward a cabin that stood away from the rest, telling her companion that it was there she lived. The cabin was little more than a hut, with low walls and a roof with only a single pitch, like that of a shed.

Katrinka assured him once more that there was room for him, and that he would be very welcome. When they reached the door of the cabin she turned to her companion,

hesitating, in deep embarrassment. "You have not told me your name?" she faltered.

He smiled upon her perplexity. "I am Don Augustin de Dolores," he said simply.

In another moment they were within the house. Mynheer Schoonveldt and his frow were glad to see the guest Katrinka brought to them. Indeed, as the stranger soon perceived, they would not be likely to be displeased with anything that Katrinka might do. For she was the only child left to her parents out of many. Wherefore there was nothing she might do that had any wrong in it. Her parents were simple Dutch folk who had come to the new country for a reason that Mynheer Schoonveldt had forgotten and no one else ever knew. Perhaps he had some vague idea when he left Holland that he would hunt furs, but he never got further toward it than making wooden shoes. They had suffered from the Spanish war, three of their sons having been killed; but the resentment they would naturally have entertained against this Spaniard was neutralized by his old age and by the circumstance that Katrinka stood his champion. Mynheer Schoonveldt received him with a nod and a pipe of tobacco; his frow bustled about until she produced a jug of home-brewed beer and the wreck of a Dutch cheese. The Spaniard, being above all things a gentleman, partook of both with a straight face.

Don Augustin's apartment that night was the space behind a bear-skin hung two feet from the wall at that side of the room where the roof was the highest, giving the greatest clearance. His bed was made of interlaced boughs, covered by a rough mattress filled with the whittlings from the wooden shoes that Herr Schoonveldt made. Beyond the bear-skin, as he composed himself to sleep, he could hear the shoemaker and his wife already asleep, in what circumstances he did not venture to ascertain. He only

spoke softly, to bid Katrinka a last good night, as he resigned himself to slumber.

Between Don Augustin and Katrinka there rapidly sprang up a close companionship. Despite the fact that she was pampered and petted by her parents to the extent of their meager abilities, she was wholly unspoiled, being attentively considerate of them and of the aged man who

Selling Arms to the Indians in New York in 1641

was their guest. She was more than attentive to her elders, she was lovingly tender. Toward the Spaniard she displayed a warmth of sympathy that melted him to a strong affection for her; such an affection as a grandparent might have for a grandchild.

The mystery about the man had a strong appeal for Katrinka. She speculated much and many times on his coming alone at his age, evidently bent upon some mission that he did not care to announce. She built up scores of theories, romancing much about him in her own mind, permitting her fancy full play. But though she desired to

know about him with a curiosity that consumed, she never made the least hint of it. She treated him, as nearly as she could, as though his being there was a matter of course; she tried to base her attitude toward him on the pretense that they had known each other always.

Neither did Don Augustin venture any explanation. On the first morning of his stay, Mynheer Schoonveldt, lacking the tact of his daughter, asked him his errand in New Amsterdam. It was a natural question to put to a man lately arrived from Europe at a rough settlement of a few hundred persons. The Spaniard appreciated it as such, overlooking its impertinence. But in his answer he showed that it was not a topic that he chose to discuss, even with those who had befriended him. "I have come on affairs that demand my personal and private attention," he replied, courteously but finally.

He had not been there many days, however, before he relented somewhat in favor of Katrinka. Perhaps the scrupulous care with which she avoided any intrusion reassured him that he might confide in her; perhaps her tender solicitude for him caused his heart to overflow; perhaps he considered it his chivalrous duty to set at rest, so far as he could, any doubt these people might have concerning him. Whatever the reason, he came to relent in a measure, and to tell Katrinka something of himself.

One day, after he had been in New Amsterdam nearly a week, Mynheer Schoonveldt had gone to the fort to deliver a pair of shoes to an officer, his good wife was at her tub behind the cabin, Katrinka was knitting a pair of stockings for her father, when the Spaniard entered the room, returning from a visit to the town. Many times since he had been there had he walked forth through the village, always going alone; many times had he returned, as he returned now, saddened and discouraged.

Katrinka, hearing his step on the stone sill, looked quickly up at him. In her face was compassion for his years and his disappointment. He saw the look and smiled upon her, with tears in his eyes. "The señorita has a kind heart," he said. "She is good to an old man."

"I only fear that I do not do all that I might," replied Katrinka, with a strange mingling of confusion and friendliness in her tone and manner. The elegant bearing of the Spaniard still intimidated her, but their companionship had given her a feeling of assurance that struggled against her awe of him.

Don Augustin seated himself on a bench, wearily. "Is it not much to show affection for an old man to whom none is left in the wide world?" he said, with a sigh.

"Surely not I alone cherish you, Señor Dolores," she said. She was stirred by a hope that he was about to tell her his story; he had never before spoken so much concerning himself.

"Ay, you are so, señorita. In all the wide world there is no one who loves me; there is no one to make my old age a pleasant memory." He did not complain; there was no bitterness; simply deep sorrow, ineffable longing.

"Are there none?" Katrinka asked, laying aside her work and coming to sit at his feet. Tears were in her eyes as she raised them to his face. "Is there no one at home, in Spain, who would be glad if you came back? Are you certain?"

"Ay, child, I am certain," returned the old man, stroking her hair and her cheek. "Once I knew love, but it was snatched from me. Once I had my loved ones about me, but they are gone. I have since known fame, honor, distinction, wealth, power, but never happiness. Now these others have dropped from my shoulders like a garment worn to tatters, and I am left with nothing!"

The Palisades of the Hudson

"Are your loved ones dead?" Her hand sought his; she drew it to her lips caressingly.

For a while he made no answer, his eyes fixed far in the distant past. "They are worse than dead!" he breathed at last. "My wife, indeed, is laid in her grave; but the fate that has befallen the others is unknown to me. They were taken from me in their infancy; since then I have neither seen nor learned aught of them, save vague rumors that have floated to mine ears."

"Do you wish to tell me?" asked the girl, presently. It was not her curiosity that spoke; it was her sympathy for the man, and the belief that it might make him happier to reveal his story.

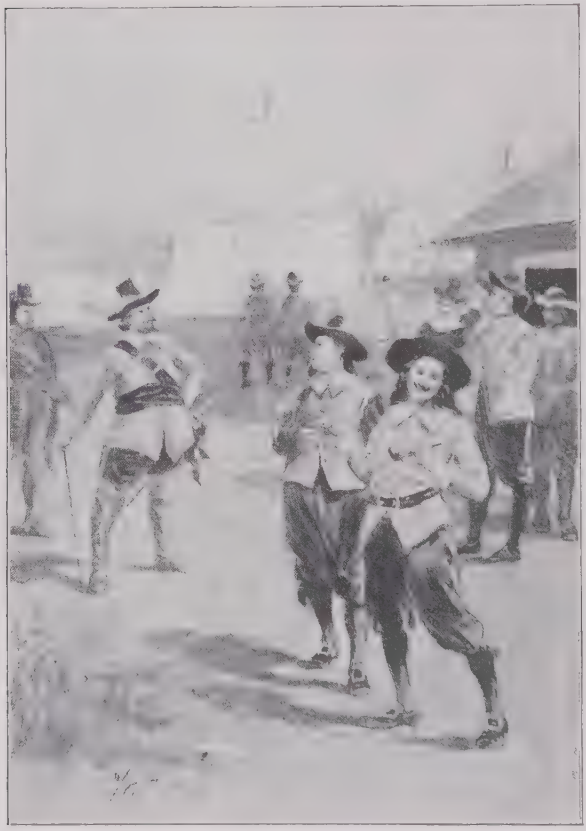
"It is better that I should not tell," replied Don Augustin. "It is better that the story should go with me to my grave; unless the time comes when it may be told to the proper ears. As for you, child, you already do much for me; your love is a spring of joy to my aged heart. Let me have that; you can do no more."

"You shall have it always," she replied. "You will stay with us always, Señor Dolores!" she went on, impulsively. "I will care for you. My mother and my father will cherish you for my sake and for yours; your life shall taste all that you say was snatched out of it."

He shook his head sadly. "Nay," he said; "that may not be. I have a quest that will keep me wandering to the last of my days. I would stay here, perhaps, having found such a haven, but that my spirit drives me on, like one tormented."

Indeed, restlessness took possession of him at the moment. Arising from the bench, he tottered to the door and looked out upon the village, with the fort and Eelkens' ship in the distance. Never had he seemed so old to Katrinka as in that moment; his face, pale and haggard, was drawn

with sorrow; his hands trembled; his shoulders, for the first time, seemed to bend beneath his burden of years and disappointment. Katrinka, following him to the door, laid a hand on his arm.



Reception by the Dutch of the First Englishmen at New Amsterdam (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

"See," she said, "you are too weary to go farther. Rest here with us. Let another take up your quest for you; perchance even I may find what you seek."

"I cannot," he answered. "I must go now. I will go up the river; perchance I shall learn something there. I will see you when I return. I will stop then to give thanks to your parents; now I must hasten, lest the ship sail and leave me."

Without another word, he strode off toward the fort. Though she pleaded and coaxed, though she strove to hold him by the sleeve, he would not stay.

The *Soutberg* still lay in the harbor. For a number of days a dispute had been running between Eelkens, repre-

sentative of Colbury & Company of London, and Governor van Twiller, Eelkens asserting that he would go up the river and trade, the country being British, and Van Twiller insisting that he could not go up the river, the country being Dutch.

As Don Augustin made his way toward the landing-place, he perceived signs of activity on the vessel, of which he could catch glimpses from time to time as he hastened forward. Men were in the rigging, loosening the sail from the buntlines; the canvas hung flopping in the breeze, ready to be set; the sound of her anchor chain in the chucks came to his ears. A half frantic fear seized him; the vessel was clearly about to set sail and leave him ashore, when he had a quest up the river!

With a speed astonishing in one of his years, he hastened forward, running. As he ran the sails drew taut on the yards, filling with the breeze. The *Soutberg*, hesitating a moment, wheeled off before the wind, careened, and swept swiftly, silently up the river. The old man uttered a cry that was half a cry of despair as he beheld the sight, and continued toward the landing, clinging to some unformed hope that there might still be a delay that would permit him to gain the vessel, now in full career.

Coming to the fort, he beheld a group of excited Dutchmen standing about staring stupidly at the vessel as she sailed past the fort and up the river. "Why don't you fire upon him?" cried Captain de Vries, prancing about the circumference of Wouter van Twiller. "Will you let him defy you thus?"

"We are not at war with England; we cannot fire," observed another, when the governor ventured no response to the advice of the sea-captain.

"It is all one," retorted De Vries. "We shall shortly be at war with England if she sees fit to invade us thus."

Wouter van Twiller, who had looked from the ship to

the face of De Vries several times during this conversation, in a blank hope that some line of conduct might somewhere suggest itself, snapped his fingers at this juncture, uttered a grunt of enthusiasm, and beckoned a soldier to him. "Bring forth a cask of wine!" he said; "and bumpers a-plenty, mind you. We will show this Englishman!"

The cask of wine was brought and broached. Wouter, filling a beaker, raised it to his lips, his eyes fixed upon the English vessel in defiance, and quaffed it with one gulp. Having done that, he gazed once more after the retreating Englishman, as though he awaited the arrival of an inspiration. None came. Once, and a dozen times more, he filled and emptied his beaker, those about him coming to his help so manfully that in a short time the cask was dry. Still there was no way made clear to the baffled Dutchman; still the vessel of Eelkens sailed up the river.

Don Augustin Dolores, watching until it was nothing but a misty white cloud on the horizon, turned his face away with a sigh that was half a groan. As he turned, his eyes fell upon Katrinka, waiting patiently beside him.

"Come," she said. "It is not meant that you should go."

Taking her hand as though he were a little child, he suffered himself to be led back the way he had come to Katrinka's home.

New York Bay from the Narrows

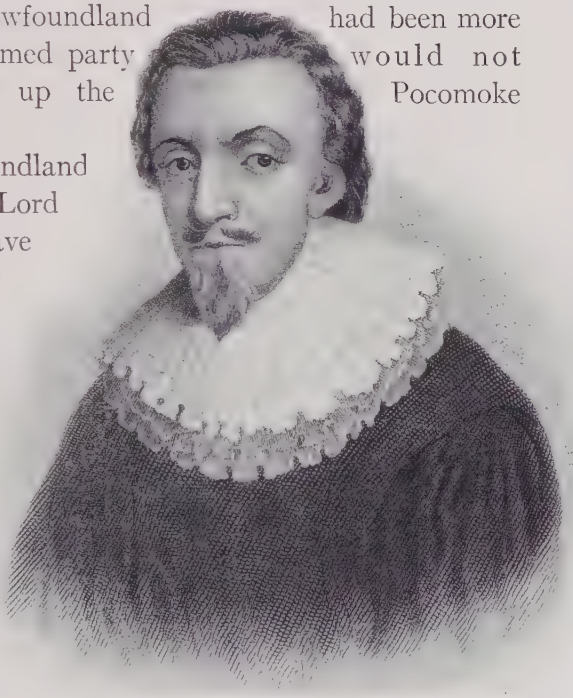
CHAPTER XXI

THE SON OF PHILIP

TROUBLE had been brewing in Virginia for a long time. Now, in April, 1635, it had come to a head, and a body of armed men sailed up the Pocomoke River in a sloop, bent on warfare.

It is a far cry from hot hatred in Virginia to the cold shores of Newfoundland, but it is nevertheless true that if the climate of Newfoundland had been more salubrious, this armed party would not have been sailing up the Pocomoke on this April day.

For if Newfoundland had been milder, Lord Baltimore would have planted his Catholic colony there instead of in Maryland; and if he had founded his colony in Newfoundland, William Claiborne would have been left in undisputed possession of Kent Island, at the head of the Chesapeake, and the inhabitants of Virginia would not have been aroused to great heat by



GEORGE CALVERT, FIRST LORD BALTIMORE

the proximity of a Catholic Commonwealth intruding on territory they conceived to be theirs; and, finally, if Claiborne's claim had not been disputed, and the Virginians had not been angry for religious reasons, this sloop full of armed men would not have been afloat.

It all came about somewhat after this fashion: Virginia had continued to grow and prosper after the general introduction of tobacco culture. Rich plantations lined the streams and rivers and estuaries of her coast, and she was doing a thriving trade in the staple. The newer immigrants were of a high character, many of them from fine old cavalier families. The political and social life of the colony was healthy.

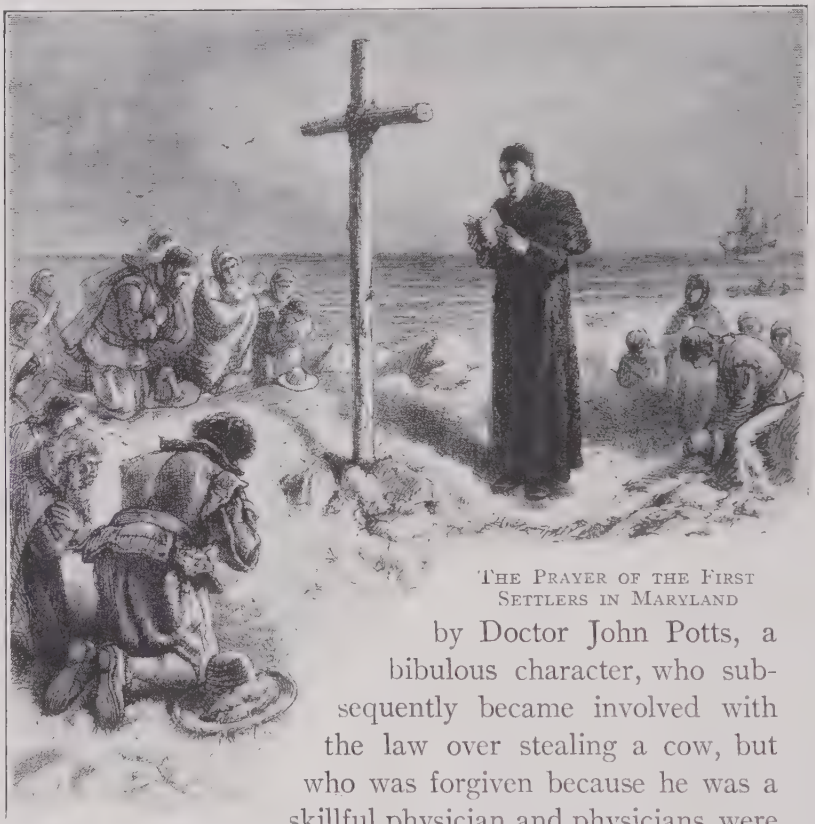
Only once was there a serious disaster. That was in 1622. Opechancanough, the fierce old chief with whom Captain Smith had had experience, and who succeeded Pocahontas's father as the Powhatan, had always been in favor of war against the whites. The opportunity came in this year, when an Indian chief called Jack-of-the-Feather killed a white man and was slain in requital. The Indians thereupon fell upon the settlers in concert, from one end of the line of settlements to the other, butchering 347 persons, nearly a tenth of the total number of inhabitants. The colony retaliated, almost exterminating the savages, and teaching them such a lesson as lasted them twenty years.

Two years later something happened that the Virginians believed would be more disastrous even than the massacre. On June 16, 1624, the charter of the London company was annulled, because of politics in England, Sir Edwin Sandys, the leading man in the company, having incurred the jealousy of a faction. It was the London company that had founded Jamestown and Virginia; it was Sir Edwin Sandys, leader in the London company, who had built

up the present prosperity of the colony. To be deprived of the protection of the company and the guiding hand of Sandys, and to be governed by appointees of the King, as they were now to be governed, the inhabitants believed would be fatal. But it was not. James did not have time to give close attention to Virginia, from which fortunate escape the colonists profited; for it left them with a larger measure of self-control than they had enjoyed even under Sandys's beneficent rule, which is always a wholesome thing for a colony.

THE LANDING ON SAINT CLEMENT'S ISLAND
(*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

Sir Francis Wyatt, who succeeded Sir Charles Yeardley in 1621, was succeeded by him again in 1626, when Yeardley was appointed by King Charles, recently come to the throne, who had a favor to ask of Virginia. While Yeardley was still alive, Sir John Harvey was named as his successor, to take office upon his death. But when Yeardley died in 1627, Harvey was in England, and Benjamin West was given the office temporarily. In a year he was succeeded



THE PRAYER OF THE FIRST SETTLERS IN MARYLAND

by Doctor John Potts, a bibulous character, who subsequently became involved with the law over stealing a cow, but who was forgiven because he was a skillful physician and physicians were scarce at that time. Harvey did not arrive until 1630. What happened to him will hereafter be narrated.

The year before Harvey assumed office in Virginia, George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, came to Jamestown with his family and a number of followers. They had just abandoned an unsuccessful attempt to found a colony in Newfoundland, where Lord Baltimore had been given a large piece of land called Avalon. Calvert wanted to find a place where the Catholics of England could obtain a refuge. He had been at least a warm sympathizer with Catholics always; in 1624 he made public declaration of their faith.

Calvert was the son of a wealthy Yorkshire farmer of Flemish descent. He was born in 1580. After taking a degree at Oxford, he went into diplomacy, where he made himself so popular by advocating the Spanish match that he was knighted in 1617, and made secretary of state in 1619. One of the last things that King James I did before his death in 1625, was to raise him to the Irish peerage as Baron Baltimore.

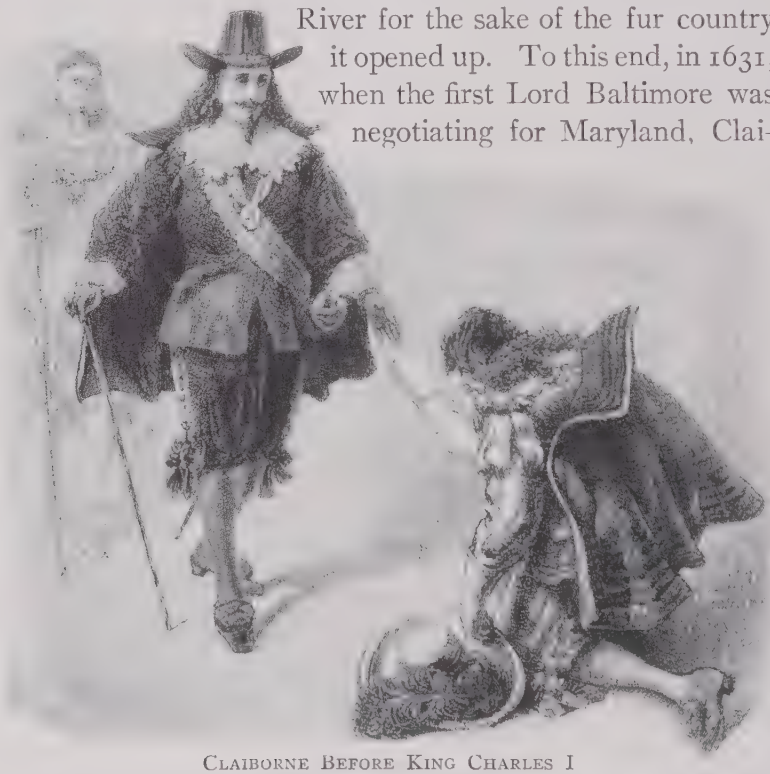
The Virginians were not glad to see Baltimore coming their way. They knew what he was looking for. It was part of their politics at that time to despise Catholics. The feeling was perhaps more political than religious. At any rate, the Virginians were not glad to see him, and when, on returning to England, he asked for a grant of land south of the James River, William Claiborne was sent to court from Virginia to enter objections.

The objection was sustained by the King; but he did not do much better by the Virginians when he gave Calvert a grant to the land that is now, approximately, Maryland, but which was supposed to have been included in the orginal grant to the London company. Lord Baltimore drew up a charter for the colony, which the King approved; but before the charter was formally issued Baltimore died. That was in 1632. The charter was made out, nevertheless, and issued to Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore. Cecilius did not go to America to assume charge of the projected colony, being detained in England by factions and the jealous intermeddling of enemies. In his stead he sent his two brothers, Leonard and George Calvert.

The first expedition of settlers reached Jamestown, February 27, 1634. March 25, less than a month later, mass was said for the first time in British North America, on Saint Clement's Island in the Potomac River. That was the beginning of Maryland, the first proprietary colony

in America, and the first colony that specifically guaranteed religious freedom and tolerance.

That was one part of the trouble that was at its height in September, 1635. The other was William Claiborne. One of Claiborne's schemes was to control the Susquehanna River for the sake of the fur country it opened up. To this end, in 1631, when the first Lord Baltimore was negotiating for Maryland, Clai-



Claiborne Before King Charles I

borne took possession of Kent Island, well up toward the head of Chesapeake Bay, within the boundaries of Maryland. Here he built huts, and brought a minister from Virginia, to heighten the effect of possession.

When Leonard Calvert arrived on the scene, he was disposed to be lenient toward the trespassers. He told Claiborne to stay where he was; that the island was his, but that it was nominally under the jurisdiction of Maryland.

To which Claiborne, being a man to whom it was difficult to be lenient, retorted that he had always intended to stay where he was, but that he in no wise intended to recognize the jurisdiction of Maryland, his island being distinctly a part of Virginia, and represented by a member in its House of Burgesses.

That is where Virginia came into the quarrel. The Virginians believed that, under the original grant to the London company, they owned all of Maryland, to say nothing of Kent Island. Wherefore, in addition to sending a formal protest to England against the grant to the Calverts, the House of Burgesses sustained Claiborne, unofficially and informally, in his stand against Calvert. Calvert, on the other hand, desisted for a time from any active attempt to oust Claiborne, for such had been his instructions from his brother, Lord Baltimore, before he left England.

But it was intended that there should be trouble. The Indians of the vicinage exhibiting signs of hostility against the Marylanders, one Captain Henry Fleete, who could talk with the savages, was sent to ascertain the cause of it. Henry Fleete, being jealous of Claiborne's successes and desiring to hurt him with Calvert, reported that Claiborne had told the Indians that the newcomers were Spaniards.

Perhaps Claiborne resorted to such a trick, and perhaps he did not. There is no proof of it in the circumstance that the Indians believed the Marylanders to be Spaniards, for in their confusion of mind concerning political and religious divisions, they might easily have confused Catholics, which they knew Calvert's people to be, with Spaniards. Whether he did or not, the matter bred trouble. There were reports back and forth across the seas, and finally an order from Lord Baltimore to his brother Leonard to seize Kent Island and arrest Claiborne. This order was countermanded by the King; but the King could not counteract

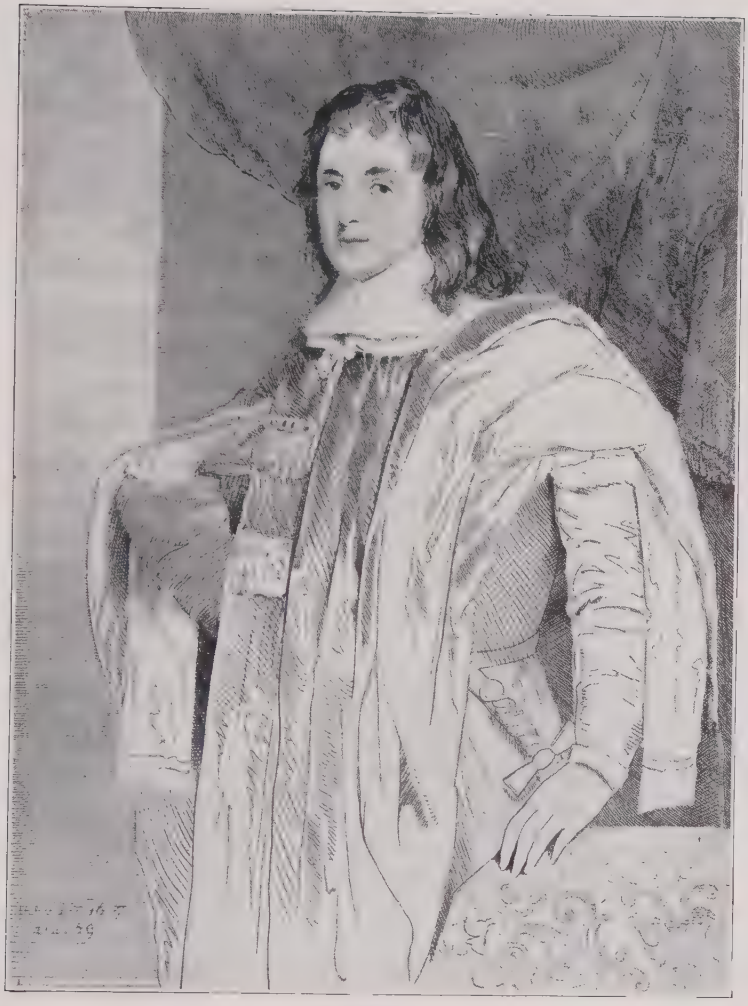
the feeling. In the first part of April, 1635, Captain Fleete captured a vessel belonging to Claiborne, commanded by Thomas Smith, on a charge of trading without a license from Maryland; on which charge the vessel and cargo were confiscated and sold.

Now, in the latter part of April, the armed sloop *Cockatrice* was abroad, looking for reprisal against the enemy of the belligerent Claiborne, who was not personally aboard. Hunters and trappers and hardy pioneers made her fighting force; rough men, for the most part, daring to do much, going forth with laughter and jests to work revenge on the Catholics of Maryland.

One among them was neither a hunter, trapper, nor rough man. Daring enough he seemed as he sat in the prow of the sloop, looking across the waters of the bay for an enemy; but there was a high look on his face, certain refinement and delicacy of feature and expression, that removed him from his fellows. He was little more than a lad, though large and strong for his age. The sailors, and fighting men of the craft, with whom he was on terms of easy familiarity, called him Duncan.

The lad was Duncan Stevens, eldest son of that Philip Stevens of whom much has been told in another place. His father had thriven and waxed great in the land, having no little honor at the hands of his fellow-colonists. The massacre of 1622 had passed by the family, although Philip was one of the foremost of the leaders of the avenging force which the whites sent against the savages. Philip was somewhat set down by the repeal of the company's charter, he being one who stood high with Sir Edwin Sandys, but the reverse had affected only his public life; he was still prosperous and happy at home.

When the Maryland difficulty arose, there came between Duncan and his father a slight difference of opinion. Philip,



Effigies Illustrissimi Baronis BALTEMORE Hiberniæ: Absoluti Provinciarum Terræ: Americæ etc.ª

FATTI MASCHI PAROLE FEMINE

Dñi Cæcily Calvert. de Baltemore in Regno Dñi et Proprietarij Mariæ et Avaloniæ

while he was as jealous of the rights of Virginia in the matter as any man, looked upon Claiborne as somewhat of an adventurer, with sincere concern for nothing but his own private interests. Duncan, on the other hand, was carried away by the romance of one man setting himself up against a colony, as Claiborne had set himself up against Maryland, and was all enthusiasm for the success of the Virginian's affairs. There was no quarrel or bitterness between father and son over it, Philip making no attempt to force his own opinion upon Duncan, and permitting him to choose for himself. That was how it came about that Duncan sat in the prow of Claiborne's armed sloop *Cockatrice* as she sailed up the river on the eastern shores of Chesapeake Bay, on April 23, 1635.

Once in their voyage there had come a great excitement when they made out a sail and set off in pursuit. The chase lasted a day and a night. At the end of it, the sloop overhauled a Dutch vessel from New Amsterdam, cruising coastwise, commanded by one Captain de Vries. The Virginians looked upon the man with some disfavor and suspicion, knowing that he had once attempted to found a Dutch colony on the Delaware, but they could do nothing more than return gruff and surly answers to his demands why they pursued him.

Now, as they went sailing over the waters of the Pocomoke River, on the eastern side of the bay, excitement grew keen again, for Duncan Stevens, upraising in the bow of the *Cockatrice*, cried out in loud voice, "Sail ho!"

The others, hastening to peer ahead, saw not one sail, but two, bearing toward them down the river. "Now, by my keel and gunwale," quoth the captain of the *Cockatrice*, "that 'll be the two pinnaces Calvert sends out to beat us off, of which I have been warned. And I go not far wrong, they are commanded by one Cornwallis, a stiff-

necked gentleman who well needs being taken down. So ho, then lads, make ready for a fray; for we shall soon test with them who are to be masters here, Catholic or Protestant; Irish lords or English freemen!"

It was the manner of speech to work the desired effect upon those who had come forth to fight. They gathered, bristling and angry, along the rail of the *Cockatrice*, awaiting the enemy.

Nor had they long to wait. Borne by the tide and river current, and by the breeze that took them abeam, the two pinnaces approached with a swiftness that carried them upon the *Cockatrice* with an element of surprise. They were within gun range before Claiborne's henchmen were aware of it.

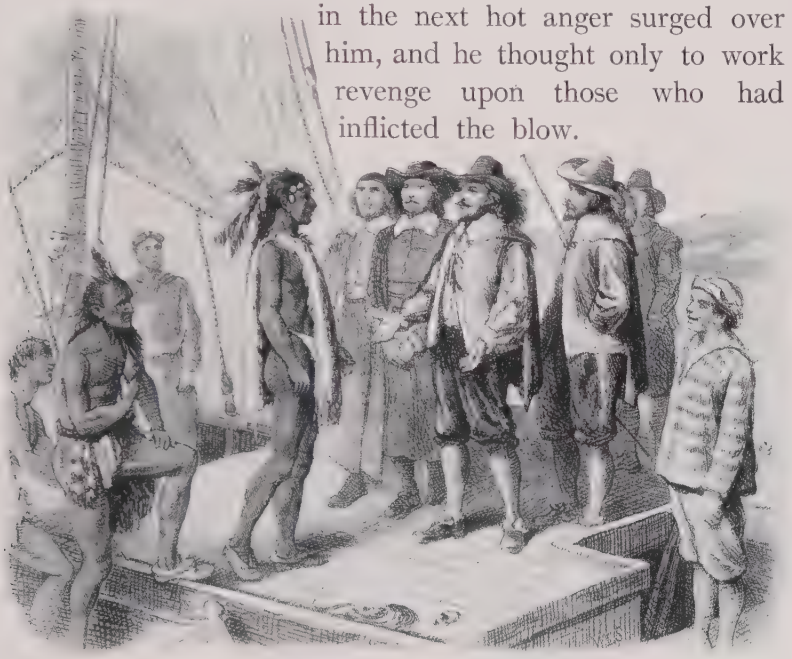
There was a puff of smoke in the prow of one of the pinnaces, and a bullet thunked against the planks of the *Cockatrice*. There was a spurting, twisting cloud from each of the two approaching craft, and a whine drove upon the *Cockatrice*, as more balls sped. The water about the sloop danced into little jets where they struck; the planks of the craft rattled beneath the leaden blows; holes were whished through the canvas. Here and there a man lurched forward softly, sick and sallow.

Up rose an answering roar from the *Cockatrice;* the little craft shuddered with the detonation. Swift flew the missiles back and forth across the blue and tranquil waters of the Pocomoke; loud brayed the throat of war.

Close and closer closed the two pinnaces, one bearing down on each side of the armed sloop. Close and closer, until the fire from the two crossed on the decks of the *Cockatrice*, letting loose a ruddy stream that seeped sluggishly through the scuppers, staining the waters that rose and fell along the sides of the craft.

Duncan, fighting at his place in the bow, felt a sudden

blow upon the head. It was as though he had been struck with something hot and heavy. The world began to turn in twisting spirals about him; the river swung through the sky; the rigging and the mast ran into wavy lines aloft and out of his sight. For a breath he was sick unto death; but in the next hot anger surged over him, and he thought only to work revenge upon those who had inflicted the blow.



GOVERNOR CALVERT TREATING WITH THE INDIANS

As the vessels came closer, and when they were almost abreast, he saw, in a delirium that followed the blow, a way to have his vengeance. He would leap into the water; he would swim under the surface, and thrust his sword through the planks from beneath! Before any one could interfere he was overside and struggling in the water.

For a moment he came to the surface to get his bearings. The pinnace, on the side where he had plunged in, was not forty feet away. There seemed to be a change in her as he looked over the surface of the water; she appeared to

have been altering her course; to be heading up stream. Her sails were shaking in stays; the bone was gone from her teeth; she was making no way through the water. Duncan was confused for a moment, but sank beneath the water again, dismissing the puzzle from his mind. After all, it did not greatly matter. All he had to do was to swim once beneath the craft, when she would change her course indeed.

His head hurt; it was as though the blow had lain where it struck, with all its first punishment accumulating and burning into his brain. He felt that he was dying. He must hasten to the enemy's vessel, for he was growing weak. He had much to do before he died. He struck out frantically beneath the surface. Feeling that he made slight progress, and rose to the top again to make out where he was.

Raising his head and looking across the waves of the river, he saw the three fighting vessels closing together a hundred feet above him, all headed up stream. In the moment of seeing them, his sanity rushed back. With it came the knowledge that he was being borne to sea with the tide, and that he was desperately sick and weak.

Something heavy, hard edged, and square struck against his shoulder. Raising a wavering arm, he felt it that was some manner of wooden object floating beside him on the tide — something large, and able to bear his weight.

He turned. He clutched it with both hands. Whimpering like a hurt animal, because of his weakness, he sought to lift himself from the water. Slowly, with infinite labor, he dragged himself over its edge. At last, with a final effort, he struggled free of the tide, and fell fainting at full length.

What he rode upon was a hatchway, torn by some chance from the struggling vessels; it bore him well, as it swung down the tide to the bay, and so to the sea.

CHAPTER XXII

A MISSION AND A MAID

WHEN Duncan recovered consciousness, he was lying upon something softer than the hatch, and something much steadier, though he could still feel the motion of the sea. Opening his eyes, he perceived that he was in complete darkness. The change puzzled him; he fell to working out the puzzle, thinking laboriously. As he lay thinking, the sound of voices came to his ear; heavy, guttural voices, that at first he did not understand.

THE YALE MEMORIAL STONE AT SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT

Listening closely, he was able to determine that the language spoken by the voices was Dutch, of which he had picked up some smattering, as a boy will, from Dutch sailors who came to his father's plantation after cargoes of tobacco. Those to whom the voices belonged seemed to be close at hand, yet the sound was smothered and muffled. Pondering that, he realized for the first time that he missed the free air on his face; that he was confined.

His first thought, when he arrived thus far, was that he was a prisoner in the hold of one of the Marylanders'

vessels. He did not take into consideration that such a supposition would not account for his hearing Dutch spoken close at hand. He did not think so clearly. Still doubting that he was confined in the hold, he reached forth his hand. It touched the edge of what? He recognized it at once as

On the upper Connecticut

the side of a bunk; with that knowledge came clarity of thought. He was plainly in some Dutch vessel.

Convinced of this much, he called out. In a moment a light flickered, a door swung open, and three men, bearing a lantern, came toward him. Perceiving that they were Dutchmen, he saluted them in their own tongue, which had the effect of bringing upon himself an immediate torrent of gutturals of which he could make nothing.

By degrees, however, they came to a basis of understanding, one of the three being able to speak some English.

Duncan presently learned that he had been picked up floating in the Chesapeake Bay at dusk of the preceeding evening, which, he ascertained, was the evening of the day of the fight with the Marylander. The vessel that had rescued him was the same Dutchman that the *Cockatrice* had chased, and the one of the three who could speak some English was Captain de Vries himself. Of the results of the fight he could learn nothing.

Having obtained that much information at the expense of complete exhaustion, he took a glass of Hollands that they offered him, and fell into a sleep more or less composed and restful. When he awoke in the morning, the vessel was well out in the bay, standing southward for the open sea. It had not occurred to Duncan's lame mind to ascertain the destination of the craft the night before; when he asked now he was told that she was bound for Amsterdam.

He was dismayed by the news, thinking of the anxiety his parents would feel when he failed to return. He had no doubt that he would be reported drowned by his comrades. He made an elaborate effort to prevail upon De Vries to set him ashore at Jamestown, but the Dutch captain had made up his mind to get to Holland without loss of time, and would not be budged. He told Duncan that he had a cargo aboard that it was important to bring to market as soon as possible, but that he intended to return immediately to America, and would bring the castaway with him. Perhaps there was something in it that made it expedient for him to avoid too much inspection by the English. Perhaps, also, De Vries was in no amiable mood because of the chase the *Cockatrice* had given him.

Whatever the reasons, Duncan was carried to Holland. He kept to his bunk for the first few days of the voyage, because of the pain in his head. His wound was in no wise serious, but required some nursing. De Vries and his men

treated the young Virginian with rough kindness, attending to his needs as well as they could, and exhibiting a friendly inclination.

When at last he came on deck and voluntarily turned his hand to working the ship, the captain grew quite friendly with him. "I tell you what is," he would say, slapping him on the back, "if all Englishmen were the kind you are, why I would not like me so much to go to war with them."

From such talk it easily fell out that De Vries told him much concerning the quarrel between the Dutch and the English over New Netherland, about which Duncan had learned somewhat from his father. Recently there had been new cause of discord between the Dutch and English settlers in America, of which De Vries was full of report.

The trouble arose over the occupation by the English of the valley of the Connecticut. The Dutch had a fort, called Good Hope, at the present site of Hartford. In October of the preceding year, 1634, some men from Plymouth, led by William Holmes, sailed up the Connecticut River past the fort and built another at Windsor. They were induced thither by stories brought back from the Connecticut Valley by John Oldham, who traveled through that country in 1633.

Could De Vries have spied only two years into the future, he would have seen the Reverend Thomas Hooker lead a sturdy colony from Cambridge to Hartford, there to found a government which was the prototype of American democracy, just as Hooker himself was the forerunner of that other notable advocate of freedom, the Reverend John Wise, pastor of the church at Ipswich.

The Dutch looked upon these aggressions as threatening their holdings. Wouter van Twiller, after a winter spent in meditation, had come to the conclusion that is would be altogether best to send a body of men to the fort at Windsor

and drive away the English. This expedition was shortly to set forth from New Amsterdam, De Vries told Duncan, further confessing that if he arrived there from Holland in time he would go with it.

De Vries also told him a tale that he had heard from a French sailor who had been one of his crew on a voyage from Holland. This fellow, who went where whim and chance took him, had been with Samuel Champlain on a time,

SITE OF THE ORIGINAL MEETING-HOUSE, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

and knew much concerning the founder of New France in America, of whom Duncan had scarcely so much as heard.

It was in 1608 that Champlain established a settlement at Quebec. He had already, in 1603, sailed up the Saint Lawrence River as high as the present sight of Montreal. He had spent three years of the interval in Acadia, where the Sieur de Monts, enjoying a monopoly from the King of France, was endeavoring at the time to establish a colony.

Champlain had large dreams for Canada. He saw the rich possibilities in her fur trade, and immediately set about exploring the country. For his own immediate convenience and the ultimate advantage of New France, he considered

it desirable to obtain the friendship of the Indians along the Saint Lawrence. These Indians were Algonquins, mortal enemies to the Iroquois, whom they had once driven from the banks of this very river.

In the year after the setting up of Quebec, the Algonquins invited Champlain to accompany them on a war expedition against the Iroquois. Champlain was glad of the opportunity to make friends with them and to see the country. He accepted, and set out with the Indians in a shallop, with eleven Frenchmen. The party proceeded to the River Richelieu, where the shallop presently had to be sent back, because of rapids. Champlain, however, accompanied by two Frenchmen, went on with the Indians, who fell in at last with a party of Iroquois, near the spot now called Ticonderoga. In the fight that followed, Champlain and his companions carried the day with their guns; but the result was a permanent disaster for France.

The shots fired that day by Champlain and the others aroused the undying hatred of the Iroquois against the French, and made them the friends of the Dutch, and later, of the English. How much the killing of those few Iroquois at Ticonderoga on that day in 1609 had to do with the ultimate overthrow of French rule in America it would be difficult to prove; certainly it was no small factor. If the French had had allies in the Iroquois instead of enemies, the English colonists would have found it much more difficult to throw out their encroaching lines of settlement.

For his part, Duncan was able to tell De Vries much concerning the capture of Port Royal by Argall, and the tricks of the Englishman, which he had often heard his father narrate. Also, he enlightened him concerning the taking of Quebec by the English in 1629. The two countries having fallen to war, each sent a fleet to Canada. The English fleet, under the three sons of Gervase Kirke, arriving

first, drew up before Quebec in the summer of 1628. But Champlain's sturdy show of resistence and the strength of his position frightened them away. They withdrew without striking a blow.

The fleet fell in with the French ships coming with aid for Quebec, however, and destroyed or took all of them. This proved to be a more effectual blow than any; for when Kirke returned to Quebec on the following year, he found Champlain almost ready to welcome him as a deliverer. Quebec was surrendered to the English; but three years later, by the treaty of Saint Germain-en-Laye, the settlement, as well as Acadia, was returned to France.

Duncan Stevens derived another advantage from his association with De Vries. He added rapidly to his knowledge of the Dutch language. The captain knew enough English and had sufficient native intelligence to make him a good teacher. Duncan, on the other hand, had an aptness in acquiring the tongue that fairly astonished De Vries.

De Vries did not get back to New Amsterdam in time to take part in the attack against the English fort on the upper Connecticut River, although he made only a short stay in Holland. When he finally arrived the expedition against Windsor had gone out and returned. Van Twiller sent seventy men to drive away the English, but when they came to the fort they decided that it would be dangerous to attack it, and so came back safe to New Amsterdam.

Upon the valiant failure of that expedition, Wouter conceived the idea of constructing a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River, to protect Fort Good Hope, farther up. But when he was ready to build the fort, he found that he had been anticipated by Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brooke, who had been granted land on Long Island Sound by the Council for New England. These two noblemen sent the younger John Winthrop, son of the governor of Massachu-

setts, to build a fort on their holdings. Winthrop arrived just in time to keep the Dutch off. The fort and the settlement he built at the mouth of the river were called Saybrook, in joint honor of the two proprietors. The town still retains the name, but is memorable chiefly as the first home of Yale University.

De Vries found Wouter in new doubts when he arrived. During the captain's absence, Van Twiller, learning that some English from Virginia had taken possession of Fort Nassau, which the Dutch had abandoned, sent a war-ship there to seize them. The immediate and tangible result of the seizure was a company of indignant and expostulating Englishmen dinning about the ears of the governor.

Wouter was visibly glad to see De Vries. For the first time in his career, he exhibited emotion in his countenance. He immediately stated the case to the captain over many beakers of wine, after which he breathed a sigh of relief and rolled himself once more in his fat against the whole proceedings. Thereupon De Vries, as a matter of policy, packed the entire capture off to Point Comfort with him, he being on his way to Virginia, and made an end of it.

Duncan did not go with him to Virginia. Up to the time the vessel reached New Amsterdam on its return voyage, he had fully intended to go on with it to Virginia. In fact, he was rather impatient at the thought of the delay there would be at the Dutch port. But he had not been long in the settlement before he began to think that it might profit him to remain there for a time, now that he was there. He had found that travel was a form of liberal education valuable to a young man in a general way, and that it was enjoyable as well. There was no imperative necessity that he should return at once to Virginia. If he sent word to his family, letting them know that he was well and happy, he might stay in New Amsterdam with a clear conscience.

The Old Brick Row at Yale

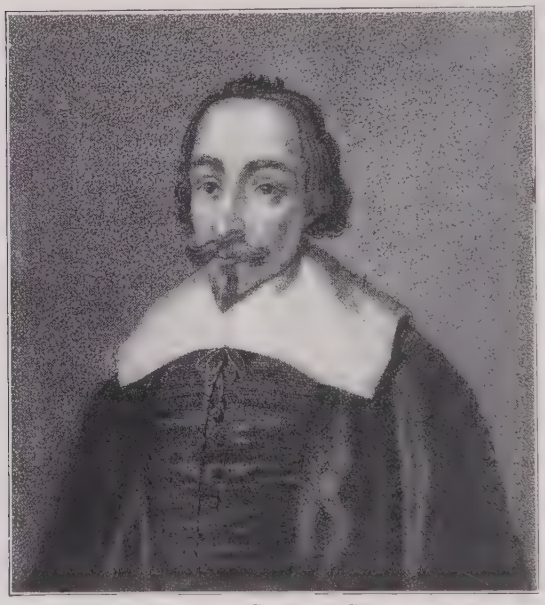
When he was still in two minds about it, he bethought him of a further reason that had final weight with him. His father had told him the story of his grandfather, Francisco Estévan, and his own kidnaping from Saint Augustine. He had heard the tale many times, and his young imagination had often been fired with the thought that his grandfather still lived, and might be found. He had promised himself as a lad that he would take up the search for him as soon as he arrived at a sufficient age, giving himself over to a childish vow that had since been mislaid and forgotten, with other childish things.

Now, in the nick of time, he recalled it. He had a mission in life; a quest that was imposed upon him by his honor. It was not an idle and selfish indulgence for him to remain in New Amsterdam; it was a sacred duty, not only to himself, and Francisco Estévan, but to his parent as well. For who could know that he might not find his kinsman here, in this Dutch city?

Reasoning thus, at great length and with no little ingenuity, he brought his conscience to such a state of hypnotic lull that when Captain de Vries's vessel sailed through the Narrows, it bore a long, explanatory letter to his father, instead of himself, whom it left standing on the water-front with a moist eye and a sinking heart, and a conscience that was beginning to become the prey to certain qualms.

Now, it must be perfectly obvious that the reasons which Duncan brought forward and presented to his father in explanation of his remaining in New Amsterdam were by no means the only reasons why he stayed. It must be perfectly clear to any one who has been a boy, or a sister to a boy, that they were nothing but excuses, trumped up for the purposes of exculpating himself in his own eyes; that they were sops of sentiment thrown to his ravening conscience.

It must be equally obvious that there was some cause for his remaining that was quite beyond the realm of reason — some compelling, irresistible motive — a motive, moreover, that he did not care to state frankly to his father, even though he might have been aware and willing to confess it to himself. And what could that motive be, in a young man in the last of his teens, other than a young maiden somewhere in the midst of hers?



Viscount Say and Sele

Even as he stood near the water's edge, gazing with wistful eye at the dwindling sails of the ship, the motive stood not far from him, gazing with wistful eyes as well. He had seen her in the beginning when she came to meet the boat in which he had returned with De Vries. She was accompanied then by an old man of strange and fascinating appearance; dark of skin, bright of eye, keen, eager, alert, with a suggestion of a tragedy and a mystery in the look that lurked beneath his brows.

Duncan had seen the old man before his eyes fell on the girl, and had been deeply interested in his appearance. It was that interest that led him to look closely at the girl. She was not beautiful to ordinary eyes; perhaps not to his in the first glance; but she had a face in which strength of

character, kindness, sympathy, and that indefinable something that makes the appeal in women, were in marked evidence. From his first glimpse of her, both the old man and the young maiden fired his fancy. About each there instantly sprang up a misty halo of romance; each gained fascination for him from the other.

As he stared at them from the deck of the ship, the old man peered into his eyes piercingly, as though he would probe to the very crumbs of his soul. The gaze held him charmed, unable to move or make a sign. As he looked into the piercing eyes, he saw a swift light spring there; a light of hope, of intense gladness. In a moment it died away, leaving them duller than before. Taking his eyes from the young man with a sigh, the old man whispered to the maiden, and the two walked away.

Since that time, Duncan had seen the maiden twice. Once she walked alone along the street bearing a package of wooden shoes toward the fort. Another time he saw her walking through the woods at the head of the island with her strange companion. That time, seeing them come, he had hidden away in youthful panic until they passed.

Now he had seen them for the third time. They had come down to the ship in tears and great sorrow, and the man had sailed away in it. The parting between them was heavy, the girl pleading with him until the last to remain, and give up his intention. But the old man remained obdurate, though it was plainly to be seen that his grief was great.

Now he was gone, and the maiden stood with wet cheeks watching the vessel sail away. Duncan, forgetting his own desolation at sight and sound of her sorrow looked many times at her from the edges of his eye, struggling to grasp his elusive courage and bring himself to speak to her. At last, with a supreme effort, he approached, doffed his hat, and stammered something in Dutch.

It is doubtful whether Duncan had any clear understanding of what he said. Concerning the girl there is no doubt. She did not understand the least first part of it, and expressed as much in the gaze which she turned upon the young man.

Finding himself thus committed to his course, Duncan made another effort, this time with better success. "I perceive that the sailing of Captain de Vries gives grief to

Grave of Thomas Hooker, Founder of Hartford, Connecticut

you, as well," he said, in better Dutch, as calmly and as kindly as he could.

"Yes, I am made very sad by it, for I lose for a time one who is become my dear friend," replied the girl. "Did you have a friend aboard, also?" she went on, simply.

"Nay, I had none, save Captain de Vries and all the crew; for I have taken a long voyage with them. But it is not for them that I am sad, but because they are going to my dear ones in Virginia, and leaving me here."

Whereupon, urged gently by her sympathetic attention and his own romantic fancy, he told her the story of his

quest, taking advantage of the chance to make much of it, the better to convince himself with the seriousness of his reason for staying in New Netherland. The while they strolled easily and naturally through the streets of New Amsterdam.

When at last he bade her good bye at the door, and turned back through the streets of the settlement, it came upon

CONNECTICUT HALL AT YALE

him like a weight, that he had asked her nothing concerning her grief, or the man from whom she had parted. This not only appeared to him now in the light of an egotistical self-absorption, but also occasioned his curiosity no little disappointment.

Nevertheless, on the whole, he was in high spirits as he returned to the cabin where he had obtained quarters; for he had obtained permission from Katrinka Schoonveldt to pay her a visit in her own home.

CHAPTER XXIII

SALEM LOSES A CITIZEN

THE people of Salem were assembled in town meeting one day in the year 1635, for the discussion of a weighty matter, since they were in trouble with the General Court of Massachusetts through the minister of their church, Roger Williams. At that time the Church was both the town and the government, so much so that none but members of the Church might vote, or be magistrates, or hold any other office.

That fact was one of the causes at the bottom of the trouble between the people and church at Salem and the General Court of Massachusetts, for the minister of the Church did not believe in the principles of government under which the affairs of the colony were managed. Not believing in the principles, he said so, loudly and long, going out of his way to impress his convictions upon those who held contrary views. Roger Williams was essentially a fighter, in the highest sense of the word. He was ready to die for his convictions if need be. Of course, he preferred to live, believing he could do more to forward the truth in that condition; but he was ready to die if there were need, and said as much, modestly, sincerely, and without boastfulness.

The trouble afflicting the people of Salem was the culmination of the continuous wrangling in which Williams had involved himself, his enemies, and his friends since he had assumed active charge of the Church. In the beginning the difficulty was largely between the General Court, which was Massachusetts, and the man himself. The first break was in 1634, when fault was found with Roger Williams be-

cause of a paper he had written some years before at Plymouth, in which he maintained that the King had no right to give away the land belonging originally to the Indians without first purchasing it from them. That he held to be a sin, and said so.

The noise of the paper getting abroad in 1634, the General Court was considerably alarmed lest they should be

The First Church at Salem

held responsible for the doctrine advanced in it, and be found guilty of holding insurrectionary opinions. The situation was complicated by an act of John Endicott. That rigid man was so set against all ceremonial and show in religious matters that he cut the cross out of the English flag one day when the Salem company was drilling on the green, holding the emblem to be idolatrous. He meant no disrespect to the idea of English sovereignty; his act was only an expostulation against the sign in the flag.

But the incident added to the alarm of the General Court, which immediately demanded from Roger Williams a

retraction of the principles advanced in the Plymouth paper. Williams, without deserting his standard, explained that he meant no harm, and expressed a willingness to have the obnoxious paper burned. The General Court saw in his suggestion a way out of the dilemma, and accepted the compromise. Whereupon the incident was nominally closed.

But the situation was not permanently relieved. In the year 1634 there was a feeling of antagonism against Massa-

THE ROGER WILLIAMS HOUSE (*From an etching*)

chusetts in the high places of England. Charles I was astonished and chagrined at the sturdy growth of the Puritan colony. Four thousand good Englishmen had gone from England to the new country within a year, and straightway there began to grow overseas a disposition among the colonists to govern themselves largely as they pleased. Already the letter and spirit of the charter of Massachusetts had been somewhat freely interpreted. There were mutterings about the throne.

Massachusetts, hearing the mutterings, assumed a defiant attitude. Fortifications were ordered thrown up about

Boston, and a system of beacons installed on Boston's highest hill. More than that, an oath of allegiance, called the Freeman's Oath, was prepared and administered. This oath bound the allegiance of those taking it, not to the King, but to Massachusetts. It was an open defiance of the Crown, made in the spirit that already was developing strength in New England, and which grew until it expressed itself in the Boston Tea Party, and the battle of Lexington and Concord, some sevenscore years later.

Williams was not out of sympathy with this spirit. Probably he personally held the intention of the oath in favor. But it contravened the rigid application of his great principle of the inviolability of the individual conscience. He held that no man should be asked to subscribe to anything that he might not concur with, even in taking an oath of allegiance. Consequently, when the oath was brought to Salem to be administered, he refused to take it, and so wrought upon his flock, and among the people at large, that many refused with him. In the end, the effort of the General Court to make the adoption of the oath universal was sullenly abandoned.

That was in March, 1635. Anger against Williams and his congregation was high in Boston. It was fomented and focused by the Reverend John Cotton, who had come from Boston in Lincolnshire to Boston in Massachusetts in the year 1633. Cotton was a devoted follower of Calvin. All wisdom he conceived to be expressed in the teachings of that theologian. He was an exhaustive scholar, a supple controversalist, nice in distinction, rigid in the strictest interpretation of doctrine. He was the spokesman and champion of theocracy, of the aristocracy of religion, an enemy to democracy in its broad application, a zealot, and, in a manner, a bully, as zealots must be to hold their ground.

The immediate expression of displeasure against Wil-

liams took the form of an expostulation by a committee of ministers that went to Salem to subdue the man. Now, this expression of displeasure involved more or less tacitly a conflict with some of Williams's cherished and fixed principles. One of them was the idea that the Church, and therefore the ministers of the Church, should not meddle with other men's affairs, whether sacred or secular. Another was that concerted action by a number of churches was sinful and dangerous, as tending toward amalgamation of religious authority, presbytery, episcopacy, popery, and everything else that threatened the individual conscience.

These things Williams politely but firmly made plain to the ministers, who went away discomfited by his obduracy and his argument. They retaliated from a safe distance by chiding the church at Salem for having selected such a man to be their minister, they having elected Williams again between the time when he refused to subscribe to the oath and the time when they went to expostulate with him. To make the rebuke the more pointed, a parcel of land that had been promised to the people of Salem was withheld, pending their reformation and good behavior.

To this upbraiding the church and the minister jointly replied by writing letters of admonition and warning to all the other churches, telling them, in a manner not to be mistaken, that it would be better for all concerned if they minded their own affairs, and did not meddle with the affairs of the people of Salem. It was an appeal to the people of Massachusetts to see that justice was done to Salem, and was an act of open and flagrant treason in the minds of men whose views found subtle and persuasive expression on the tongue of John Cotton.

At the next General Court the matter was taken up and Salem was promptly disfranchised until it should make sufficient apology. It was the question of this apology that

was before the people and the church of Salem, assembled in town meeting. Roger Williams was there, John Endicott was there; everybody was there, in earnest deliberation.

Richard Stevens was there, as well. For two years he had been in Salem much of the time, and was a member of the church, having a voice in the meeting as such. Constructively, he was entitled to be there, and to be considered a citizen of Salem, although he spent much of his time in Boston. A change had come to the Stevens family in the two years since Richard had first come to Salem from Plymouth. Deprived of the guiding hand of his eldest son, Matthew Stevens gradually lost his hold on his religious enthusiasm and became more interested in secular matters. It was by no means a backsliding, or even an apathy. It was simple and normal development of mental habits. Re-

THE ROGER WILLIAMS HOUSE, FROM THE REAR

ligious experiences had lost their keenness, the practice of religion having become easier in the new country. There was no one to deny Matthew the right to worship God as he had been taught by Brewster and the others, including his son, to worship Him. Wherefore religion had lost its keenest zest for him, the element of romantic excitement, and had become a matter of habit.

It was not so with many of the men of Plymouth. Indeed, it is doubtful if the same reaction took place in any other of the original immigrants. If it did, those affected retained their secret, and it was not until succeeding generations that the same change took place that occurred to Matthew in his single lifetime. In explanation of this phenomenon in his case, and in apology, if apology is necessary, it may be pointed out that Puritanism was a forced growth on Matthew Stevens; a plant that could not thrive with as full vigor in the soul of one with generations of Catholicism behind him and no strong inherited bent toward religious experience, as it did in those other souls who had grown to the faith through centuries of tendency.

Having grown into a fixed habit of religious feeling, it was easy for other ideas to take root in Matthew's brain, which was peculiarly susceptible to the reception of ideas. In these circumstances, it was natural that the idea that first found root was the commercial idea, which was already prominent in New England. Matthew drifted into thoughts of business as smoothly and with as little shock as a bark drifts with the tide.

Thoughts of business presently took him to live in Boston, which place had grown more swiftly than Plymouth, and promised much more in that field of activity. He could indulge his religious habits there as well as at Plymouth. Even if he had been a great stickler for the principle of separatism, which was the primary difference between the

original Pilgrims and the Puritans who followed them to New England, he would have found little difficulty in reconciling himself to the Church in the new home; for all the churches in New England, whether they acknowledged it or not, had separated themselves from the Church of England by the very act of removing to America. Before crossing the sea, they were already apart from the Established Church in doctrine and practise of worship; now the separation was physical and practical as well.

Matthew moved to Boston and set up in business there within a year after Richard's apostasy to Roger Williams. His affairs grew rapidly, and soon demanded so much attention that he was induced to call on Richard for assistance in their management; a call to which Richard was not loath to respond, since he had found his life at Salem accompanied with great bitterness. His love for Marjorie gave him no peace. It would have been heavy enough to live in the same small village with her; but there were added circumstances that made it almost unendurable for them both.

From the day when he came to Salem with Roger Williams and spoke to her of his love, he was convinced that she loved him, although he had never had any further sign of it than her words on that occasion. He felt that she was withheld from him by a promise she had made to another, under a misunderstanding of his own affections, for which he alone was blameworthy. He believed that if she had known of his love sooner, she would have become his wife gladly, with great happiness to them both, and that she had come to promise herself to another because she considered her love for him best forgotten.

The fact that his rival was Whittaker Whitehall, his close friend, added to the situation. He shut jealousy and envy out of his heart firmly; there was no rancor or malice in

him, and he continued to regard his friend in the same high affection. But he could not fail to see that Marjorie had not the love for him that a good woman should have for the man she was to marry. All this added to his heaviness of spirit and made his burden harder to carry.

Nor was the burden light for Marjorie, as he well knew. The constant companionship that was necessary between them, if they were to hide their secret from each other and from the tiny community in which they lived, and the constant presence of Whittaker, was a trial more painful for her than for him. But most appalling of all was the specter of the future that continually arose before them of the time when she should become the wife of the other man, and set up her home before her lover's very eyes.

So far she had averted the event by a combination of adroitness and good fortune that gave Whittaker no hurt. For a year they had remained as they were, Whittaker, with his characteristic consideration and deference, refraining from urging the marriage, and patiently awaiting her own wish. Later, Whittaker had been called to England on matters pertaining to an estate that was left the family. Legal complications detaining him there for another year, he had only recently returned. But now the time could not be long delayed, as both she herself and her true love well knew; though they hid from each other the fact that they knew with a patient fortitude approaching the heroic.

It was this condition of affairs that made Richard glad to spend what time he could with his father in Boston. But at the same time he nominally lived in Salem, retaining communion with the church of his beloved leader, Roger Williams. Now, in the town meeting called to consider the matter of an apology, he stood championing the brave man in the controversy with the powers at Boston.

Roger Williams had sore need of champions, if numbers

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, FROM CANNON HILL

were to avail anything in the dispute. For of all his flock, of all those whom he had taught and loved for two years and who had in turn listened to and loved him, not one, save Richard, remained at his side to defend him. It was not ingratitude that withheld them; it was not timidity of the General Court; it was not an abandonment of the teacher's teaching. It was the necessity to live that made them desert him; the primeval instinct of self-preservation.

For the blow the Court had dealt reached their vitals. It struck at their liberties, at their existence as a community. To be deprived of the franchise was to be expelled the body politic; to be expelled was to be lost. They could not stand alone against the preponderating weight of the entire colony; they could not of themselves set up a defiance that would bring the wrath of the General Court more specifically against them, without courting destruction. Wherefore the voices of all, save Richard alone, were raised, not against Williams or the principle he maintained before the world, but against the defense of him and the principles in the face of the enmity of the colony at large.

Long and bitterly did Richard struggle for his reverend friend. He argued, pleaded, threatened, cajoled. He went about among the others, assailing each in that point which he believed to be most vulnerable; for Richard had much of his father's finesse in dealing with men. He whined to this one; he expounded to that; he flattered another; he bullied a fourth. It was all to no purpose. With faces set and stern the majority, the unanimity, frowned him down. At last, even Whittaker, to whom he appealed with the talisman of friendship, arose on the open floor, in the heat of the moment, and rebuked him, crying loudly to his fellow citizens that Master Stevens had no right to be among them on the occasion; that he was an intruder, an interloper, a meddler in matters that concerned him not. Whereupon Richard,

crushed and bruised in spirit, fell silent, and the others had their way. The letters to the other churches were repudiated and withdrawn, the apology was framed and forwarded, and the leader whom they loved was left abandoned in his hour of greatest need.

Richard, leaving the meeting in a mighty passion against those who he considered had deserted his hero, strode through the streets uncertain what to do. As he reflected upon the whole matter, his wrath grew within him until it must find some object against which to fling itself. The words of Whittaker, in which he had been challenged in public meeting, rankled in his breast. In a rash moment, he turned hotly toward the Whitehall cabin, little thinking what he did.

Whittaker was approaching the door as Richard stormed up to it. "It gives me grief that I should have decried you a moment since," said his friend, crestfallen and remorseful. "I did but speak in the heat of conflict, scarce knowing what I said, for controversy ever has turned my judgment."

"It is little enough I care for what you say concerning myself," retorted Richard, relenting from his petty revenge contemplated, but not abating one jot in his wrath. "But for the stand you have taken against your minister, you and those other cowardly ones who but now deserted him in his extremity, I have not breath enough to upbraid you. And if it means aught to you what opinion I have of such behavior, let me tell you that I hold it to be the work of self-seeking cowards, who will not stand for the right nor for those brave enough to stand with the right. And since you are so hot to have me not one of your community, I shall henceforth be none of you, for I cannot abide your practice of this day. I shall no more be either one of you or of your community. I have come to tell you that, sir, and to bid you farewell!"

If Richard had known when he began to speak that his wild talk was to lead him to such a point, he would have bitten out his tongue rather than speak the words just fallen from it, but having said them in his anger, he would no more depart from them than he would thoughtfully have uttered them. Not until he wrathfully announced to Whittaker that he would not live longer in Salem had such a thought entered his mind; now it was at once a fully born determination, from which he was instantly resolved nothing should move him. Such are the effects of anger in the shaping of our lives.

ROGER WILLIAMS AT SALEM (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

Whittaker, looking at him with astonishment while he spoke, was deeply moved. "If you are in such a mood, I shall make no present attempt to dissuade you from your purpose, rash as I believe it," he said, quietly, with great sadness. "But if my hasty and ill-considered words have

aught to do with your angry determination to quit us, let me tell you once again that I am wholly sorry for them, and will make such broadcast retraction of them as you will permit."

"Think you any idle words of yours could move me to such extent?" retorted Richard, made more stubborn and angry because the other shamed him.

"Then if I am not wholly at the bottom of your anger, and you persist in your intention of departing, we may separate as friends?" continued Whittaker, holding out his hand with a pleading look.

Richard, taking it surlily enough, mumbled something that had no meaning, and left abruptly. In an hour he had bidden farewell to Roger Williams, hardened for the time against even his gentle admonitions, and was faring fast along the road toward Boston, the primitive trail having long since been enlarged into a way for horses and wagons.

As he hastened along, cutting at his horse impatiently with a switch, he beheld a woman loitering along the road ahead of him. Coming closer, his heart stopped and a wave of regret and remorse swept over him. For the woman was Marjorie.

She turned in the moment of his perceiving who it was. Her face was tense with her grief, and the struggle against it. The smile with which she would have greeted him died at the edges of her lips, in no wise rising near her eyes. Riding close, he dismounted and stood before her.

For a moment there was no word between them. Presently she spoke. "You are going away — forever?" she said.

He could not reply at once. When he did his voice was scarcely a whisper. "Is it not better, for us, that I should?" he answered.

Her head fell upon her breast. For a time she stood

thus, with a silence between them. At last she lifted her hand from where it hung lifeless at her side, and reached it forth to him, at the same time raising her face to his. "You would not go without bidding me farewell?" she murmured.

In her eyes was the ineffable love that she had fought back for bitter years. The light of it struck through his very soul. He grasped her hand, answering back her look. He leaned toward her; he felt the delicious pressure of her young body against his; her hair brushed his cheek. His love was too great for him; it swept over him and vanquished him at last.

"You would have me go?" he whispered, passionately. His lips were almost against her own, so closely he pressed.

She shuddered, shutting her eyes. For one tense moment they stood thus.

"Yes!" she said at last; but there was no sound; only her lips formed the word.

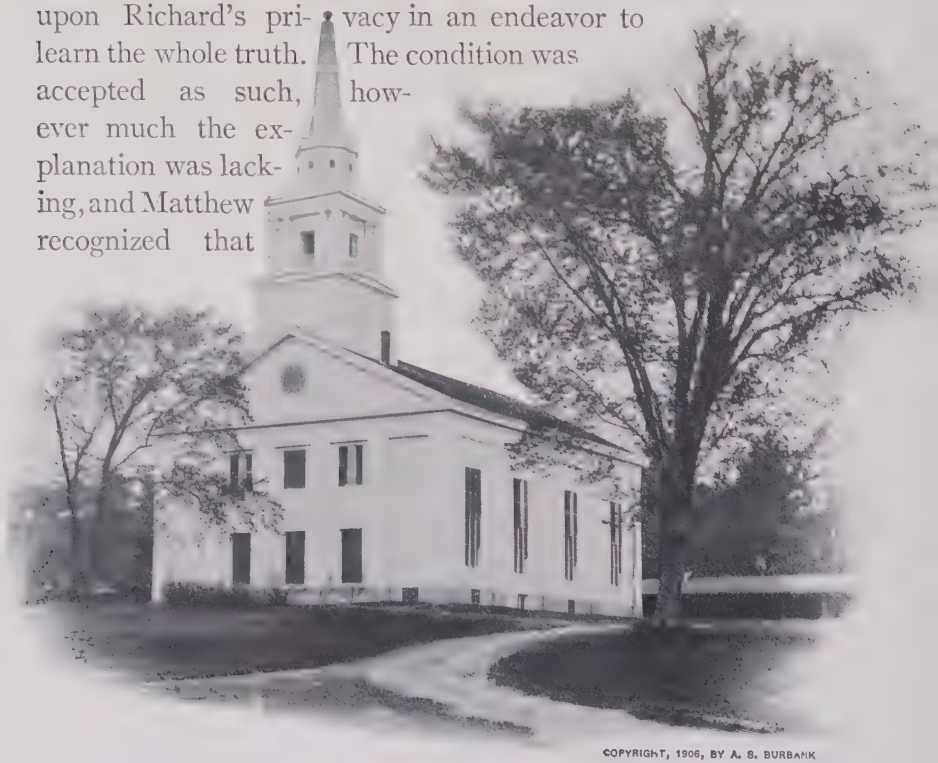
Without further word, he threw himself upon his horse and hastened along the way to Boston.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WARNING

RICHARD STEVENS went no more to Salem. His departure from the community was not such as to encourage his return. He was too sensitively proud for that. When the next occasion in the commercial affairs of Matthew Stevens demanded a journey thither, he excused himself from the undertaking, lamely enough, but with a finality which his father perceived that it was useless to contend against.

Matthew had discerned, with the help of Mary, that something had befallen his eldest son that made further visits distasteful. He was far from conjecturing the facts; perhaps Mary came closer; but neither of them intruded upon Richard's privacy in an endeavor to learn the whole truth. The condition was accepted as such, however much the explanation was lacking, and Matthew recognized that



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THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH AT DUXBURY, DATING BACK TO 1632

it was more than futile to build any further hopes on Richard as an emissary.

It was necessary, however, that some one should go in Richard's place. Matthew himself could not be spared from the management of his business, which was of greatly more importance than the details that needed attention in Salem. Casting about in his mind for some one to send, he hit upon his other son, Jonathan.

Jonathan, having passed through the years of his boyhood and being near the end of his teens, had obtained a considerable amount of wisdom, through many trying experiences. He had acquired a working knowledge of what was expected of a son of a Puritan, which he sedulously applied to his conduct. It was part of his wisdom to know. Therefore he was a good son and citizen.

To say that Jonathan was hypocritical in the manner in which he adapted himself to the conditions of his life would be far from the mark, and would leave an unjust impression of his character. Puritanism to him was an incidental custom of the times, which he adopted for his greater convenience. He concealed nothing vicious or in any way evil behind his show of sympathy with the religious teachings of his contemporaries. He had his own code of ethics and morals for the government of his conduct in the higher and more intimate affairs of life, and the code was rigid and high.

Matthew, of course, was not able to make such an analysis of his younger son. He accepted Jonathan's show of sanctity at its face value, and was much comforted thereby; which was as Jonathan intended it should be. Perhaps Mary came nearer an understanding of the boy, but if she did she held her peace.

In spite of the regeneration through which the lad had apparently passed, it was not without misgivings that

Matthew sent him upon the errand he had at Salem. It was not because he was skeptical of the boy's virtue in the slightest measure. It was rather because he doubted his ability to transact the affairs that needed attention, more or less expert. For the lad had never outgrown a certain carelessness and indifference in matters practical, as though he held them to be of minor importance. He was lighthearted by nature, and was still given to scrawling verses; a habit in which Matthew had come to secretly indulge him, as a compromise, a reward for other improvements.

Thus it fell about that Jonathan Stevens, on a day late in the summer of 1635, wended his way over the rough roads from Boston to Salem, lightly bearing the burden of business on his young shoulders, and whistling a tune as he went through the solitary woods. He had errands other than those for his father. He bore with him a letter that he was to deliver to Whittaker Whitehall, a dignified and sincere apology, and another for the Reverend Roger Williams. Also, he was entrusted with certain vague verbal messages for Mistress Marjorie Underwood of which he by no means understood the meaning, and about which he therefore wove many a little romance as he rode through the woods.

Coming at last to Salem, and putting up his horse at a house that was half tavern and half private house, he ascertained from inquiry where he might find Mistress Marjorie, and went thither, eager to learn what manner of maid it might be to whom his brother was sending messages of a disconsolate character.

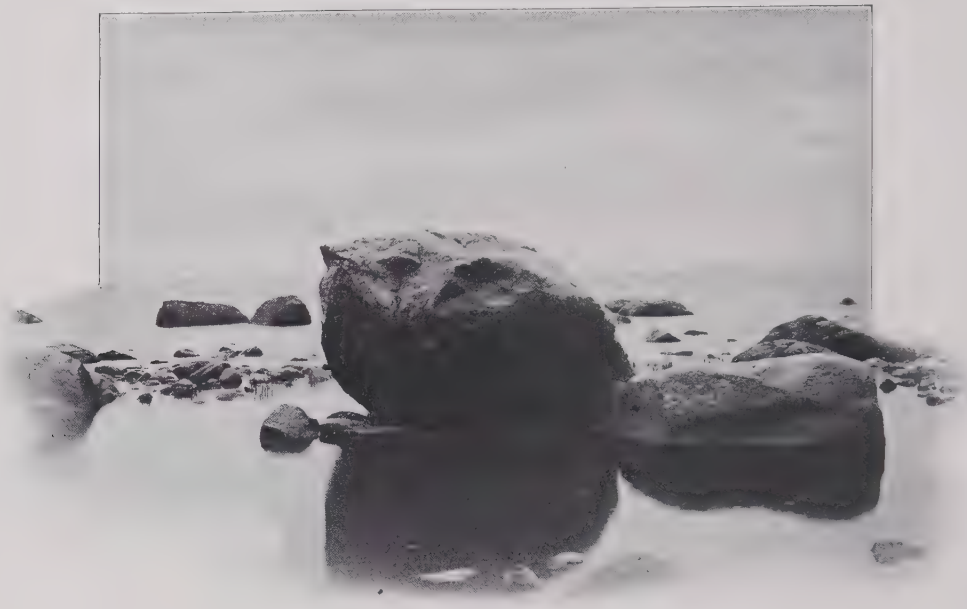
As he approached the house — for the family had moved into a more ambitious structure than their first log cabin; a building made of hewn logs and split boards, containing several apartments partitioned off — he beheld a young maiden seated at the doorway, engaged in the feminine

occupation of knitting. Being under the impression that the young woman must be Mistress Underwood, he looked upon her with the close, critical eye with which youth ever inspects the subject of romance.

The girl was a remarkably beautiful creature; that he saw at once. She was strikingly dark both as to her hair

North Street, Plymouth, Massachusetts

and her eyes, of which latter he caught a glimpse as she glanced up from her work to see who came. Her face was oval, with a tendency toward an interesting melancholy. Her figure was slight and exceedingly graceful; her hands were smaller than any he had ever seen. On the whole, she presented such an appearance to the imaginative and poetical young man, as he approached, that he found himself entertaining the wicked wish that it was himself instead his brother who was involved with her in a heartrending romance.



THE ROCKY SHORE OF MANOMET, NEAR PLYMOUTH

This thought was obstinately lingering in his mind when he arrived immediately in front of the door by which she sat, and stopped. At that she looked up for the second time; he wished the wicked wish again, more fervently.

"I pray you," he said, in the most courtly manner he could command, "is it Mistress Marjorie Underwood whom I have the honor and pleasure of addressing?"

"No, indeed," came the answer, like water tinkling over the stones of a brook, "I am not she; but she is within. Do you desire to speak with her? I will summon her for you."

His heart bounded at hearing her answer; for if she was not the beloved of his brother, surely the wish he had wished was not a wicked wish after all, and might be pursued. "Nay, let me not trouble you," he hastened to say. "Perchance she is engaged. There is no haste in my errand, another time will do. If you find no fault with it, I will

stay for a moment. Perchance she will soon appear of her own notion, so that I need not interrupt your work."

"It is nothing that I am doing," returned the girl, with a trace of a blush in her cheek; for there was something in the young man's manner that let her guess what was in his mind. "I will call her at once." And she began, with elaborate and conspicuous care, to gather up her yarn and her needles.

"Nay," quoth Jonathan, trembling with a new excitement; "I beg that you will not disturb yourself. To me it seems much that you do," he went on, bending an eye upon the task she had in hand. "Pray, may I look more closely? Ah, it is rarely skillful. 'T is a marvel to me that you can do such work. How clumsy my fingers would seem at such a task!"

The young woman did not go into the house; neither did Marjorie appear for ever and ever so long. Jonathan waited for her, nevertheless, with a patience that would have been remarkable in some circumstances. From the small talk about the embroidery their conversation ran through many trivialities, in the course of which he discovered himself to her as the brother of Richard Stevens, and she informed him that she was Elizabeth Whitehall.

When Marjorie appeared at last, the two young people had advanced far into a tremulous and fragrant friendship, that quite drove from Jonathan's mind all observation of the manner in which his messages to Mistress Underwood covertly delivered were received by that lady. And when he left, after delivering the letter he bore to Whittaker Whitehall, he was under promise to return there on the following day and partake of dinner with them.

Indeed, it was only by the most valiant exercise of his will that he refused Whittaker's invitation to stay with them for the evening, and held himself to his purpose of visiting

Roger Williams at that time; a duty imposed upon him both by his own old friendship for the minister, and by his brother's distinct admonition and instruction.

Explaining his intention of calling that evening upon Williams when he made his excuses to the hospitable invitation of Whittaker, he perceived that a sadness and a silence fell upon the others at mention of the minister's name. He wondered much thereat, not comprehending the state of mind that existed in Salem, although Richard had related much of what happened when he had been present at the town meeting. But Jonathan had not obtained from hearsay a full comprehension of the state of mind in Salem.

He was soon to learn from the lips of Williams himself how sorely he had been tried. The courageous and patient man, without rancor, without bitterness, without complaining, told his young friend that his flock had fallen away from him almost completely since that time; that his church had dissolved; that only a handful came to his house on the Lord's Day. "But, I ever, from my soul, honor and love them," he said, "even when their judgments lead them to afflict me."

Before he left, at the end of a fortnight, Jonathan had further evidence of the degree to which Williams had been forsaken by his former followers. Everywhere his name was received with whispers, or with silence; some of those who had been his fast friends frowned upon him in the streets. Even his wife, with feminine solicitude for his welfare, besought him to desist from his firm adherence to his principles, and added to his burdens by a lack of sympathy with them. But through it all Jonathan saw, or thought he saw, a lingering love for the teacher on the part of every one; a desire to return to him, and sit at his feet again. He believed they were withheld from him now by

the same sense of stern necessity that had bereft him of them when the crisis first came.

How Jonathan fared with Elizabeth can be guessed by those who have been young. Sad eyes on the one side and a tendency to versify on the other have led ever to but one conclusion. Though that conclusion was far ahead, the beginning of the journey was at hand before the two fortnights of his stay had run their course, and the way ahead of them was strewn with roses.

How he prospered in his business may be guessed, also, from the circumstance that Matthew shortly sent him otherwheres on similar errands, taking Richard more closely into the heart of affairs at Boston, and even sent the younger son again to Salem before autumn was ripe. On his return from his second journey, Jonathan was accompanied by Roger Williams, who had been summoned to appear before the General Court at Boston, to make explanations.

There, in October, the man hurled his principles in the teeth of the men who had brought him low; defying them, not in quarrel, not in bitterness of spirit, but with a lofty fidelity to the truth as he believed it, and with a firmness born of his own indestructible integrity. His voice rang forth in their midst, sounding the great idea of intellectual liberty and freedom of conscience. Though his fate was in their hands; though they had power over him only short of life and death, and he knew that every word he uttered brought him more deeply into their disapprobation, he stood staunchly by the principles he had been the first to announce to the world, and awaited the consequences. "I am ready to be bound and banished and even to die in New England rather than renounce my opinions," he said, solemnly. It was no idle speech of a charlatan or the resounding rhetoric of an orator; for he meant what he said, and the alternatives were all within the reach of possibility.

Having spoken with clarion voice, and beyond the reach of argument, inducement, or threat, it was meted out to him as he had said. The General Court, by a small majority, fixed the penalty for his belief at banishment from Massachusetts. The majority that turned the decision was brought over largely by the persuasions of John Cotton, who indi-

The Harlow House, Plymouth, with the Foliage of Summer

cated the judgment, not as a restraint on freedom of conscience or as punishment for opinion, but because the application of the new doctrine would overthrow the authority of the Church and subvert the fundamental state and government of the country.

Williams was able to procure a stay in the judgment until spring, winter then being close at hand. Returning with this slight comfort to Salem, he found shortly that what had appeared to him as the last calamity to his principles had instead turned into a fortuitous factor in spreading them. His great fear of banishment lay in its removing him from

the opportunity to promulgate the truth; but now he found that it increased his opportunity, rather than diminished it. For his old followers at Salem returned to him with a swiftness that might almost be characterized as a rush, bringing with them many more. From that time forth, the Sunday meetings at his house were full and joyous.

News of the revulsion of feeling in favor of Williams came to the General Court, alarming the members. It was believed that he purposed founding a new State within the vicinity. It was feared that if he did, he would depopulate parts already settled, and contaminate the remainder with his vicious teachings. His doctrines appeared contagious; already were they spreading rapidly through Massachusetts. The Court believed that it would not be safe to await until spring; that he must be got out of the way at once. He was therefore summoned, early in January, to repair to Boston, there to board ship and be carried to England. To this summons he refused to respond.

In this same month of January, Matthew Stevens, having discovered that he again had matters of big moment to be attended to in Salem, despatched Jonathan through the woods, with an Indian guide to lead him across the trackless snow. Jonathan took his departure at the time when Boston was agitated by Williams's reply to the Court. His thoughts were full of the talk he had heard, when he arrived safely at Salem, after a quick journey.

Reaching the town at dusk, he repaired in the evening to the Whittaker home, certain now of a welcome without any specific invitation. The family being gathered about the great fire that shouted up the wide-throated chimney, the talk fell readily enough upon Roger Williams, and the state of his controversy with the General Court. The others plied Jonathan with questions, asking him many things concerning the state of mind in Boston.

"Why," he replied, simulating an interest that he could not feel in the presence of that other interest, so much more vital and absorbing, "the temper of the Court is hot enough, thanks to the puffing it has from the cheeks of John Cotton. The talk there is high, and the Court seems inclined to stop at nothing. Even as I left I heard much said of a pinnace being fitted out to fetch him. I make no doubt that before now it is on the way hither, ready to use whatever of force may be necessary."

Instant excitement sprang up among those who heard.

"Has he been told of it?" asked Whittaker.

"I am of the belief that he has," returned Jonathan. "But I shall make certain of it on the morrow by telling him myself."

"Should he not know of it to-night?" went on Whittaker. "To-morrow may be too late."

"Think you I should be idle here if time pressed so?" retorted Jonathan. "They can scarcely make their way here in as short a time as that would give them."

And the talk ran on, Whittaker being satisfied; the more readily because the night was cold, and he had no wish to go to Williams himself with the warning, which for a moment he had contemplated doing.

But there was one who was not content to believe that Williams was safe, and for whom the cold had no terrors. Marjorie, listening in silence from the shadow behind Mistress Whitehall's chair to all that passed, arose in silence and stole into her room. A moment later, heavily wrapped and with a shawl about her head, she was hurrying along the road in the direction of Williams's house.

The night was bitter. There was no snow flying; the stars snapped icily in the air. A cold wind from the west cut through her garments. She shivered and shuddered with the chill of it as she hastened on.

The house was unlighted. She was puzzled at that, for the evening was young, and they could hardly have gone to bed. Excited as she was, the circumstance wrought upon her imagination, leading her into strange fancies. She was almost fearful as she drew closer to the house.

She was within the sheltered lee of it, when the figure of a man emerged from the shadow of the eaves and came toward her. Terror seized her. She stood staring and helpless. Her thoughts ran wildly to Indians and their deeds.

In the next instant the terror was dispelled, to be succeeded by another fear. It was fear for herself she felt now; fear lest her own strength might not be great enough to meet this man again. For he spoke, and by his voice she recognised him as Richard Stevens.

"Marjorie!" he cried, beneath his breath. "How come you here?"

"And you?" she asked, not answering his question because of her surprise at seeing him. "How come you here?"

"Believe me, not to seek you," made answer the man, standing still at a distance from her, and speaking in tones of deference. "I would have gone again without coming to you, when I had finished my errand. I am true to your wish in that. Have you seen Roger Williams?" he went on, visibly excited, without awaiting for any response to what he said concerning themselves, as though his words ended all thought of that.

His question sent her into a new alarm. "No!" she answered, "is he not here? Are you seeking him too?"

"He is gone!" replied Richard, too greatly agitated to observe the significance of her last question. "I can make nothing of it. I have searched the house. I cannot find him."

"They have not taken him, think you?"

"Nay, that cannot be; for I left Boston before them, and have ridden hard, the way being freshly broken by my brother Jonathan. I am certain they cannot have preceded me. Moreover, their vessel is not in the harbor.

The Pilgrims' Wharf along the Shore

But what know you of this matter?" he added, abruptly, coming to a sense of her inquiry

"Only what your brother has told us this night," returned Marjorie. "He brought report of their intentions to take Minister Williams."

"And you have come through the bitter cold of the night to warn him?" he said. The admiration he had for her act, the applause with which he would have requited it, had he dared to trust himself, were all in his voice. She answered as though he had spoken them.

"Is it so much that I come an hundred yards, or such

a matter, when you ride all the way from Boston to warn him?" she returned. And in her tone, too, was what she dared not trust to words.

Richard, thinking fast, paused for a moment before replying. When he spoke, he was far away from what had just passed between them. "You believe that he is safe, then?" he asked, with a significance that she did not comprehend for many, many days.

"Do you think him safe?" she asked, in reply.

"Ay, that I do," Richard replied. "I believe our task is done." Without another word, he took her gently by the arm and led her toward her home, sheltering her from the wind as much as he could. In silence he would have left her at the door, had she not turned to him and spoken.

"You go on to-night?" she asked.

"I had thought to return to-night; but I have reconsidered it. I shall await the morning."

"Would it not be better for you to journey some distance to-night?" she went on, her voice expressing solicitude. "Will not the Court be angered when they find him gone, and will not they harbor ill against you, believing you had a part in it, if you are seen hereabouts?"

"'T is likely they will," returned Richard, with the same mysterious significance. "But for all that, I think it best that I stay here to-night."

"I will not see you again?" she asked, struggling to make her tone seem casual.

"You are not likely to."

A brief good bye, and he was gone. From the shadow of the house within which was her home, and her betrothed, she watched his shadow gliding silently across the crusted snow through the cold, clear night; but the cold that was of the night was as nothing to the chill that crept about her heart as he vanished from her sight.

CHAPTER XXV

MANY DANGERS

THE winter sun, peering over Marblehead Neck on the morning of the third day after, beheld a pinnace swinging at anchor in Salem harbor. As it first flashed, cold and grey, above the wooded headland, a boat, bearing

THE HARBOR AT SALEM

many men, put off from the side of the vessel and made its way to the shore. Disembarking, the men walked through the streets of Salem, giving no heed to the citizens who came flocking forth to witness the unwonted sight of armed men in their midst, and so on to the house of Roger Williams.

The man they had come to take was gone. The house was empty. As they stormed about it, searching every corner of house and premises, the minister's family, followed

by many of his flock, appeared. Mrs. Williams had taken refuge with neighbors. To the angry and clamorous demands of the Boston officials, she returned vague answers, telling them only that her husband had left in a night. More she could not or would not tell. Though they pressed her hard, even resorting to threats, she would not reveal by what means he had learned of their coming, or whither he had gone. She only told them what they were already convinced of, that he was gone indeed.

All their inquiries after the manner of his going, or the means by which he had been warned, brought them meager satisfaction. One thing, and only one, they discovered that might be of help in tracing the source of the information that had deprived them of their quarry. They learned that on the morning after his departure, Richard Stevens, a recognized and notorious sympathizer with the hunted man, who was known to have been in Boston shortly before they left, arrived some time during the night of Williams's escape. and that the steed he rode into the village showed signs of much hard travel through the snows of January.

There was a mighty stir in Boston when the pinnace returned with the news that Williams had eluded them. The anger of the General Court was high. John Cotton gave vent to bitterness of spirit, urging the incident against Williams's integrity and honor. But by degrees, no word coming of the fugitive's whereabouts, the excitement fell away. There was a tendency toward regarding the departure of the refractory minister as a triumph for the colony; for they had at least gained their point in driving him from the scene of his obnoxious activity.

One thing, however, was not forgotten. Although it was a tacit admission of their pique at the defeat of their purpose, the General Court did not dismiss its malice for the informer who had frustrated them, whoever he might be.

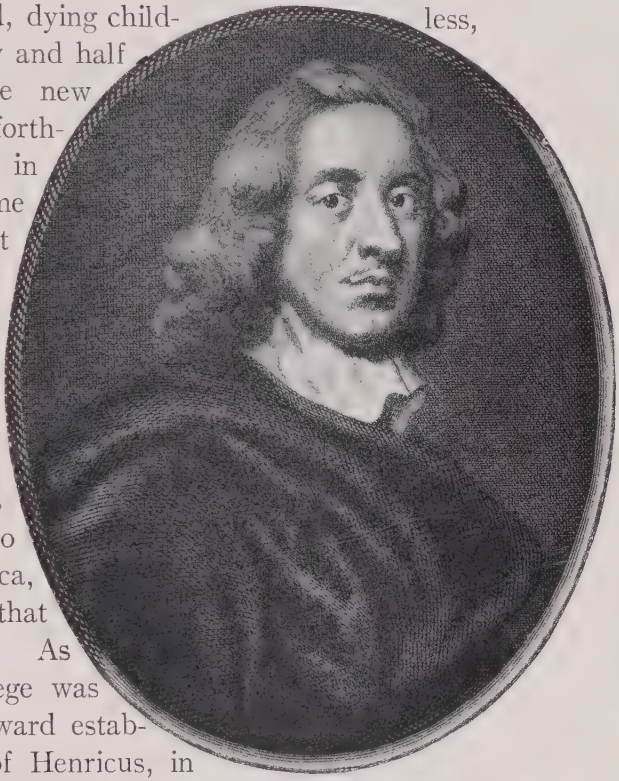
Quietly, but with grim determination, they set about discovering who the culprit was, bent on meting out punishment to him.

Richard Stevens by no means sought to allay the suspicion that was naturally directed against himself. Whatever was his reason for the conduct he adopted, he did many things to strengthen the belief that it had been he who told their plans in Salem. He let it be known that he had gone thither post-haste, arriving there the night of the disappearance, and made an open show of his satisfaction in Williams's escape. He would certainly have been apprehended on the charge had it not been for one fact that the investigators could not reconcile with his supposed complicity. Williams had left Salem, as they learned, before Richard could have arrived there, unless his horse had been gifted with a fleetness unheard of and incomprehensible. Moreover, his apparent efforts to encourage the suspicion that rested against him had the effect of setting it somewhat at rest; for those who had the matter in hand could not believe that a guilty man would seek to bring punishment on himself. They held it to be some trick to remove danger from the one who was really guilty.

Meanwhile, other things arose to distract the attention of the Court and the people from the Williams incident; for many matters of moment pressed upon Massachusetts in the beginning of the year 1636. Not the least of them was the presence of Sir Henry Vane, the younger, one of the great Puritan statesmen of the age. He was only twenty-four years old when he came to Massachusetts, but he was already famed for his love of liberty and his tolerance. The enthusiasm of the colony was so great at having him among them that he was elected governor soon after his arrival.

It was he who presided at the founding of Harvard

College, an event greeted with intense joy and satisfaction by the people of Massachusetts, a large proportion of whom were university men. The General Court appropriated £400 toward the establishment of the college, which was located at Newtown. Later, in 1638, — to run ahead of the story — John Harvard, dying childless, bequeathed his library and half of his estate to the new institution, which was forthwith named Harvard in his honor, and the name of the town in which it was situated was changed at the same time to Cambridge, to do honor to the mother university in England.



Sir Henry Vane

While Harvard was in fact the first college to be founded in America, it was only chance that left it that distinction. As early as 1622 a college was projected and well toward establishment at the city of Henricus, in Virginia. The Bishop of London raised by subscription £1000 for the enterprise; another benefactor, calling himself "Dust and Ashes," afterward identified as Gabriel Barber, gave £550, promising to add £450 more; a tract of land in Henricus was appropriated, and George Thorpe was sent over to be rector, or president, of the institution. But Thorpe perished in the Indian massacre of 1622, and before the project

could be set afoot once more, Virginia was removed from the control of the London company. It was not until 1692, seventy years later, that the scheme was revived by John Blair, who founded William and Mary's at Williamsburg.

But there were other matters more engrossing than all this. Danger from without and within threatened the colony. King Charles's hostility had taken a more active turn; political and religious controversies shook the entire structure of government; and the Pequots howled and murdered on the far frontier.

The first of these seemed for the time the blackest danger. Charles I, displeased by the show of independence and strength on the part of the Massachusetts company, revoked the charter of the New England council, under which the grants of land had been made to the Puritans; canceled all of the council's transfers, and parceled out the land to several members of the council. Among these members were Gorges and Mason, with whom the holders of New England territory had been many times in quarrel over their holdings. In fact, Charles was prevailed upon to the business largely through the machinations of these two. But the danger dissolved. The ship that was to bring Gorges to enforce his claim fell to pieces on the way; Mason died, and the first rumblings of the coming revolution in England distracted the monarch's attention from New England matters, petty in proportion to those others that came into his problem at about this time.

These clouds had scarcely evaporated, when the entire colony was thrown into turmoil by the religious and political disturbances that now came to a focus. Within the years immediately preceding, there had been a great influx of Puritans from England who were not in full sympathy with the original founders of the Commonwealth.

Statue of John Harvard at Harvard University

The first settlers, having set up the State under the rule of the Church, clung to the established order of things with the tenacious affection of parenthood. The others, coming later, had a point of view more detached; to them the doctrines of their faith were of greater consequence than the details of government. Where the established theocracy conflicted with their doctrines, they resisted. To them the clergy of Massachusetts were "the ushers of persecution" and "popish factors." They applied to them the same principles of freedom that Calvin and Luther had applied to the unified power of the Roman Church.

In those days all manner of disputes had a religious phase, the Bible being mutually agreed upon by the Puritans as the source of all authority. Hence the difference that arose through the irruption of the new element took a theological turn. The leader of it was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. To-day, in all probability, Mrs. Hutchinson, as an advanced woman, would have been a public speaker on the suffrage. At that time she delivered abstruse lectures on theology that had a tendency toward upheaving existing conditions, thus setting the entire colony by the ears. The points at issue were expressed by such terms as "justification by faith" and "justification by works," Mrs. Hutchinson and her following sustaining the principle of the paramount authority of the individual judgment.

She did it eloquently and well. She convinced her former minister, the Reverend John Cotton. She won over her brother-in-law, John Wheelright. She brought Sir Harry Vane himself into the fold. Vane had already perceived many defects in the government of the colony, points where the people had exceeded their charter, and was inclined to take issue with their license in interpreting their prerogatives. The entire matter aroused a fury of feeling, in which Boston was a house divided against itself. The followers of Mrs.

Hutchinson were called Antinomians, and the fury is known as the Antinomian controversy. Anne Hutchinson, to anticipate once more, was banished from Massachusetts in the following year, by the General Court, after an election in which Henry Vane was defeated for governor by John Winthrop. She went first to Aquedneck, in Rhode Island, subsequently removing to the west of Stamford, in the territory of New Netherland, where she was killed by the Indians in 1643. Some of her following founded the towns of Exeter and Hampton, in New Hampshire, near Portsmouth and Dover, recently set up by followers of Mason and Gorges. Vane himself, after serving his term as governor, returned to England and a glorious career of martyrdom in the service of liberty.

The other danger that threatened, the Indian troubles on the frontier, may with more or less directness be traced to a disaffection somewhat similar to that stirred up by the Antinomian controversy. It came about through the settlement of Connecticut, and that, in turn, was brought to pass by discontent, half political and half religious. The discontent was centered for the most part in the towns of Dorchester, Newtown, and Watertown; the leader of it was the Reverend Thomas Hooker, pastor of the church at Newtown, who had come from England with John Cotton in 1633.

The contention was the old one between democracy and aristocracy. Hooker contended that a "general council, chosen by all, was the most suitable to rule the whole." Over against him was John Cotton, champion of the aristocracy of those called of the Church, who maintained that "the best part is always the least, and of that best part the wise is always the lesser." Part of the controversy concerned the assistants and deputies, corresponding to the present Senate and House in Congress; the assistants being

chosen at large from the whole colony, and the deputies being specific representatives of the several communities therein. This issue was brought forward by an attempt made at that time by the aristocratic party to secure for the assistants permanency of tenure, together with the power

Religious Worship in the Wilderness

of choosing the governor and making the laws without check from the deputies.

From such a state of affairs there developed an exodus to Connecticut on the part of the discontented inhabitants of the three towns most opposed to Cotton's principles of government, together with their friends and sympathizers from other towns. The beginning of the movement into Connecticut has already been described; it was the planting of the fort at Windsor by the company from Plymouth, and the establishment of the fort and colony at Saybrook by the younger John Winthrop. Glowing reports of the country had been

brought by John Oldham, the roving Puritan, for whom the wilds about Plymouth were not wild enough, nor their freedom free enough.

In 1635 a party from Dorchester crossed over the country to Windsor, and another from Watertown got as far as the site of Wethersfield. A larger company from the same place, taking with them cattle and such goods as they could,

Massachusetts Hall, Harvard College

started in the autumn and reached Windsor; but the vessel that was to bring their provisions by water was caught in the ice, and forced to put back. There followed a terrible winter of misery and starvation. In the spring, some of the survivors, making their way to Saybrook, discovered an abandoned sloop in the ice, chopped it out, and succeeded in reaching Massachusetts. Others crossed the way they had come, through the heavy snows. A few remained on the spot.

It was in June that Hooker, with his congregation from Newtown, set out in a caravan, bearing with them 160 head

of cattle. Mrs. Hooker, being too ill to walk, was carried on a litter. It was a journey of triumph; the brave company sang hymns and raised prayers of praise as they pushed their way through the wilderness. Arriving at the Connecticut River, they built the town of Hartford. Later, the congregations from Watertown and Dorchester, or large parts of them, followed. In May, 1736, there were 800 people living in Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield.

For a year the new towns were governed by a board of commissioners from Massachusetts. At the end of that time the towns elected representatives to a General Court, the opening session of which was held at Hartford on May 31, 1638. January 14 following, all the freemen met at Hartford, and adopted a written constitution, the first known to history that actually created a government. The constitution took no cognizance of any other government. It federated the independent towns into a government, with certain powers, retaining to the several towns all rights of sovereignty not reserved for the general government, and was a model and basis for the federal constitution of 1787.

But the towns were early threatened by the Pequot Indians, a tribe that had not entered into any treaty with the English because of their remoteness from the seaboard, where the whites first settled. These Indians, living in Connecticut, resented the entrance of the whites upon their territory. The first expression of their displeasure was the murder, in 1633, of a crew of eight traders. The murders brought on negotiations between Sassacus, chief sachem of the Pequots, and the government of Boston, in which Sassacus promised to deliver up the murderers.

He failed to do so. The displeasure of the Boston government was provoked by his duplicity, and when, in 1636, the venturesome John Oldham met his death at the hands of savages while sailing on the Sound near Block

Island, Governor Vane and the magistrates took steps to put a stop to Indian outrages. It not being known positively whether the murder was done by Pequots or Narragansetts, an embassy was first sent to Canonicus and his nephew, Miantonomoh, chief sachems of that tribe, to inquire into it.

They disclaiming all responsibility, John Endicott was sent to Block Island with a force of men in three vessels. A tribe of Narragansetts living on the island was believed to have been implicated in Oldham's murder. Endicott found here nothing but wigwams and dogs on which to vent the Puritan wrath, wherefore he crossed over to the mainland to reckon with the Pequots. Being put off by them, he fell upon them, slaying a score and destroying their corn and village.

The net result of John Endicott's military expedition was to stir both the Pequots and the Narragansetts to anger. Sassacus, determined on revenge, sent embassies to Canonicus and the Narragansetts, urging that tribe to join him in a descent upon the white settlers. Because of the incident at Block Island, Canonicus was not entirely averse to such an alliance, although the Pequots were his ancient blood enemies. The situation was critical; the Pequots had more than 700 warriors, and the Narragansett fighting force numbered over a thousand. If they should join the English colonists would be in grave danger of extermination.

At this juncture, Roger Williams, forgiving all he had suffered from the people of Massachusetts, entered the drama, and saved his persecutors from the great tragedy. Escaping from Salem, he had come, after a terrible winter journey, to the lodge of Massassoit, always the friend of the whites, and especially of Roger Williams. Here he lived until spring. When the rivers opened, he went to

Skeekonk, where he began to build a settlement, having been joined by a few followers.

Learning that the place was within the boundaries of Plymouth, and being privately informed by Governor Winthrop that if he would go as far as Narragansett Bay he would not be molested, he proceeded in a canoe with five companions to a favorable spot, where he landed, calling

ROGER WILLIAMS SHELTERED BY THE NARRAGANSETTS

the place Providence, in gratitude to his God. Here he founded his colony, and hither his followers began coming in small parties.

Williams, learning of the attempt on the part of Sassacus to enlist the Narragansetts in the struggle against the English, sent word to Henry Vane and the magistrates of Massachusetts, forgetting his own wrongs in his anxiety for the settlers against whom the savage wrath had been kindled. In response Vane sent to Williams, pleading with him to exercise his influence over the Narragansetts and keep them out of the league, well knowing that such an alliance would

prove formidable, if not fatal. Setting out in a canoe, alone and without the least protection, Williams went into the Narragansett country, where the hostile and embittered Pequots were in considerable numbers, seeking their end with the other tribe.

Williams remained with the Narragansetts and Pequots until he effected his purpose. Every day his life was in danger. The fierce Pequots, already in their blood anger, were furious against him, knowing well why he was there. They would have killed him, had they not been restrained by policy. They knew in what regard the white man was held by the Narragansetts, and that their chances of bringing about an alliance would be small if the pale-face met with harm. At last the diplomacy of Roger Williams prevailed, and Canonicus sent messengers to Boston, assuring the whites of his continued friendship.

Through the Antinomian controversy and the local tumult of feeling, Richard Stevens passed without more than a casual interest. But the Indian trouble came more closely home. For Jonathan, returning from a trip to Salem, brought news that the Whitehall family had joined in the emigration to Connecticut, having gone to Wethersfield. Assuming, of course, that Marjorie was with them, Richard's anxiety for her safety was great, for the place where she had gone was near the center of disturbance. Nor was there comfort in the news, which came at about the same time, that the Narragansetts would remain friendly. That would not affect her safety, situated as she was in the Pequot country.

Anxious as he was, however, he was compelled to remain inactive. He felt that he had no warrant to take any steps to make her more secure, even if he had seen a way to do it. There was another who alone had that right. If there should be a call upon Massachusetts for help, he could

go, just as any other might go; but now he was inhibited from it by the state of affairs that existed between them.

Richard had made valiant efforts to overcome or forget his love for Marjorie, but without any show of success. He no longer entertained thoughts of any efforts to win her for himself; that thought vanished, as it came, in the moment of their parting at Salem, when he left in anger against Whittaker and those others who had abandoned Roger Williams. Now only the grief and pain of the love remained: a grief and pain made exquisite and more hopeless by the knowledge that she loved him in return. For that he could no longer avoid believing.

In the midst of his absorption in his fears for Marjorie, Richard forgot about the suspicion that had been directed against him after the disappearance from Salem of Roger Williams. The expectation that he would be brought to punishment for informing the man of his danger had long since passed out of his mind. So far as he knew, the efforts of the General Court to fix the blame in that matter had been abandoned. He only knew that no one had suffered for complicity in it, and was content with that.

As Richard was sitting in his father's house one July day there came to him a messenger bearing a note. He opened it indifferently, without glancing at the superscription, believing that it concerned some matter of business. At the first sight of the handwriting, however, he became instantly alive with excitement. As he proceeded, his excitement grew more and more intense. Reaching the end of the note, he sprang to his feet, snatched up his hat, and hurried to an ordinary, at no great distance.

Entering the parlor of the inn, and speaking a few words to the daughter of the house, whom he summoned, he fell to striding impatiently up and down the floor, in a fever of impatience. After a time that seemed to him an eternity,

there was a rustle of skirts without, and Marjorie entered, pale and tense.

There was no greeting between them; they dared not trust themselves to that. He searched her face minutely for a sign of that which he had faintly hoped to learn from her, thinking perhaps that she had come to him with won-

Landing of Roger Williams on What Cheer Rock at Site of Providence, Rhode Island

derful news; that she had come to him to tell him that now there was nothing to keep them apart. In the moment that he looked, his face grew sad, for he perceived that what he had dared to hope was not that which had brought her.

"You received my message?" she asked.

"It is that which brought me here, Marjorie. How comes it that you are here in Boston, seeking me out?"

"That I shall tell you briefly. I pray that you will let what I shall tell you plead my excuse; that you will not think me forward or immodest in coming."

He murmured some reassurances, and she proceeded, hastily, as though time pressed. "You are in danger, Richard, and I have come to warn you of it. Your connection with Roger Williams's disappearance has been made known to the authorities."

"I am glad for that," he said, simply.

"You should not say you are glad, for their anger is still hot."

"How comes it that they know at last, and that you are able to warn me?" he said, quietly, giving no response to her solicitude.

"In Salem there is one Martin Sparhawke, who deemed it his duty to pry into the matter. It seems that he came close to one of the Williams children, who innocently told him it was Master Stevens of Boston who told his father on the night when he escaped."

Richard's brow raised in an expression of puzzled surprise.

"I came immediately to learn of it by chance from the child, who is much about me," she went on, without observing the expression on Richard's face. "Fearing that Master Sparhawke meant mischief to you,— though why he should seek to curry favor with the General Court, I know not — I made haste to come to you, not daring to trust my message to another. You must leave at once, Richard," she added, with lively anxiety, "for I have learned that this Sparhawke is even now in Boston."

"It is noble of you to tell me this; but wherefore should I flee?"

"For your own safety," she returned, impetuously. "Why should you stay and become a sacrifice? Nothing would be gained by that, and much would be lost."

"To whom would much be lost?"

"To those who love you," quoth the girl, closing her

eyes and swaying, as though she were under great stress. "Promise me that you will seek safety," she hastened on. "I have done this much for you. You will do that much for me, if for no other reason." He saw with what cost she placed the plea on that footing, and blamed himself for forcing the sacrifice from her.

"For you, I will promise," he returned, tenderly. "I will go. But how comes it that you are here? I thought you were with the Whitehall family, in Connecticut?" he added, suddenly brought back to the fact of her strange presence there.

"I am here on this errand. You will surely go, Richard?"

"Have I not promised?" he answered, more gently than before.

"At once?"

"Ay, if you wish it, at once. But you?" he went on. "What of you? Whither do you go? You will not venture into Connecticut at this dangerous time?"

"There is one who will protect me, of right," answered Marjorie, closing her eyes again, with the expression of pain.

Richard bowed his head upon his breast. "Shall I leave you, then?" he asked.

She answered with a pitiable look.

"It is another parting, and the last?" His voice was little more than a whisper.

"The last," she answered, raising to his eyes a look in which her whole soul was laid bare.

He lifted her hand to his lips, gently, pressed a reverent kiss upon her fingers, turned, and left the room, without another word.

CHAPTER XXVI

A RESCUE

THROUGH all the distressing emotions that another meeting with Marjorie awakened in Richard, one thing remained obvious; he must leave Boston, and that straightway, if he would keep his pledge to her. He knew the temper of the General Court, and he knew that it would shortly be informed of his supposed complicity in Williams's escape. Also, he knew what Marjorie did not, that there was in certain quarters a jealousy of his father's success that would lend zest to any blow that could be struck against him or his.

The parting from the family, and from Boston, to which he had become attached, was made easier for him than might be supposed; for he was in a frame

ANCIENT STONE COTTAGE, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT: ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES IN AMERICA

of mind, and had been for a long time, which filled him with a desire to wander for a space and forget many things. Heretofore he had repressed the inclination as unworthy of indulgence. Now that the excuse was presented to him, he was half glad to get away from old scenes, and from the possibility of meeting Marjorie again.

As he was returning to his home, the thought of travel became strong in him. He had intended, when he first knew that he must leave, to go to Providence and Roger Williams; but now, bethinking of a vessel that his father was that day dispatching to Virginia, he suddenly formed a decision to make the trip with it. He had long contemplated a visit to Philip's family. Duncan Stevens, his cousin, had been twice to Boston; now he would return the visit, and see what manner of a colony there was in the south.

Mary Stevens was disconsolate over his going, but offered no obstacle, being readily convinced of the need for it. Indeed, she was inclined to magnify the danger, as a mother will. Matthew was more calm. As for Jonathan, he was for fighting it out at home; but his counsels never prevailed in the family circle. Lucy, now grown to beautiful womanhood, wept silently; for she had built her brother into the likeness of a hero.

In the afternoon he sailed, going down the Bay on the tide, with a free breeze. It was well that he did not delay, for that very evening officers came with warrants for him. Learning that he had been forewarned and had eluded them, the General Court, in retaliation, presently passed an edict of banishment against him, grimly intimating that since his desire seemed to be to depart from Boston and Massachusetts, they would heartily coöperate in giving it effect.

Richard found Virginia subsiding from a tumult that had arisen from the Claiborne imbroglio. Although Clai-

borne had met with reverses in his first conflict with the Marylanders, the *Cockatrice* having been captured in the fight in which Duncan's wound led to many things, he had shortly turned the tables on his enemies. On May 10 following that fight, there was another combat in the harbor of Great Wighcocomoco, in which Thomas Smith, commanding for Claiborne, defeated the Maryland posse with considerable bloodshed. Claiborne thereby retained possession of the island, force having failed to turn him out.

But there were ramifications of the Kent Island trouble that were of more consequence and significance to Virginia than the mere possession of that trading-post. Sir John Harvey, the governor of the colony appointed by the King, who took office in 1630, was drawn into it. Harvey had made himself unpopular from the first. He was arrogant, brutal, and dishonest. Once he beat a councilor with a cudgel, knocking out a handful of teeth. He granted lands, taking the proceeds from their sale for his own use, and not hesitating to give away land already owned and occupied. He endeavored to set up laws without the consent of the Assembly; he imposed fines at random, keeping part of the revenue from them for his own benefit; he refused to make an accounting of the public moneys. All this aroused public opinion to a pitch of displeasure. But it was not entirely Harvey's fault that he was involved in disaster through the Claiborne matter. He had instructions from the King to favor the Marylanders where he could, and he did so. His partiality was in direct contravention of the state of the public mind; for the Virginians hated Maryland cordially. The climax came when Harvey deposed Claiborne from the office of secretary of the colony, and appointed in his stead one Richard Kemp.

It was at about that time that news came of the seizure of the *Cockatrice*. The people were exceedingly angry

about it. On their petition, a meeting of the council was called for May 7, to consider complaints against the governor, who was blamed for not taking a more vigorous stand in the interests of his colony against Maryland. Meanwhile, an indignation meeting had been held at the house of William Warren, in York, where the principal speakers

Old Garrison House, Guilford, Connecticut, 1635

were Nicholas Martian, formerly member of the House of Burgesses for Kent Island, Francis Pott, brother of the bibulous physician and cow thief, and William English, sheriff of York county.

Connected with the meeting are interesting coincidences. The house where it was held stood on or near the site later occupied by the house, owned by Augustine Moore, in which the surrender of Yorktown was arranged; and Nicholas Martian, speaker of the day, was a direct ancestor of George Washington, hero of the latter occasion.

The morning after the meeting, Martian, Potts, and

English were arrested. Demanding why they were detained, they were told they would learn at the gallows. When the council met, Harvey was in a towering rage. In the midst of a heated and acrimonious wrangle, he declared one of the councilors to be under arrest. The words had no sooner passed his lips than Samuel Adams threw his arms about the governor, thrust him into a chair, and informed him that he himself was under arrest. At the same time, at a signal, armed men surrounded the house, and Harvey was helpless.

He was afterward thrust out of office and sent to England, in custody of his quondam prisoner, Pott, Captain John West acting as governor in his stead. Harvey, at the time of Richard's visit, was still in England, but was reported to be making such progress with King Charles that he was likely to be returned. Indeed, royal threats to that effect had been freely made by the monarch, who was not pleased with the show of insurrection on the part of his subjects. Thus came about the first revolutionary movement in America, in the year 1635.

Richard spent the winter on his uncle's plantation in Virginia, intending to make his way to Providence in the spring. Looking about him when the time came for a means of getting north, he found a vessel bound for New Amsterdam, whence he knew that he could get farther on his way in one of the many craft that plied between that port and New England. When he told his host his plans, Duncan immediately concluded that it was time he paid another visit to the Dutch city, and prepared to accompany him.

Arriving in New Amsterdam, the two heard many stories of the terrible winter the Connecticut settlers had undergone at the hands of the Pequots. Richard's heart fell at the news, for he thought of Marjorie, exposed to the barbarities of the savages. He was considering whether he should

make his way into Connecticut and succor her, waiving all niceties, when a story came that determined him at once, and wrought him nearly to a frenzy of grief and anxiety.

Wethersfield, the place whither the Whitehall family had migrated, had been attacked by a band of Pequots, who had killed nine men and captured two girls. Might not Marjorie be one of the two? Might not she even now be in terrible distress? Might she not be at this very moment enduring torture of mind or body beyond anything he dared think of? And this other thought came to him, as well, driving him half mad. Might not Whittaker have been one of the nine killed, and might not the way now be made open for them who had loved so long?

But first she must be found; for he had, in his anxiety for her, dismissed all doubt that she was one of the two taken by the savages. The way was at hand. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the uncertain Wouter van Twiller, on this occasion he rose to the full proportions of chivalric manhood. Despite the petty bickering and haggling he had kept alive between the Dutch and English for years past, over possession of territory, he now promptly organized a small force and dispatched it in a boat, with instructions to "redeem the two English girls by what means soever," even though it should involve war with the Pequots.

Needless to say that Richard was one of those who went in the armed sloop, Englishman though he was. Duncan, too, went with him. His conduct in the circumstances was not as disinterested as it might seem. Love was at the bottom of it as well. He had made fair progress into the heart of Katrinka, but had not brought affairs to the pass where he desired them. She had favored him with kind words and pleasant smiles, but had fenced with him at every attempt he had made to speak with her of love. He wished to know why. He wished to ascertain whether it

New London, Connecticut, on the Thames River

was because she did not love him, or whether it was maidenly modesty and coquetry. Here seemed to him to be an opportunity to develop a sentimental crisis. For surely, when he went forth to war and possible death, she would be brought to a frame of mind in which she must listen.

The device succeeded — so well that at the last he would have remained behind to enjoy the results of it in the change wrought in her treatment of him had there been any way left for honor. But there was not, and so he went with Richard, contenting himself with a long, lingering, and tearful farewell from the affectionate Katrinka.

Tedious were the days they sailed; heavy the hours that dragged across the spirit of Richard Stevens. When the vessel reached Saybrook the English commander, Gardner, stopped it, fearing that Van Twiller was attempting to take advantage of the stress under which the Indians had placed the settlers, to lay hold on the Connecticut River. Neither did the English entirely credit the story told them of the sloop's purpose, until Richard, raging among them, convinced them of the Dutchmen's sincerity. Only then were the rescuers permitted to proceed, with the praise and best wishes of the English garrison.

The sloop held its course to the River Thames, in the heart of the Pequot country. Arriving there, the Indians received them coldly. Only the show of force on the craft saved the party from attack, so wrought up was the savage mind against the white man. The Dutch commander made them offer of rich bribes; they scornfully declined them. For a day and a night he bickered and negotiated with them, hoping to turn their determination. It was to no purpose. They were stubborn and insulting.

On the second morning, perceiving there was scant hope in the policy he pursued, he was reluctantly deciding to attack the Pequots, when Duncan came to him, pulled

him by the sleeve, and whispered with him privately. At the end of the whispering, the commander went about among his lieutenants, and the lieutenants went about among the men.

In an hour half the party went ashore, heavily armed, and entered the forest. Duncan led them; by his side was Richard. They marched steadfastly through the woods, as though they had in mind to go a long distance. The Indians, who had seen them leave the boat, lurked along their flanks, sinister and silent. Duncan, the leader, gave no heed to them, still marching into the woods.

Suddenly, from the direction of the vessel, which they had now left a quarter mile behind them, there arose a mighty din; the sound of musket fire and shouting, punctuated by the gruff booming of the cannon that was mounted in the prow of the sloop. At sound of the tumult, the Indians, who had been following the adventurous party at will and without order, fell into confusion, many of them turning back. The din continued, increasing in volume; to it was added cries from the Indians on the river banks.

In a few moments the savages straggling along the flanks of the party ashore fell into a panic. At this, Duncan, who had watched better than appeared, gave a signal, and the soldiers rushed abruptly to one side, closing in about a half dozen braves who were too confused and taken by surprise to elude or resist the sudden maneuver. In a moment the Dutchmen had closed about and disarmed them. Forming them in hollow square, they hastened back to the river, making a detour so as to come upon it at a point above the place there they had left the vessel.

Before they had gone far they were surrounded by a yelping swarm of Pequots, who had recovered sufficiently from the surprise of the strategy to discover what was going forward. Duncan, marching boldly at the head of the little

company, with sword drawn and pistol in hand, held them off. At his side stalked Richard, musket loaded and primed, more than ready for the attack he momentarily expected.

But the Pequots did not attack. The boldness of the white men's descent subordinated, and its manner bewildered them. By this time they had learned that the din made about the

The Barker House at Pembroke, Massachusetts, Built in 1635

craft was a decoy, a piece of strategy. They had likewise perceived that the whites meant no great harm, for not a single shot had been fired at them. Policy, immediate and ultimate, withheld them from attacking; for they saw that they would not be able to prevail against the arms of the enemy, and they did not wish to involve themselves with the Dutch, as well as the English. They snarled and howled, but raised no hand.

When the little band with their prisoners reached the

shore, the vessel was near at hand to meet them, coming upon the tide by prearrangement. In a few minutes, Duncan and his men were safely aboard and the prisoners heavily bound upon the deck of the sloop. "Now we may treat to better advantage," he said, to the commander, calmly filling his pipe.

They had not been long there when a canoe put off from the shore. Two braves were at the paddles; in the bow stood a third, making signs of peace. "By Heaven, the fellow is white!" cried Duncan, suddenly, as the canoe came nearer.

Richard, standing beside him, looking closely at the man standing in the bow, answered the exclamation in kind. He was dressed in the Indian fashion, with girdle and moccasins, and feathers in his hair; he was tall and lithe, with the figure and posture of a young brave; his skin was burned dark by many suns; but his features were those of an Englishman and his hair was light and wavy. While the two were marveling at him, he clambered over the sides of the sloop.

"What would the white man have?" he asked, in labored English, as though the words came to him only by effort.

The Dutchmen answered his question with stares, perplexed at the strange sight of a white man in such circumstances, and not understanding his words. Duncan, pressing forward, became spokesman.

"We would have the English maidens whom your people have taken," he said. "What manner of white man are you, that you fight with the enemies of your race?" he went on, hot with anger.

"Cannot the white man see that I wear not the paint of our people when they go upon the war-path?" retorted the other, haughtily. "It is not I who make them to quarrel

with the pale-faces, who were once my brothers. It is not I who can make them not to fight!"

"But the women!" interrupted Richard, caring nothing at this time for the other matter. "What of the women? Are they safe?"

"Ay, so much have I done," answered the other.

"Why are they not given over to us?" went on Richard taking up the negotiation.

"Because our sachem, Sassacus, has willed that they should not be. But now our people have sent me to talk with you, and learn what you mean with us, having come in upon us, and taken our braves on your great canoe."

"We mean to have the white maidens, and only that," returned Richard, firmly, perceiving whither the talk led. "If you bring them safely aboard our sloop and suffer us to pass out of the river, you shall have your braves safe back again."

Without further word, the one whom the Indians had sent on their errand turned from the deck and clambered into his canoe. The paddles pressed through the water, and the craft was wafted toward the shore. Sluggish were the minutes through which the anxious Richard waited, uncertain what the behavior of the messenger might mean; fast beat his heart when, at the end of an eternity, he beheld two women entering a large canoe, which half a dozen Indians shortly propelled toward the sloop, the white Indian again standing in the prow.

Richard could scarce restrain an impulse to cry out with joy as he watched them coming, he could scarce refrain from leaping into the river and striking out toward them, the sooner to see their faces. Only the thought, coming to him then for the first time since he started on his long quest, that it was not his right to welcome her in such a manner, kept him in the semblance of calmness.

They were still so far that he could not know who they were, as he leaned with bated breath over the bulwarks of the sloop, straining to make sure that one of them was she. Slowly the canoe drew toward the sloop; slowly, the features of the two took form from the vagueness the distance had given them. Richard, peering across the water, saw at last that one of them was indeed Elizabeth Whitehall. Of the other he could not be certain; but his heart fell as he looked. About her there was an unfamiliar look; surely, he should know Majorie, even at that distance.

With a deadly leisure, the paddlers brought the canoe nearer. Now every lineament of Elizabeth's face was distinct and unmistakable; in the other he could see nothing that he recognized. Still, against all reason, he hoped. Her experiences might have changed her beyond his knowledge; illness, perhaps, or grief could have done so much.

At last he could no longer hope. Beyond all possible doubt, it was not she. A coldness crept over him; he stared blankly at the strange maiden, unable to think.

The canoe reached the side of the vessel. Eager hands lifted the two maids aboard. Duncan rushed to them with glad welcomes in the English tongue. As for Richard, he stared doubly upon the spectacle, as a thing having no interest.

Duncan glanced toward him, speaking to one of the two and the other. Elizabeth, following Duncan's glance, came toward Richard with a little cry of joy and surprise on her lips. She reached out her hand, calling his name. He stared stolidly at her. Her hand fell; a puzzled look came across her face.

At last a sense of the present came upon them. "Marjorie?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Marjorie? What of her? Where is she? Was she not with you?"

The surprise, the puzzled look that had been in Eliza-

beth's face, turned to astonishment, incredulity. "Did you not know?" she said. "She has not been with us! She has not been with us since we left Salem!"

It was Richard's turn to be amazed. "She has not been with you? Where has she been? Where is she now?"

Into the girl's face crept sadness, as she answered: "There is none who knows!"

On the Historic Connecticut

CHAPTER XXVII

THE WHITE MAN'S VENGEANCE

JONATHAN STEVENS had passed through a winter of worry, and a spring of the utmost anxiety. Bad news had come from the Connecticut Valley; news of massacres and murders, of men waylaid, and lonely cabins attacked by night and sacked. Not yet had the Pequots essayed to assault any town; so far Elizabeth was safe; but how much longer it might be before their courage was great enough to make the venture, Jonathan dared not guess.

Returning from a journey to Boston in early May, he perceived by signs of excitement in the streets that something of moment had transpired. Men walked past silently, with set faces; women gossiped over their garden walls, children stood hushed, forgetting their play. His fears suggested what it might be that had stirred the town. He dared not ask as he rode along, but hastened to his father's home, to learn the news there.

His mother met him at the gate. By her very effort to set his fears at rest as she greeted him, he perceived that she knew something to cause fear.

"What is this commotion I see so high about us, mother?" he asked, anxiously, as he dismounted from his horse.

"Captain John Underhill is gathering recruits," she replied, trying to assume indifference.

"For what are the recruits?"

"To go into Connecticut."

"What news from there? Do not fear to tell me."

"It is only the Indian trouble that has been brewing,"

returned the mother, affecting unconcern. "Have you had a good journey, Jonathan?" she went on, as though the other subject had exhausted its interest.

"Have there been massacres?" cried the youth, ignoring her attempt to change the course of his questioning. "Have they attacked Wethersfield?"

"Jonathan, Jonathan, it is like not to be so bad as it is made out," returned Mistress Stevens, her composure breaking somewhat. "There are many stories

The Powder House at Somerville, Massachusetts: A Relic of Colonial Days.

bruited about; but you know how first tales are ever worst!"

"What are the tales?" Jonathan's voice grew insistent at once. He gazed eagerly at his mother, so eagerly that her eyes fell before his. "It is better that you should tell me than that another should."

"There is noised about a story that Wethersfield has been attacked, and some few killed." Her words came swiftly, because of the hurt they gave her in the telling. She was like one who handles an object heavy and hot.

"Is that all the tales that are told?" He was calmer now, having had his fears verified, but he still labored under intense excitement.

"There is another tale, so wild I scarcely can credit it, and do not, that the savages have taken two maidens from the town. But I believe nothing of it." Her eyes were searching his now, to see what the news might do.

He brushed aside the solicitude in her look with a wave of the arm and an exclamation. "Is it known who they were?" he asked, almost fiercely.

"Nay, Jonathan, that there is not!" she answered, promptly, glad to have nothing to conceal in that direction. "There are many maids there; it is like it was not she!"

To that Jonathan made no response. "Where does John Underhill gather his troops?" he asked.

"Nay, Jonathan, surely you will not be led away by such vagrant reports!" cried Mary Stevens, with a new fear. "You will at least wait until more can be known!"

"Would you have me not go?" he returned, half distracted. "Would you have me wait?"

For answer, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him upon the cheek, blessing him in the caress. In an hour he was enrolled with John Underhill's tiny army; in a day he was one of them, sailing twenty strong to assist in the striking of a blow against the Pequots.

May 20, Underhill's force reached Saybrook and joined the other force that had been raised by the three towns of Connecticut, under command of John Mason. Mason had fought before, in Holland, where he earned the praise of Sir Thomas Fairfax. Whittaker Whitehall was of the Connecticut force; from him Jonathan learned that it was indeed Elizabeth who had been taken by the Indians. One comfort and hope the two had, however. At Saybrook they heard of the armed sloop Van Twiller had sent to succor

the two girls, from which venture there were great hopes among the men of the Saybrook fort.

The moon, gleaming over the heaving waters of Long Island Sound on the night of May 25, 1637, beheld an armed force afloat and making silent way toward Point Judith. It was the band under Mason and Underhill, bent upon

THE OLD MAN'S FACE AT POINT JUDITH

the white man's vengeance. Seven-and-seventy they were all told; but a war-host in valor and determination.

The moon, pouring its flood of liquid silver into the leafy woods along the shore, beheld within a wooden palisade, in the midst of the forest, 700 Indians, rejoicing in their savage strength. It was the main band of the Pequot tribe, making night hideous with their dancing and their singing, because the white man, being afraid, had sailed away.

The moon, descending into the woods far in the west, saw a band of white men stealing through the trees, silent and grim, the light of battle in their eyes. It saw a palisaded fort, within which 700 Indians rested secure, content with their valor.

The whites were not afraid. Their sailing away had not been fear, but strategy. Having thrown the Indians off their guard, they were returning now, silent as the sleep of death they brought for their enemies. Behind them, eager for vengeance on the foes whom they still dreaded, were seventy Mohegans, allies of the whites.

The palisade of the Pequots was a circle on a hill, enclosing two or three acres of ground. It was formed of sapling stems stuck in the ground, with interstices between to serve as loopholes. At opposite sides of the stockade were openings, just wide enough to permit a single person to pass through. That was the fort the white man had come to take, seventy-seven against 700.

The moon was gone, and saw no more. The first faint grey of dawn was in the east. Sixteen men, with guns primed and loaded, stood at one of the gates. Foremost among them, his eyes, even in the dusk flashing the mighty rage that burned within him, stood Whittaker Whitehall, beside John Mason, the commander, resolute, determined, serene.

At the other gate, another body of men. Among them, Jonathan, trembling with agitation, a tear in his eye at thought of the dreadful work at hand, but in his heart the incorruptible courage of the man who forces himself to a brave deed. Close to the gate he stood, ready to slay when the word was given; and at his side John Underhill, mighty in battle, with a suppressed noise in his throat horridly like a chuckle.

A crash of arms; a shouting from without the palisade, where a line of English ran, like a noose, about the doomed village. A scream of rage and terror from within. Dusky forms tumbling bewildered from wigwams, and ran about, hither and thither, to seek the foe who struck through the dusk with thunderbolts.

THE FIRST SWAMP FIGHT (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

Now was it the turn of the white man to have no pity. About the gates they were gathered, slaying one at a time those who sought to escape there; while the long line that ran like a noose about the village whipped death into the hearts of those who sought to climb the palisades. Through the grim morning ran the mutter of muskets; up to the sky rose the shrieks of the frantic Pequots.

"A firebrand! Let us have torches! Let them taste the flames!"

It was John Mason shouted it. Scarce had the words gone from his tongue, before a firebrand was thrust into his hands.

A flaming circle through the air, leaving behind it a vaporous trail like that of a comet; a flaring puff from the reed hut where it alighted; a flame; a whirl of smoke uprising! Another firebrand, and another! Whittaker was throwing them; all were throwing them. And as each descended, there sprang from the place of its lighting, a red spot that gushed and grew, roaring and frightful.

Through the smoke that blew toward him from the seething mass of flames that now raced through the village, Jonathan, weeping and laughing at the same time, smote mightily. His gun he had thrown aside, having more joy in naked steel. Out from the gate poured half-blinded savages, seared with fire, choked with smoke, staggering, startling, pitiable. As they came, he struck them down till his breath dragged in his throat, and his arm was numb and aching. For had it not been these who had taken his Elizabeth from him and from those who loved her?

As he struck, so struck they all, with steel or lead. As his heart was without mercy, so were the hearts of all. For on their blows, on the turning of the day, hung the security of home, the lives of loved ones, the peace of their country.

The village of mat huts was a roaring, rumbling, mut-

tering mass of fire. Dark shadows stumbled to and fro, falling headlong into the red death that seethed and sizzled. Shadows of braves, shadows of women, shadows of children, tottering on tiny legs. For such was the need of the hour. A Pequot was a Pequot, and Pequots were to be slain, that the whites might live.

In the space of an hour it was done. Of the 700 who such a little while before had been full of savage life, not a dozen had escaped. Those that ball and steel had not laid low, fire consumed. The sun, climbing the sky, beheld hot ruins, spotted with dark, charred, hideous objects strewn across it.

The lesson had been well driven home. Not until another generation of Indians had lived, and forgotten, did the red man raise his hand anew against the white. Not until the great sachem Philip dared put settlers to the test again, was there any need of defense against the Indians.

The harvest of revenge had been reaped, but there was gleaning to be done. Villages of Pequots remained through the Connecticut Valley and along the shores of the Sound; these must be wiped out of existence. John Underhill, glad in war, marched across country to Saybrook, where more troops from Massachusetts were bound. Most of the Connecticut force hastened back to their homes to protect them against possible retaliation by the scattered bands of Pequots.

Jonathan and Whittaker went with Underhill to Saybrook, hoping to learn somewhat of Elizabeth. Nor were they disappointed. When they were yet afar off Gardner and his men came hastening from the fort to give them welcome, and the word passed quickly that the women had been rescued by Van Twiller's party of Dutchmen, and were even now in the fort.

There was no discipline in that little band of Indian

fighters; if there had been, it would have been shattered into fragments by the impetuous Jonathan when he heard that news. Without more ado, he broke from the straggling ranks and set off at a lively run for the fort, closely followed by Whittaker.

The two had not to run all the way to the fort. They had not gone more than three-fourths the distance, when they

Lighthouse Point in New Haven Harbor

met Elizabeth, hastening out to greet them. With the charming little pretence that must be between lovers, her first greetings were for her brother. But even he perceived how perfunctory they were, and smiled thereat; for, though the reunion meant much to him, he could see that there was another reunion that meant much more to her.

As the three walked toward the fort, happy beyond experience, Elizabeth briefly told the adventures of herself and her companion; how they were kept hidden away in the woods by the Pequots; how they were uncertain of their fate; how at last there came into the camp where they were kept, a white man who, in his youth, had been taken from

the shores of Massachusetts Bay by a marauding band of Indians and had grown up in the tribe; how this one, seeing the girls, felt the call of his own race, and protected them; how he at last prevailed upon his adoptive brothers to surrender their prisoners, after some of the Pequot braves had been taken; and how, at last, he had been induced to give up his savage friends, with whose fight against the English he had no sympathy, and return to civilization.

She told, too, of the presence with the Dutchmen of Richard Stevens and his cousin Duncan, explaining it as well as she could without going near to the truth; for in the behavior of Richard she had read a secret, with a woman's divination, that she would keep from her brother, if she could. Richard, she said, had left Saybrook soon after the return of the rescue party, without disclosing his destination; although she believed he intended to join Roger Williams at Providence. Duncan had proceeded to New Amsterdam with the Dutchmen, seeming to have matters there to occupy his thoughts.

To the story about the white man turned Indian, and white again, Jonathan listened with some misgivings. He fell to wondering how it came about that, after so many years of wild life, this strange man had suddenly determined to return to civilization. He considered it significant that he had reached such a decision immediately after seeing Elizabeth. To him that seemed the most urgent possible reason for his change of heart; and the glow of admiration with which Elizabeth spoke of the stranger filled him with forebodings.

It was with these thoughts tearing his unwilling breast that they entered the enclosure of Fort Saybrook. It was with these thoughts surging within him that he beheld the one who had been the deliverer of his beloved, standing within the enclosure, gazing upon them as they entered. But his deadly fear vanished when they advanced more

closely to the returned Englishman; for in his blue eyes was a sign of indifference to Elizabeth. Nor was it the indifference that could come into the eyes of an Indian when his heart boiled over. It was the look of the white man; frank and guileless.

But the look with which he regarded the group turned strangely from indifference even as Jonathan beheld it. Into his eyes as he turned them toward Whittaker there flickered a light, as though something he saw fanned the smoldering coals of his memory; a puzzled, eager gaze, almost frightened, as of one to whom a great hope is new born, which he dreads will be taken from him.

Jonathan, marking the look, followed the other's eyes to the face of Whittaker. In it was the same awakening of thoughts long asleep; a half-frightened, half-incredulous, all-marveling stare at the one who had tried to be an Indian. A silence, tense, electrical in its potentialities, fell upon them all. Across the silence came the voice of Whittaker, low, earnest, eager.

"In the name of Heaven man, what is your name?" he cried.

"Openonicus," returned the other, with the strange look still alive.

"Not that, but your English name," went on Whittaker. "Your name before you were taken by the Indians."

"I know not. I have forgot. There was somewhat about the trees in it; that is all I can recall."

"Whence were you taken?" Question and answer flew back and forth hot and eager; each rushed headlong in search of any truth that might lie in between them.

"From a rough land, girt on two sides by the great salty water; the water was beneath the sunrise."

"That would be Cape Ann!" cried Whittaker, checking off the point. "Tell me, had you a sister?"

"One there was whom I remember; she was older than I. Perhaps she was my sister."

Growing more excited with each answer, the significance of which the others by no means understood, Whittaker hastened on with his catechism. "Her name!" he exclaimed. "Would you know her name? Was it — " he

In the Connecticut Pines

hesitated, as though he dreaded to speak the word on which so much hung — "was it Marjorie?"

The flickering light of memory flashed into flame in the other's eyes. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" he repeated, contemplating the name, syllable by syllable, sound by sound. "Yes, yes; that is the name," he added, at last. "Marjorie!" His voice was low and tense; he held himself in restraint, not wholly daring to entertain the joy that burst within him, lest his hope should still prove treacherous. Swiftly, swiftly had he become English again since the light

of recollection began to flicker in his soul; a white man with the hope and fear of the whites.

For another space there was silence among them; Whittaker and Openonicus looking upon each other and the others upon them both. Again it was the voice of Whittaker set the air astir. "Come, think closely," he said, "was not this your name? Was it not Underwood?" He repeated it slowly, fastening his gaze more closely on the other's eyes, as though he would help his memory.

His gaze wandered afar, searching the scenes of the past; for a moment he stood like one whose soul floats from his body. "'T was of the wood; 't was not of the trees, but of the woods, that my name spoke," he murmured to himself. "In very truth, that was it! 'T was Underwood!"

"Heaven be praised!" cried Whittaker, fervently, "It is her brother, whom she has long thought dead!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE OLD MAN'S TALE

KATRINKA SCHOONVELDT was disconsolate. The bloom had gone from her cheek and the luster from her eye. Even her father, whittling away at the blocks of wood from which he formed shoes for his fellow-townsmen, noticed the change that had taken place in her; which is worthy of mention, for nothing could better emphasize the magnitude of it.

Of course, it was all Duncan's fault — and her own. She had not had a moment's peace of mind since the day when he went sailing away to rescue the English maidens. Not that she was in any anxiety concerning the English maidens. She could dismiss that fear from her mind, after what had passed between herself and Duncan before his departure, without the least bit of egotism or vanity. He had left her in no doubt about his love for her; even though he had spoken of it in Dutch, which to an Englishman does not lend itself well to love-making.

It was the Indians she feared. She thought how they would rejoice in hanging his beautiful hair at their horrid belts; how they would triumph in killing one so brave and beautiful. She pictured Indian princesses falling in love with him and elevating him to savage thrones whether he would or not. In short, she harrowed her soul night and day with a thousand foolish fancies.

It did not contribute to her comfort to reflect that if she had been kind to him sooner, he would not have thrust himself into such danger. He himself had said as much. He had told her, or at least had strongly intimated, that he was

going forth to war in the hopes of being killed, for she had made life so barren for him that he would gladly have it brought to a close, if it might be done by any honorable means. That, perhaps, was her greatest unhappiness, and the prime cause of the departure of bloom from her cheek and luster from her eye.

Katrinka was especially disconsolate one day in early May, after her lover had been gone for altogether too long a

On the New England Coast

time. The birds were in the soft green of the trees; the flowers were peeping through the tender grass; the breeze that blew gently from the Highlands breathed of spring and young life; the sun smiled from the blue sky, and all about tended to turn the thoughts of a maiden upon a man.

Sitting this day before her father's house, she was so unusually melancholy and indifferent to all life but that of her lover's, that she wholly omitted to go down to the water front to meet De Vries's ship, arrived that very morning from Virginia. It had been her custom, since the time when

Don Augustin left her, to meet every vessel that came, in the hope that he would return to her; for she had neither seen nor heard from him since the day he went away, and Duncan came.

Sitting before her father's house on this one certain day in May, she was so absorbed in her sorrow that she gave no heed to the figure of a bent old man who tottered toward her along the path beneath the trees. She was so preoccupied that she gave him no heed until he stood before her, and spoke her name, in the thin and quavering voice of great old age. At that, she sprang up with a cry of joy, and threw her arms about his stooping shoulders, kissing his withered cheeks, and stroking them softly, with much tender love.

"You have come, Don Augustin?" she cried. "You have come back to me? I knew you would return! I knew I should see you once more."

"I have come back to you at the last," he answered. "I have come back to die; for in all the world there is only you. I am aweary, Katrinka. Let me sit; for I am aweary."

Tenderly she led him into the house and made him lie upon her bed to rest. "Nay, Don Augustin," she murmured, as she cared for him, "say not you have come back to die; unless you mean you have come to spend the rest of your days with me. For you have many days ahead of you, and they shall be filled with happiness for both of us."

"It is not to be," he replied, peacefully, without complaint, almost with gladness. "My days are few; for my quest is ended. Ended as it began, in failure, in disappointment, in bitterness of spirit."

To that she attempted no answer, having learned that it was futile. She merely crouched on the floor by his side, as he lay quiet, his eyes closed in rest, caressing him with all the love and pity in her kind heart. Many minutes of silence

passed over them thus. When he opened his eyes at last, they were filled with a soft light; the light of his life's sorrow.

"I have said that I would tell you the story of my quest which I have not told for many, many years, when the quest came to an end," he said. "Do you wish to listen to it?"

She answered without words.

"It was many, many years ago, upward of half a century, that my wife and I lived in great happiness and contentment in the little Spanish town of Saint Augustine, upon this coast, far to the southward of here," he went on. "We had wealth and ease, and I stood high among men. But our greatest joy was in our two sons, babes then, whom we loved with a love that I trust you will sometime know. For in all the world there is nothing that compares with it — no, not one thing; not even the love of a maid for a man."

What he told stirred her to eager excitement; she bent forward, with parted lips, to listen further.

"One day, many, many years ago," proceeded the old man, "my beloved wife and myself went on a little journey. When we returned, we found the town we lived in deserted and destroyed, and our two sons, whom we had left behind in care of a Frenchwoman, our servant, were nowhere to be found. Neither was the woman, though we made diligent search, even to turning over the ashes that were left of the town. For it would have been some comfort to have made certain of their fate, horrible as it might have been, but it was all to no purpose.

"While we yet searched, there came out of the woods certain men who had fled from the destruction that had come upon the settlement. From them we learned that the terrible Drake had been there, murdering, plundering, destroying. But of our children we could learn nothing; neither was there any trace left of them in the place where we had been."

"Yes! yes! Saint Augustine! yes! yes!" murmured the girl, intensely agitated.

He gave no heed to her words, being engrossed in his retrospect, and thinking them only expressions of interest and a desire that he should proceed.

"What our grief was, you can partly imagine; I hope you can never know in any other way," he began again. "Pres-

A Picturesque New England Farm House

ently to that was added another grief. My beloved wife, stricken to the core by our misfortune, shortly died, leaving me utterly alone. But of that I came to be glad; for the light had gone from our life, and great misery was upon us.

"I left her buried beneath a palm tree on those warm, wild shores, and made my way to Spain, not knowing whither to look for my sons; knowing only that search in England, whither they might have been taken by the Dragon of the seas, would avail nothing but my own death, if I should be found. For evil times had grown more evil between

the countries, and the English and Spanish had fallen to preying upon one another.

"Presently our sovereign sent forth the glorious Armada, which the Dragon devoured. I, thinking to have some manner of vengeance upon the English, was one of those who sailed a ship; and I, like most of our brave company, met with dire disaster, being cast ashore from the wreck of my galleon upon the coast of England.

"But I made out of my disaster a boon, as I thought; for I straightway began a search of England for my two sons. Knowing that it would be hopeless to strive to keep my Spanish face and tongue from disclosing what nation I was from, I made bold to tell freely who I was, and what, and why I searched. I rehearsed my tale to all whom I met, thinking there might be some pity in English breasts for a father, if there were none for a Spaniard.

"But I was wrong in that; for the beast within them snarled upon me. Some laughed, some scoffed, some reviled and abused me; none showed me pity. Then, being proud, I took an oath to Saint Augustine, my patron saint, that I would nevermore reveal my sorrow to the ears of the English, unless in the revelation I was sure that I would find what I sought. It was a foolish, sinful vow, but having taken it, I abided by it to the last.

"I shall not burden you with the tale of all my wanderings; how I returned to Spain, rising there to honor and station among my fellow-countrymen; how the longing for my own flesh and blood drove me forth many times to seek across the waste earth for my beloved ones; how I lost my concern in those things that concerned those about me, and became little better than a wanderer. In many countries have I sojourned; many false hopes have I followed; but ever to the same bitter end. For on the whole face of the earth was no trace of those I was in quest of.

"Once, indeed, I felt that I was near the end of the quest. It was in the Dutch city of Leyden, more than a score of years ago. There came thither from England, certain people calling themselves Pilgrims, who followed a false God. Among them was one who struck upon the chords of my heart. In his face I saw dim shadows of what I had lost; I hung close to him, hoping for a sign that would make known to me the truth. Once and again I was near telling him my tale, thinking it might fit with his once I began upon it.

"But ever the wicked oath I had taken in my pique came between me and my desire, and at the last I left, unable longer to bear the tantalization. Since then, with every day I have lived, I have had the bitterness of believing, more and more certainly, that he was my own son. I went back there after many years, only to find the Pilgrims come to America. There I would have followed them, but for an anger they bore men of my faith. One who went among them made inquiry for me; but there was none there of the name I sought.

"Once again I thought I had found mine own; once again a face stirred my heart and awakened memories of those other faces. It was here in this very village, shortly before I left you; and, though you did not know, it was because of that face I left. He was too young to be mine own son, but of an age of one who might be my son's son. He had come from Virginia, I learned, and thither I went, seeking his father. But they of Virginia would have none of me, because of my religion, being at the time in bitter broil with some of my faith who dwelt in Maryland, close by. They drove me forth, and I left in hot anger, being ever of too proud a spirit for one who had such a quest as mine.

"Now I have lately come thence, having gone there once more, only to be driven forth with angry scowls and

On the Placid Concord River

hard words. For my courage fails me. Perchance I shall meet with them I seek in Heaven; for surely I shall not set eyes on them in this earth. And now I have come to you to die, for in all the world there is none but you."

He ceased; his eyes closed, and his hands lay still. Katrinka, listening to his tale with a feverish excitement she could scarcely hide from him, looked upon his face in an agitation that flushed her cheeks, and made her breath come quick, when he had finished. Twice and thrice she was about to speak, but held herself, as though she knew not how to begin that which she would say to him. At last her voice broke the stillness.

"Think you not this young man whom you saw here might know his story, and that it might fit with yours?" she asked, calmly as she could.

He shook his head, smiling sadly. "The quest is at an end," he said.

"If I should chance to know him, would you let me speak with him of this matter?"

He opened his eyes briefly. "He is here, and you do know him?" he asked, with a flash of hope, which died as he spoke.

"He is gone on a journey, but will soon return," Katrinka answered. Her heart sank as she spoke; for the time was already long, and he had not returned.

"He must needs come soon, an he would not be too late," replied the aged man, weakly.

She saw that his strength sank; that hope, being already gone to its death, he would soon follow unless it were revived.

"He will come soon, I am sure of that, Don — " she paused, hesitating for a moment before she spoke the next word. At last, with a sad suddenness that showed she abandoned caution, she uttered it. "Don Francisco Estévan!" she said.

Like a youth full of vigor the old man sprang from the bed, grasped her by the wrists, looked wildly into her eyes. "How come you by that name?" he cried. "Tell me that. How know you that name?"

"It is yours, then?" she answered, with equal agitation. "It is yours in truth?"

"Ay, 't is mine, which I have long hidden from men; for that was a part of my wicked vow! How know you it? Tell me, speedily! How know you my name?"

Slowly she spoke, holding his hands to quiet him, gazing into his eyes to keep him sane. "From him who has told me the tale of his father, and his father's father, and who will soon return hither from a journey!"

Long the old man looked into her face before he spoke. "God in his mercy be praised!" he whispered, at last, with tear-brimmed eyes. "The quest is indeed ended."

There was the noise without the door of some one coming. The latch rattled; the portal creaked on its hinges, and Duncan Stevens stood within the room.

A Typical New England Village Street

CHAPTER XXIX

"WHAT WE MUST DO, WE CAN"

A FEW rough cabins in a wilderness of pine and spruce that came down to the tide; a few half cleared spaces, where stumps still stood; a web of paths tracing a way from cabin to cabin, to a spring of sweet water, and to a landing-stage; a handful of men engaged in a thousand little businesses of building up a settlement; straggling Indians sitting beneath the trees, silently smoking their pipes and watching the white men; that was Providence, Rhode Island, in the summer of 1637.

A few of Roger Williams's old followers had come to join him in his place of refuge; men and women, for the most part, from Salem, though there were some who came from other towns, where they had fallen into disfavor with their fellow-citizens, or their fellow-citizens had fallen into disfavor with them. Already the tiny settlement was taking on the tone that became so pronounced in a few years; already it was a place of retreat for those whose consciences could find no peace in the old order of things, as represented in the Puritan towns of Massachusetts.

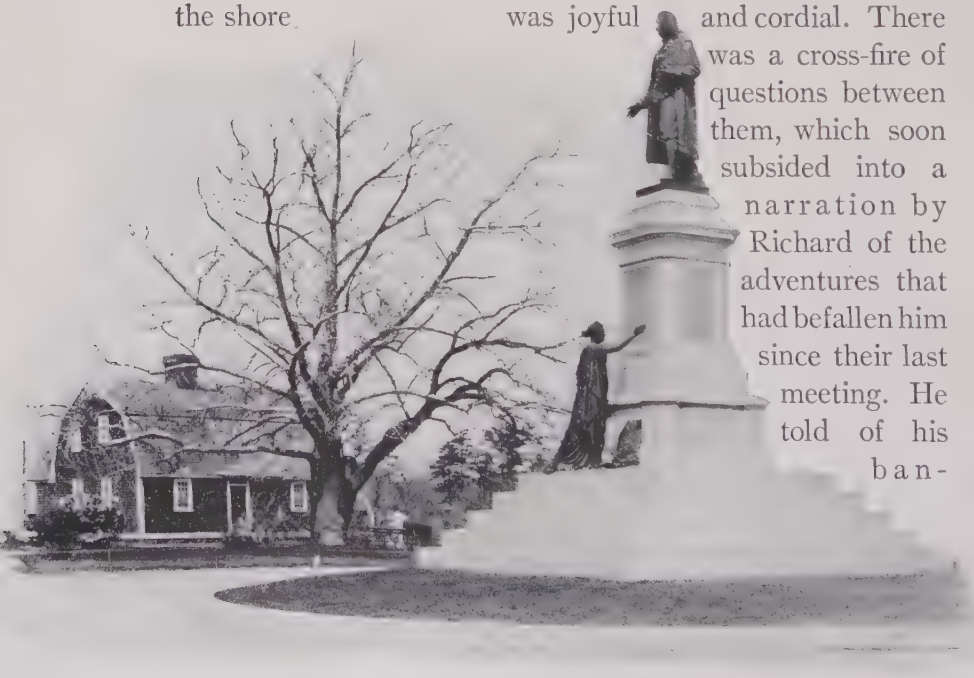
The settlement had not gone far beyond the first rough stages of its beginning. Some fields had been cleared and were being tilled, but for the most part the settlers lived on game obtained in the forests by themselves, or by the Indians; on corn brought by the savages, and on stores carried in on coasting vessels. The visits of these crafts, which were already becoming an important feature of New England life, were rare in the summer of 1637; so rare that when one was sighted all the inhabitants were wont to come flocking to the

landing stage to see what it brought, and what news the mariners had from the outer world. It was one of the events in the life of the community, corresponding to the daily coming of a railway train to the villages of to-day.

That was why the shore was lined with men and women, white and red, one day in the late summer, when a small schooner, sighted some time before while beating up the Bay, came to anchor in the roadstead and sent a small boat ashore. Roger Williams himself, laying down his ax where he was wielding it in the edge of the forest, cleaning a bit of ground for the plow, was foremost among those who crowded to the landing-stage to welcome the visitors.

As the boat neared the shore, Williams's attention became fixed in more than ordinary interest upon one of the passengers in it. When it was a few fathoms away, the minister, looking more and more intently, gave a glad cry; for the one he observed was Richard Stevens.

The meeting between the two, when Richard reached the shore was joyful and cordial. There was a cross-fire of questions between them, which soon subsided into a narration by Richard of the adventures that had befallen him since their last meeting. He told of his ban-



Roger Williams's Monument at Providence, Rhode Island

ishment from Massachusetts, carefully avoiding giving the specific cause of it; he told of his travels to Virginia and New Amsterdam; he related how he had accompanied the Dutch expedition of rescue, again omitting certain vital features of it; and lastly, he narrated how, setting out in a vessel, intending to come to Providence, he had been cast away on Long Island, whence he had only now been brought off by the vessel in which he had just arrived.

"God be praised that you have come safely off at last," said Roger Williams, when he had finished. "Now there shall be no more wanderings for you, unless you wish them, for here you may be certain of safe refuge and glad welcome. You shall be one of mine own household, if you will it so, and there will you find more friends than myself and Mrs. Williams. For there are with me, or close by, in other cabins, many people from Salem, and one whom I am certain you know well."

"And who is that?" asked Richard, casually, at the same time thanking him for his kind invitation.

"Why, 't is Mistress Marjorie Underwood," returned Williams, with no thought of what her name meant to his friend. "And you will perceive by that how far I carry my doctrine of tolerance," he went on, smiling, "for she is no less a churchwoman now than she was when I first fell in with her, in the household of Master Whitehall, at Salem."

"And are any of that family with you?" asked Richard, as calmly as he could. He was glad for anything that might take the talk away from her; for the knowledge that she was in Providence and a member of the household to which he was committed wrought heavily upon his peace of mind.

"Nay, they have not come, nor are they likely to," returned Williams, "for, as you know, they have gone into Connecticut."

"Will Mistress Underwood join them there, think you?"

Richard inquired. There was in the question no hint of the eagerness with which he desired to know the answer; he was able to dissemble that much, having composed himself somewhat.

"That I can scarcely tell you, having had no word from her in the matter," returned the other; "though I should think that she has no such mind, for she seems to have fitted herself into the community. This is my present abode," added Williams, as they approached a cabin near the center of the settlement. "It is poor enough; but it is my castle, where none may intrude to assail my conscience." With that he opened the door, and ushered Richard in. Looking quickly about, Richard discovered Marjorie busy spinning near the opening in the log wall that served a window. Roger Williams calling to his wife, and to her, that an old friend had come, she looked about to see who it was, and their eyes met. In her look, when she recognized him, Richard saw joy, and sorrow; saw hope, and fear; saw the love he knew she bore him, and the sign of the struggle she had made, and still was making, against that love.

And he saw more than all these; he saw a trace of the appeal with which he had met her eyes that first day on Cape Ann; an appeal to him for help. Mingled with the appeal was a pleading for mercy; a prayer that he should not judge her being there; a sign that she felt it to be wrong for her to be there, but asked him to think that it was not. He read her soul in the look, and knew by what he read that she was losing the struggle against her love, and that she knew she was losing it.

The look and the message it bore were in the first flash of recognition. In a moment it was gone, and she came to greet him as she might have greeted any other who had been a close acquaintance of the old days in Salem. He followed

the cue with an aptitude he had long since acquired, and they fell into easy converse, as members of one party, in which he told again all that he had narrated to Roger Williams. From any sign that was in the face of either, none could have told how much more each knew than Richard told — none but themselves.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AT PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND (*From an old print*)

It was evening before they were alone. Marjorie having volunteered to go upon an errand that Roger Williams had in a cabin at the other end of the settlement, Richard accompanied her. Now they were walking slowly in among the stumps along the worn paths.

"Marjorie, Marjorie, how came you here?" asked Richard, when they were beyond earshot of the Williams cabin.

Marjorie could not answer. Although the night was so dark that he could not see the expression in her eyes, Richard knew by a subtile sense that there was in them the same look of appeal, the same petition that he would not judge her as she judged herself.

"Why are you not in Connecticut, Marjorie?" he went on. "Did you not tell me that you were going to Whittaker?" There was a trace of rebuke in his tone.

"I did not tell you that I was going to Whittaker, Richard." She was like a child, pleading quibbles for excuses.

"Did you not, Marjorie?" In him was the Puritan's intolerance of subterfuge.

"Nay, I only said that I was going to one who had the right to protect me," she returned. "Who has more right than this good man to whom I came?"

"Let yourself answer that question, Marjorie," said Richard, solemnly. She had been half ashamed of her quibble before; now she was wholly so. "But why are you here, Marjorie?" the man went on, insistently. "Why did you not go to Connecticut?"

"You believed I was in Wethersfield and was one of those whom the Indians took?" asked Marjorie, evasively.

"You may easily guess that much," returned Richard, becoming almost severe. "You do not answer me."

"I came because I did not want to go to him; because I did not have the courage," made answer the girl, speaking with great labor.

For a space Richard was silent. "You did not consider that you might find me here?" he asked, at last.

To that she returned no answer.

"Tell me that much, Marjorie?" persisted the other. "Did you not know that sooner or later I would come to Roger Williams?"

Peering into her face through the dark, Richard per-

The Entrance to Roger Williams Park in Providence, Rhode Island

ceived that her lips formed an affirmation, and that she acknowledged the truth of what he conjectured with an inclination of her head. Seeing that he was right, that she had expected to find him there, Richard was silent for a long time, thinking deeply. His voice was sad and heavy when he spoke.

"Marjorie," he said, "you have done wrong in this. We must set right the wrong you have done. To that end we must speak frankly, without reserve or dissimulation. That we love each other in very truth, Marjorie, is something that we neither can deny, nor should we, at this time. That we might have been very, very happy together, we shall both of us, I trust, believe to our dying days. But the chance for that is gone beyond our recall. So long as Whittaker loves you, as he surely does, and as long as he desires that you should be his wife, that long is it impossible for us to find happiness with each other. And that is why you have done wrong in coming here, where you might be sure I would come, sooner or later.

"But do not believe that I chide or blame you, Marjorie," he went on, in haste, observing that she wept silently. "I have myself too deeply tasted the bitter cup given us to drink, to have aught of reproach for you. I only speak after this manner for the sake of our souls together; I only speak so because it is needful that there be a solemn warning made to us. Once, when I was weak, you preserved us both; now, by the grace of God, I shall endeavor to do as much." His tone was the tone of one sentencing his best beloved to the death.

"Marjorie, this must not be," he went on. "Need I tell you what misery would be ours if you were to betray your word to this man? Need I awaken your conscience to that? Do you not already see that it would ruin the lives of all three, were I and you to surrender to our love? What

THE BULL-DOG TAVERN, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

joy could there be for us, with the phantom of this man ever present, as he would be ever present, between us? Marjorie, Marjorie, it must not be."

"What shall I do?" whispered the girl, wholly broken, weeping bitterly.

"Return to him; go to him, and be his wife!"

"God forgive me, I cannot do that!"

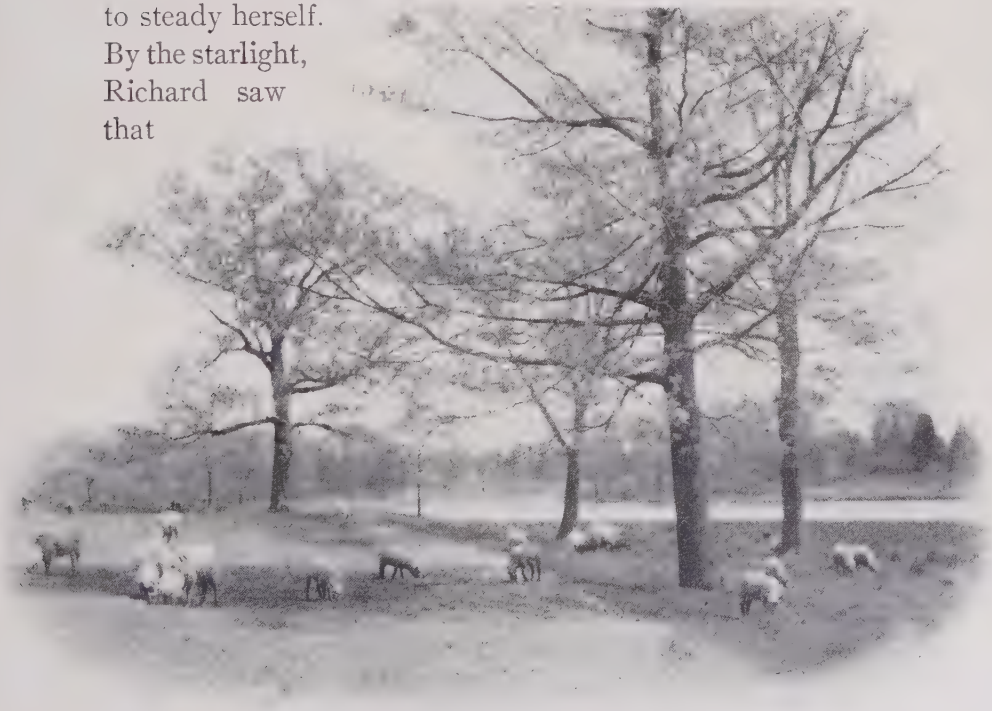
"What we must do, we can."

"Is it not a wicked thing; tell me, is it not a wicked thing to wed a man when there is no love for him?" cried the girl passionately, turning an imploring look upon Richard. "Is not such a thing heinous before man and God? Is it fair to him? Tell me that! Is is fair to him? Only tell me that! I do not want you," she went on, tumultuously. "It is not that. You are so far right; we could not wed. But would it not be a wicked thing in me to become his wife?

Let me stay here! Let me see you never again; but only let me stay here! You can return to Massachusetts. It was not you, but your brother, whom the child meant. And you, you sought the blame for it, thinking it was I had told Mr. Williams to flee. So much have I learned. You can be absolved and take up your life where you left it, leaving me here with this good man to drag through the weary years. Only do not make me go to him; for that would strike my soul dead!"

"Were I to go and leave you, as you say," he returned, "think you I would consent to be absolved at the cost of bringing my brother into evil? And as for your wedding this man without love for him, let your own heart answer whether you should to that. Search it diligently, that you may learn whether you would not buy yourself at too high a cost if you break your word with him in the purchase. Read your soul for the answer, Marjorie."

She stopped, placing her hand against the stem of a tree to steady herself. By the starlight, Richard saw that



A Scene in Roger Williams Park, Providence

her eyes were closed; that her face was tense with the struggle she made. Suddenly she grew calm, as though she had won.

"I will go to him straightway," she said, taking her place again by Richard's side. "Come, we must hasten on our errand."

Richard Stevens, finding Roger Williams reading his Bible by the light of a pine knot, when he returned from the errand on which he had accompanied Marjorie, made bold to interrupt him for a moment; "I have chanced to speak with Mistress Underwood concerning her going into Connecticut to rejoin the Whitehall family," he said, "and find that she has long desired to do so, but forbore speaking of it, lest she occasion trouble and give you hurt."

"She is over-cautious of our hurts," commented Williams, with a grim smile, thinking of the blows others had leveled at him. "Think you it is safe for her there, now?"

"Ay, fully safe," returned Richard. "The men of this vessel tell that troops from Massachusetts, under John Wilson, have wrought into a wreck all the villages of the Pequots, fairly exterminating the tribe, and that peace is thereby assured for many years."

"Then shall she go to them at once," returned Williams. "But how is it to be effected?"

"This same ship that brought me will carry her, being about to return thither; or to Saybrook, at the least."

"And when does this craft put out?" enquired Roger Williams.

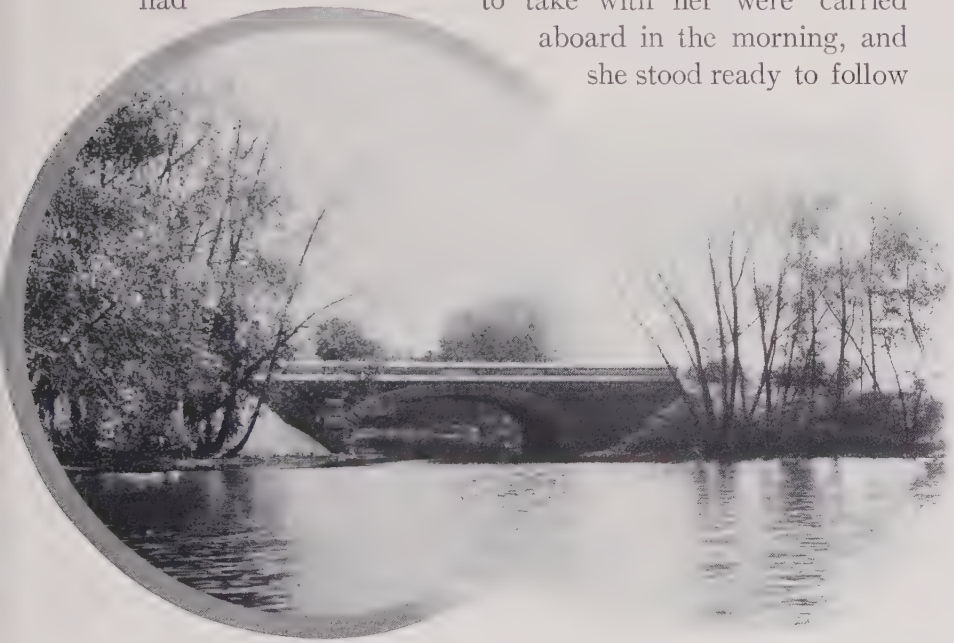
"On the morrow, or the day thereafter," made answer Richard, composedly.

"I shall be sorry so soon to lose her, for my heart knows much love for the young woman," quoth Roger Williams, rising to tell his wife of the plans.

CHAPTER XXX

THE BRIDEGROOM

THE vessel did not leave for Saybrook on the next day, although the master of it intended and desired to be off the ebb-tide in the afternoon. That their passenger might give them no delay, the few articles of wear that Marjorie had to take with her were carried aboard in the morning, and she stood ready to follow



In the Roger Williams Park at Providence

at any moment. But there were other matters that interfered with the skipper's plans, so that in the middle of the afternoon he sent word that he would not get away before the following day.

Throughout the day Richard and Marjorie were much

together, their bearing toward each other being that of old friends who were on the eve of a parting. From anything that passed between them, none would have inferred an atom of what was deep in the minds of both. Neither

GOVERNOR BULL'S HOUSE AT NEWPORT, THE OLDEST IN THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

did they speak again of what they both believed to have been forever dismissed, at their meeting the night before.

It rained in the evening. The family was seated about the room in the cabin discussing the serious problems of the times, when there was a loud knocking at the door, and the stamping of feet. Travelers knocked mud from their boots. Richard, being next the door, opened it.

Two men stood in the rain, dripping and drenched. The night was dark; the flicker of the pine knots that gave the only light in the room was hardly bright enough to reveal

their features. One of them had the figure and bearing of an Indian; a circumstance that occasioned not the least alarm in Providence, where the Indians were close friends.

"Ho, if it be not Richard Stevens!" cried the other of the travelers, who, having come out of total darkness, found it easier to discern features. "Right glad I am to meet with you, too!"

By the voice they all knew the traveler to be Whittaker Whitehall, and rushed to welcome him. Richard, as soon as he saw who the man was, looked swiftly at Marjorie. He saw her arise from the bench on which she sat and come forward, with such a show of gladness as almost made his heart sick within him; for it was a far cry from arguing the morals of Marjorie's marriage with the man, and seeing her welcome him with a smile on her face. Richard was wholly, vitally human.

The meeting between Whittaker and Marjorie was of such a nature as to suggest immediately to Roger Williams why the girl was departing to join the Whitehall family, and he glanced shrewdly to that effect upon his wife and Richard. The latter, seeing how well she played her part, as the two stood close together with clasped hands, could hardly repress a groan, and was wholly unable to respond in any way to the wise smiles that Williams bestowed upon him from time to time.

In the midst of it all Whittaker, turning suddenly, brought forward his companion, who had stood unobserved in a corner of the room, forgotten for a moment in the excitement of the other meetings. "Come, Marjorie!" he cried, leading her and his companion nearer the light; "look close, and tell me truly whether you have seen this face before!"

The man stood where the leaping light of the knot flared fitful and red about his features. They were as dark

as an Indian's; in his eyes was the keen glance of the man who lives without doors; but in contour and lineament his face was that of an Englishman. Marjorie, peering anxiously, eagerly into it, looked swiftly from the man to Whittaker. "It is not he?" she whispered, hoarsely.

For answer Whittaker laughed aloud in very joy. For a moment Marjorie gazed dubiously upon the stranger. In another moment her arms were about his neck, and she was sobbing out her whole grief on his breast; though why she wept so long, she knew no more than Whittaker.

The evening was spent with a show of much mirth, Whittaker being in that ecstatic state of rapture which is itself the most notable stimulus to the tongue and spirits. He forgot his surprise at seeing Marjorie there in his joy at seeing her at all. He made merry over the half reticent and wholly embarrassed manner in which the regenerate Thomas received and returned the affectionate little actions of his sister. He quipped her, chiding her with a change of heart toward him — a jest that had a barb he knew not of. He laughed with Roger Williams over the escape he had made from the General Court; he mocked Richard with the decrees of banishment that had gone out against him. In brief, he was a wild wight, as they sat within the tiny cabin on that rainy summer's night.

It was not until the next morning that he and Marjorie had private word with each other. By morning he was more sober and thoughtful. He had fallen to wondering how it came about that she was there in Providence; why she had not sent any word to him or his; why she had not come with them. She had stayed behind in Salem, pleading illness, when they set out for Wethersfield, promising to come to them when she could. Surely, there was little or nothing of the appearance of illness about her now.

"And why is it that you tarry so long away from us, and

Indian Rock at Narragansett

from me?" he asked her, tenderly, and without shadow of reproach or complaint. "For surely I may ask the question; may I not, Marjorie?"

They were walking along a narrow path through the dripping grass at a distance from the last house of the village. The path was so narrow that they could scarcely walk side by side and he had fallen a little behind. His face was close to her cheek as they walked; her hand was clasped in his; his attitude, his words, his voice, throbbed with love.

"Having been delayed, I thought to wait until the danger from Indians was past," she made reply. If there was deceit intended, the purpose of it was to save him pain. Nothing less worthy than that, surely. "But I was about to leave to come to you, Whittaker," she went on. "To come to you as your bride."

He kissed her lightly on the cheek by way of answer. "You sent us no word, and I feared lest it might be something else," he said, when they had walked a distance in silence.

He saw the color mount in her cheek, and felt her hand tremble at his words. Alarm stirred within him. "Tell me, Marjorie, for the love of Heaven itself, tell me, am I near the truth?" he asked.

She stopped when he had spoken, and turned to him. "Whittaker," she said, laying a hand on each shoulder and meeting his full gaze bravely, "when I first gave you my promise that I would wed you, I told you frankly, that there might be no secrets between us, that there was in my heart an image I had believed was a living thing, but which I had found dead. It is well that I should be equally frank with you now."

She paused for a moment. Whittaker remained silent.

"It is right and just that I should tell you, and that you should learn from me, that the image I believed was dead,

has been for a time revived in my heart," she went on, freely, looking him still fully in the eyes. "It was that which kept me from coming to you. I tell you so much frankly, that you may know there is no guile, no deception, in what I tell you more. For a time it came to life; but now it has

GOVERNOR DORR'S HOUSE IN PROVIDENCE, BUILT IN 1770 ON THE SITE OF ROGER WILLIAMS'S HOME

gone to an everlasting death, from which it shall no more rise up; no, not even on the day of judgment.

"When I first made my answer to you, I said that this thought within me had my first love; that is still true. When I gave you my promise, I told you that you would find in it the dead image; you will still find it there. I told you that if I did not bring you at first the love you might wish, I should soon learn to do so, for the esteem in which I held you was a true foundation for a great love. With the knowledge of these things before you, you generously, nobly, said that you loved me and would have me to be your wife. Now if I have not forfeited my privilege, I would be your wife

without more delay. If you can take me now, as you were willing to take me then, I am all and wholly yours!"

"Wholly mine, Marjorie?" he asked, tenderly. "Are you sure you are wholly mine? Believe me, I do not ask because I have any doubt of your true intentions, or because I shall not be wholly satisfied with the love you bring me. It is for your sake that I dread — lest the image stir again to life, and destroy your happiness; it is for your sake that I would not enslave your heart when it clings to another."

Into her eyes there came a wistfulness, a longing, a heart-hunger, that she could not keep from him. He perceived it; perceiving it, many things came into his mind that had had no significance before, or that had been only puzzles. He remembered the visits to Salem of Richard Stevens, and the changes they had seemed to make in her; her staying behind at Salem assumed a new meaning; Richard's presence with the Dutch party of rescue, concerning which his sister Elizabeth had been so reluctant in her story; their presence together in Providence; and a thousand little signs that he had seen without heed, crowded before his attention. "Are you certain, Marjorie, that there is no life in that image in your heart?" he asked again, more tenderly, more lovingly, than before. "Are you certain that you do not seek to smother it, for me?"

For one wild moment her pulsing heart was in the balance, wavering between this man who had her promise, and that other who had her love. For one wild moment; and then, she pressed her lips against those of the man who held her promise, in their first kiss.

Roger Williams was not surprised when, in the course of the morning, Whittaker came to him with a request that he perform a wedding ceremony that evening. He had expected as much since the evening before.

The Williams cabin instantly became the scene and

center of a humming commotion. What femininity could do in that wilderness toward making the hut festive, was done by Mistress Williams. Wild flowers, grasses, and branches of trees were the decorations; venison, cider, cakes were the cheer. Marjorie was seen no more of mortal eye that day, after Mrs. Williams learned of it.

Whittaker did not plan to return to Connecticut on the vessel in the harbor, as might have been expected. Instead, he procured a dwelling-place of his own by the payment of much gold, that one of the citizens had recently finished; and labored furiously to make it habitable, announcing that the bride and he would sojourn there, for a time at least. It was a task of no small magnitude to gather together dishes, cooking utensils, and a few rough bits of furniture, but Whittaker, having with him the money that had come from the estate in England he had crossed the water to close, was equal to the task. In the matter of furniture, he was assisted by the men of the household, including Roger Williams himself, who set to work with ax and saw.

Evening came, as evenings will, even when they are awaited by a groom-to-be. As the shadows thickened in the streets of Providence, Whittaker went through them, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Behind him came Richard, without fear for himself in the ordeal, but with much for Marjorie; and Thomas, her brother, somewhat dreading the ceremony as beyond his experience.

All the inhabitants were along the way to watch, having had wind of what was about to take place. None of them was invited to the wedding, such being the express wish of the groom. What resentment they may have borne against him for that vanished as they now beheld him moving among them, translated by the joy of the coming event.

Richard dared not for a moment raise his head when the

three entered the Williams cabin. When he did, he beheld Marjorie, pale and trembling, but full of strength. She was looking at Whittaker; a smile played about the corners of her mouth. She was rarely beautiful; so beautiful that Richard dared no more than glance upon her.

Thomas took his place by the side of his sister, as he had been instructed to do. Mistress Williams hovered about the bride, anxious and fluttering. Roger Williams stood before her, awaiting the groom. There was a hushed moment; no one stirred. The minister looked over his shoulder, at Whittaker. "We are ready," he said. "Will the groom step forward?"

Whittaker, glancing about him upon the faces of the others with a look of high joy that held them transfigured, grasped the hand of Richard Stevens and let him forward to the place by Marjorie's side.

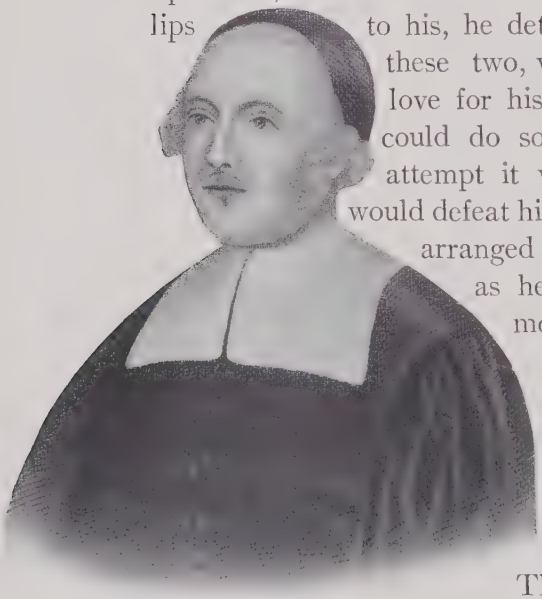
"By your leave," said he, "this is the bridegroom!"

THE ABBOT HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, BUILT IN 1638, IN WHICH ROGER WILLIAMS HELD PRAYER-MEETINGS

CHAPTER XXXI

THE LAST

THE scene at Roger Williams's house on the night of the wedding was not a spectacular display on the part of Whittaker. It was his shrewd device to bring Richard and Marjorie together. When the truth of the situation came upon him, as it did in the moment that Marjorie pressed her lips to his, he determined that he would unite these two, who denied themselves their love for his sake. He realized that he could do so only by a trick; that to attempt it with the knowledge of either would defeat his purpose. That was why he arranged the elaborate surprise, painful as he knew it would be for the moment.



THE REVEREND JOHN DAVENPORT

It was indeed a trial for both of them, but the considerate kindness of those who witnessed the scene soon made the situation easier for the newly united couple. They were married, and went to live in the little cabin that Whittaker had fitted up. There this book must leave them.

The effects of the white man's warlike vengeance upon the Pequots were immediate and enduring. With the aid of Massachusetts men under John Wilson, the minister of Boston, the Connecticut settlers hunted out the last of the Pequot tribe, either exterminating them utterly or dispers-

ing them beyond all hope of reorganization. Sassacus himself, fleeing to the Mohawks after the disastrous fight at the fort, was murdered by those friends of the English.

One of the consequences of the war was the founding of a new colony on the shores of the Sound, in Connecticut. There came to Boston at the time the Antinomian disputes were at their height, a company of pilgrims led by Theophilus Eaton, a member of the Massachusetts Bay company, and the Reverend John Davenport, sometime rector of Saint Stephen's parish, in Coleman Street, London. Davenport had expostulated with Hooker and Cotton when they left for America, being at that time a strict churchman, but since then he had left its fold, and was one of the most austere and rigid of Puritans.

This company was distressed by the disputes they came upon in Boston. The leaders, fearing that their flock would become contaminated, looked about for a suitable place to set up for themselves. As soon as the danger from Indians was removed by the Pequot War, they hit upon the shores of the Sound, and founded the town of New Haven, in the spring of 1638. Milford and Guilford were settled the following year, and Stamford in 1640. The four towns were united under a government modeled after that of Connecticut in some features, and after Massachusetts in others.

In the matter of theocracy it far outdid the older Puritan government on Massachusetts Bay. In New Haven the suffrage was rigidly restricted to members of the Church, and the government was almost absolutely in the hands of the religious organization. The town of New Haven was governed by seven "pillars of the church." The laws controlling private conduct were strict, but the stories about the Blue Laws of New Haven are fabrications, originating in

the reports of the Reverend Samuel Peters, Tory refugee in London, in 1781.

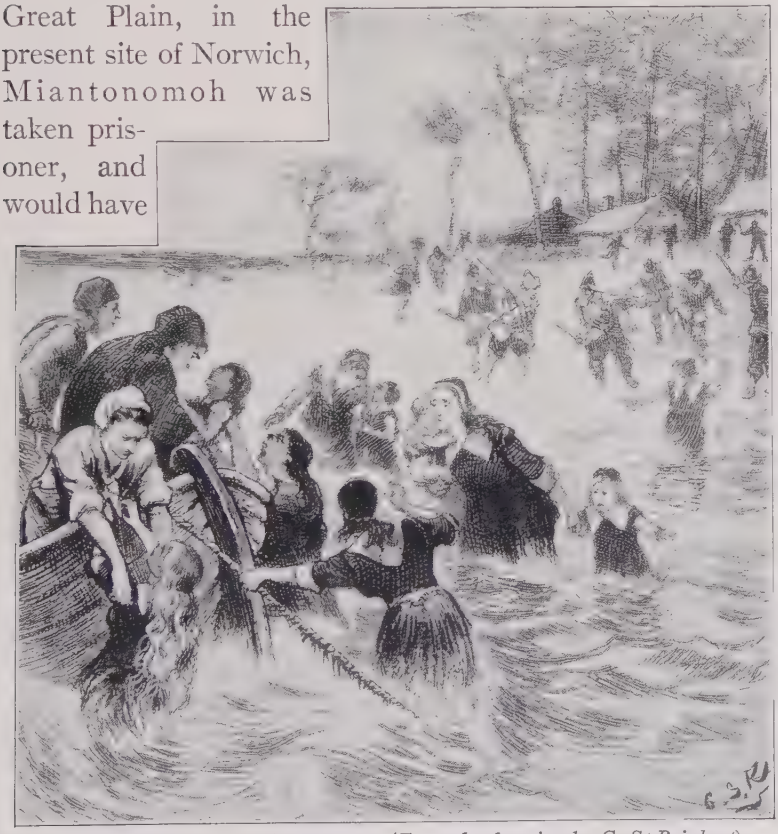
As for the four towns of Connecticut, they continued to thrive and to sow the seeds of civilization throughout the surrounding country. The Whitehall family returned to Wethersfield after the close of the Pequot War, where Whittaker threw himself into public works and became the leading citizen of the town. When death came to him, in his old age, he died knowing that the hearts of his fellow-citizens were bowed down, and that, in one household on the shores of Narragansett Bay, his memory was a holy thing, sacred and revered.

The colony founded by Roger Williams at Providence continued to grow slowly, experiencing many trials. Narragansett Bay became the refuge of many fanatics, some of whom were worthy neighbors, and some of whom brought with them troubles and dissensions. Most conspicuous actor in these latter was Samuel Gorton, a mystic, and breeder of strife. He was one of the followers of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson at Aquedneck. What his views and opinions were that they should so stir up contention wherever he went cannot be clearly determined, for his writings are vague and almost meaningless to a modern mind; but it is beyond doubt that he set by the ears every community unfortunate enough to have him.

Even the patient and liberal Roger Williams complained that he "madded and bewitched poor Providence." After a number of violent vicissitudes, including an appeal by citizens of Rhode Island to Massachusetts for protection against him, and a sentence of banishment under pain of death, he obtained from England a right to live undisturbed at Shawomet, on the west coast of the Bay. Massachusetts was directed not only not to molest him, but to protect him from the Indians. The latter they refused to do.

Because of their refusal, he involved the Narragansett sachem Miantonomoh in a controversy with the whites through a question of title to the land at Shawomet. He purchased the land from Miantonomoh, but two under-sachems, asserting that it had belonged to them, and that their concurrence in the sale had been obtained under duress, complained to the General Court, with the result that Gorton was dispossessed.

Meanwhile Uncas, chief of the Mohegans, seeing that Miantonomoh was out of favor with the English, took advantage of the opportunity to go to war with the Narragansetts, hereditary enemies of the Mohegans. In a battle on the Great Plain, in the present site of Norwich, Miantonomoh was taken prisoner, and would have



THE GORTON PARTY ATTACKED (*From the drawing by C. S. Reinhart*)

been slain had not Gorton made a threat of vengeance that withheld their hand.

Not wishing to get into trouble with the English, and not understanding the apparently contradictory attitude of the whites toward Miantonomoh, Uncas sent him to Boston to know what should be done with him. The Federal Commissioners, embarrassed by the situation, referred the matter to a synod of ministers, who decided that the affair should not be interfered in.

Their decision was a matter of policy. They did not desire to alienate either tribe of Indians. If they turned Miantonomoh free, the Narragansetts would be pleased, but the Mohegans would be offended; but if they permitted the Indians to follow their custom of putting to death their captives, the Narragansetts could have no quarrel with them, while the Mohegans would be grateful. Wherefore they turned the prisoner over to his captors, and he was slain by them on the scene of his defeat.

Massachusetts continued to grow rapidly in population until 1640, when her inhabitants numbered 36,000. The close of the decade saw the end of the Puritan exodus to New England, for in that year the Puritans began to have hope that England might again become a country in which they could live freely, enjoying their liberties. That was the year when the Long Parliament began to sit, after eleven years in which Charles I had endeavored to rule without any Parliament. From that time until the Revolution, in 1649, the Puritans had much to occupy their attention, and their hopes, at home.

Matthew Stevens continued to grow in wealth in Boston. His family was never reunited after the departure of Richard, whom the edict of banishment still would have kept in Providence, had not his own inclinations held him there. Jonathan, returning home from the war against the Pequots,

THE OLD SWEDISH CHURCH AT WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, BUILT IN 1698 ON SITE OF MINUIT'S COLONY, THE FIRST PERMANENT EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN THE DELAWARE VALLEY

did not come alone. He brought with him Elizabeth as a bride. But they did not settle in Boston. Jonathan, remembering from his own experiences the great need of a hostelry in Salem, set up as a boniface in that place, where he conducted himself with such discreet goodfellowship that he shortly arose to distinction among his fellow-citizens.

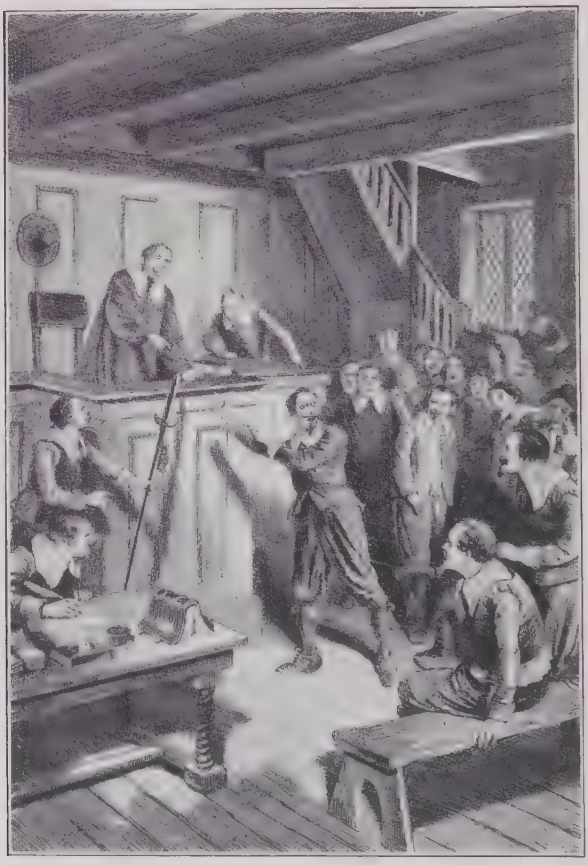
Nor was Lucy to be left long to comfort her parents. Thomas Underwood, who remained for a time at Providence to be near his sister, going eventually on a journey to Boston with messages from Richard to his father, proved himself so much of an Englishman, despite his long life with the savages, that he completely lost his heart to the girl five minutes after he first beheld her. They were wed, after a lapse of time, and went far out on the frontier; for the wild life he had led lured Thomas, in the end, and made even such a town as Boston unendurable for him. In the end, they settled at Deerfield, Massachusetts, which place Underwood did much toward founding.

One great joy was to come to Matthew Stevens. Soon after the fight in which the Pequots were destroyed, and before any of these events last narrated had taken place, Duncan Stevens, accompanied by Katrinka Schoonveldt Stevens, came to Boston, bringing with them an old man, dark of skin and white of hair. Looking into his face, Matthew beheld in him the old man whom he had known at Leyden, many years before, and knew that it was his father, even before he was told.

There was great happiness then in the Stevens household. The story of Don Francisco's quest, and the end of it, was told; and the story of Matthew's life, in the old England, and in the New. The father tarried for a space at Boston, going thence to Virginia with Duncan and Katrinka.

Duncan settled on a plantation in Virginia, not far from

his father, and his brother Mallory. The Claiborne difficulty had been brought forward again in December of the year 1637. This time Virginia and Maryland were not involved, the trouble being between Claiborne and his partners in England, Clobery & Company. The company, dissatisfied with the profits of their venture, sent over George Evelyn to take charge. Claiborne going to England to see what he could effect there, Evelyn called Calvert in and turned Kent Island over to him. Soon after the board of commissioners for plantations, recently established in England, ruled that Kent Island rightfully belonged to Lord Baltimore, and that Claiborne had no claim to it.



GORTON BEFORE THE GENERAL COURT

Harvey, the deposed governor, was returned to Virginia in 1637. But he did not last long. Recalled to England in 1639, he was forced to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth, and

soon died, bankrupt and friendless. He was succeeded by Sir Francis Wyatt, once before a governor of Virginia. Wyatt ruled as he had previously done, wisely and well, until 1642, when he was supplanted by the notorious and infamous Berkeley.

Wouter van Twiller was removed from office in New Amsterdam in 1637, being succeeded by William Kieft, who arrived in March, 1638. The change was made largely because the West India company desired to infuse life into their colony, which was making too slow a growth. In that they succeeded. Kieft immediately set himself up supreme authority and went to work to remedy the evils that had arisen under the government of Van Twiller. He succeeded so well that in a short time all illicit trading in peltries and malfeasance in office ceased, whereupon a better class of colonists began to come over from Holland.

At the same time, the New Netherland began to take on the metropolitan aspects that it and its successor, New York, always thereafter retained. Englishmen came from Virginia and New England and were received on an equal basis with the Dutch, being required only to take an oath of allegiance to William of Orange, the States General, and the director at New Amsterdam. Some of them, however, instead of coming into allegiance with the Dutch, established colonies on Long Island, claiming them for the English, from which many things followed.

How Kieft's too great aggressiveness involved New Netherland in war with the Indians, and other matters concerning him and the towns on Long Island, will be told in the next volume. It only remains to be said here that in the year 1638 Peter Minuit, sometime governor of New Netherland, established a colony of Swedes on the Delaware River, to the great annoyance of the Dutch in New Netherland and the English in Virginia and Maryland. He bought

land of the Indians and built a block-house on it, calling the country New Sweden, and the block-house Fort Christina. There he defied both English and Dutch, knowing that they would not attack him for fear of disturbing the delicate balance of European affairs.

On New England's Savage Shores

And what of Don Francisco Estévan? Only that he lived at the Virginia home of his son Philip to an exceeding old age, beloved by many, even until the children of his children's children came to bless his last days, to whom he never tired telling tales of the many things he had seen when the western world was young.

THE END

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